

THE BEST BUTTER

Daisy Brand

AUSTRALIA'S CHOICEST

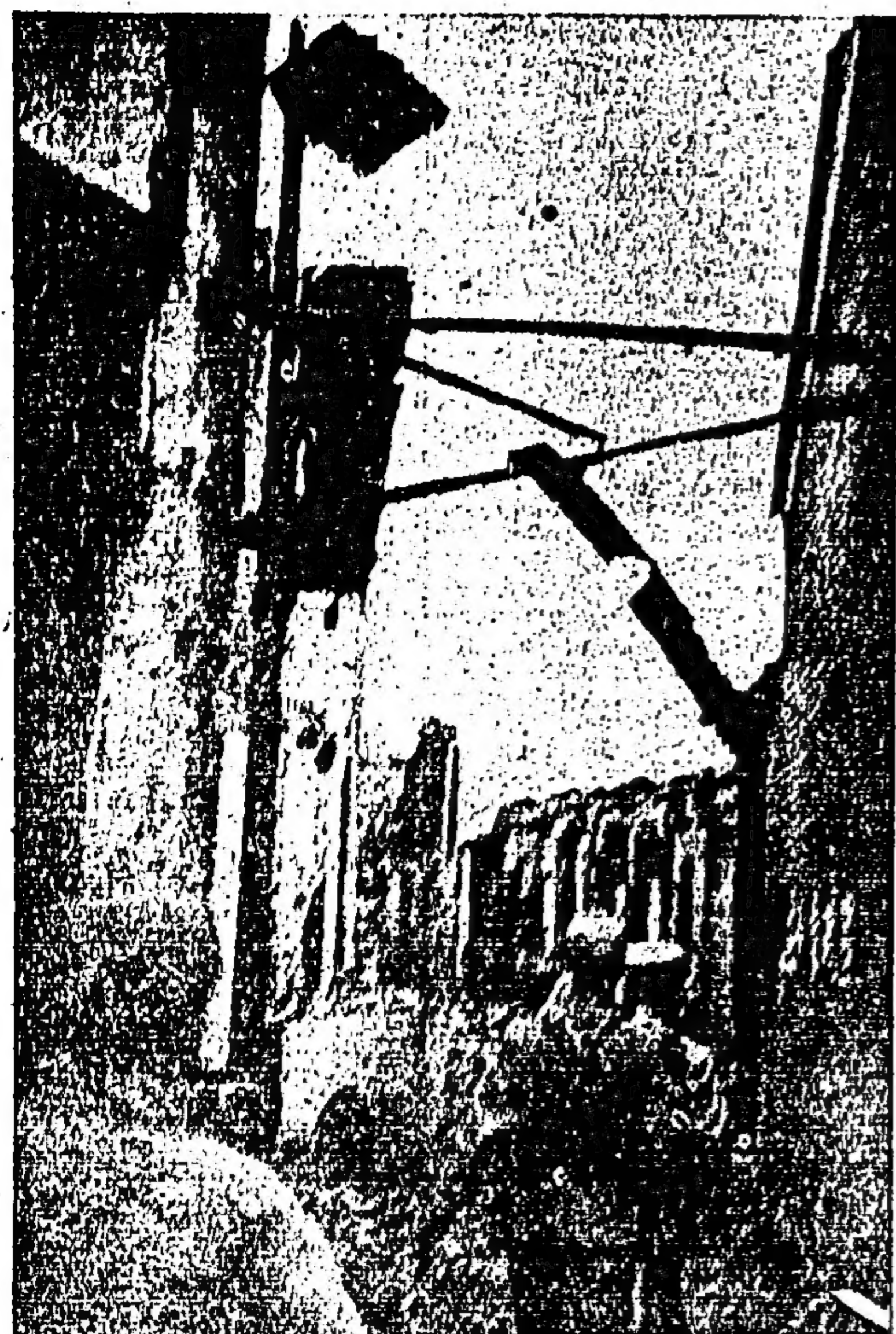
Hong Kong

Sunday Herald

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION IN SOUTH CHINA

Brooke Bond Tea

Vol. XIV., No. 776 號五十月正 年九十三百九千一英 HONG KONG, JANUARY 15, 1939. 日五廿月一十 年寅戌次歲 年八十二國民華中 Price, 10 Cents Per Copy



In action in the Samshui region. Chinese troops moving through village streets in the area round Samshui after a particularly savage strafing of the village by Japanese bombers.

HITLER'S HAND SEEN IN ROME TALK RESULTS

LONDON, YESTERDAY. ALTHOUGH IT IS ADMITTED THAT RELATIONS BETWEEN ITALY AND BRITAIN ARE UNCHANGED, WITH NEITHER MUSSOLINI NOR MR. CHAMBERLAIN PREPARED TO GIVE WAY, THE OFFICIAL VIEW IS THAT THE VISIT WAS WORTH WHILE AS MR. CHAMBERLAIN HAS ALWAYS BEEN A FIRM ADVOCATE OF PERSONAL CONTACTS AND WILL BE BETTER EQUIPPED FOR FUTURE DEALINGS WITH IL DUCE.

Diplomatic correspondents in Rome suggest that if General Franco's drive on Barcelona had made more substantial progress, Mussolini's tone would have been more positive. It is felt that he has been seeking to gain time.

ITALY WARNED

While advising Mussolini to conduct negotiations directly with Paris, Mr. Chamberlain, according to "The Times," emphasized to the Duce the strong bonds of mutual interests existing between France and England.

Mr. Chamberlain assured him that England could not remain disinterested should France be threatened.

Both Governments agreed on the question of disarmament, the mutual opinion being that a clearer understanding must prevail before there are any prospects of extensive limitation of armaments.

Regarding the refugee question, the papers devote considerable space to the view that the apparent inability of the statesmen to come to a definite agreement on course of action is due to the Spanish question.

Renewal Later?

It is believed that had the Spanish offensive been more productive

(Continued on Page 24)

GENERAL GOUGH'S DEMAND

London, Yesterday. General Sir Hubert Gough, in a letter to the "Financial News," declares that the position in China threatens with ruin all British trade in the Far East and vast interests in the Empire.

It is indeed, time that the Government resolutely dealt with these dangers. The loss of the huge sum invested in China will materially reduce national income, seriously increase the unemployment problem and make the taxation burden still heavier.

Greatly as we deplore strong measures, there is no limit beyond which the Government cannot go, having regard to our interests and security.

RESOLUTION NEEDED

Diplomatic notes of protest produce no effect on the Japanese and it is necessary that our Government adopt a more resolute attitude.

Beyond the loss of trade lies the prospect of the loss of all our possessions in Asia and the Pacific, including India, and the security of Australia is threatened, but all the cards are not in the hands of the anti-Comintern Pact.—Reuter.

Australia Fire On 70-Mile Front

Melbourne, Yesterday. With 31 casualties yesterday, the known dead in the terrible bush fires which are ravaging Victoria now number 62. In addition, many others are missing, and little hope is held for their safety.

The blaze is practically out of control, while there are no signs of rain.

In Sydney to-day, the thermometer reached 113.6 degrees, the highest ever recorded there.

The Melbourne area has been one of the worst affected, and the streets of the Victorian capital are full of smoke which has drifted in from the bush. The inhabitants of one town-

ship near Melbourne were removed by train. Four townships have been destroyed and five others are threatened by the wall of fire which extends for seventy miles.

In another town near Melbourne, 200 houses have fallen to the greedy flames, and firefighters are working frantically to save the rest of the town from a similar fate.

Over 1,000 volunteer firefighters are endeavouring to cope with the situation.

Several thousand refugees have been evacuated from the area, and a special relief fund has been opened by the Prime Minister, Mr. J. A. Lyons.

In South Australia, where the fires are now under control, damage done is estimated at £350,000.—Reuter.

TAKING UP JAPAN'S CHALLENGE

BRITAIN'S FIRST MOVE

Warning That Unilateral Changes In Nine Power Treaty Will Not Be Accepted

NEW NOTE HANDED TO MR. ARITA

TOKYO, YESTERDAY.

THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR, SIR ROBERT CRAIGIE, TODAY HANDED A NOTE TO THE JAPANESE FOREIGN MINISTER, MR. ARITA.

The Note requests a more concise and detailed explanation of Japanese policy and aims in China.

Britain says that she supports the Nine-Power Treaty and will not agree to unilateral changes in the Treaty.

The new Japanese policy has been outlined several times in recent months. — Our Own Correspondent.

The former Premier, Prince Kono, recently stated that Japan's aim was to "destroy Communism and to create a new order in the Far East." Later, the Foreign Minister said that the position of countries who were outside the border of East Asia would have to be regulated. — Our Own Correspondent.

PUZZLING WAYS OF THE WEST

London, Yesterday.

In an editorial on the Burma-Yunnan road, "The Times" says it is a monument—and should prove a lasting one—to the resource and determination of the Chinese people.

Its significance is inescapable but it would be ridiculous to predict for it a dramatic future.

Referring to the application of the half million sterling export credit for the purchase of lorries for this road, "The Times" says that the Chinese may be excused if they find the ways of the West in this instance a little puzzling.

They should indeed be grateful for the funds which assist them to open a trade route through whose territory it runs, but it can hardly fail to strike them as odd that this assistance, which is on an inconsiderable scale, should have been withheld until the road for which they badly needed help had been completed by their unaided efforts. Both Whitehall and Rangoon have been curiously slow to grasp the possibilities of the route, which thanks to

Chinese initiative may one day enable Britain to offset on the Irrawaddy, at least some part of her losses on the Yangtze and elsewhere.

BACK DOOR TO CHINA

The writer of an article in "The Times," which is headed "Back Door to China," says that the Chinese Government can justly be proud of what they have done, and probably the achievement is one of the greatest engineering feats of recent years.

He adds that there is little doubt that the Japanese are watching developments, but speculation on their actions can be deferred.

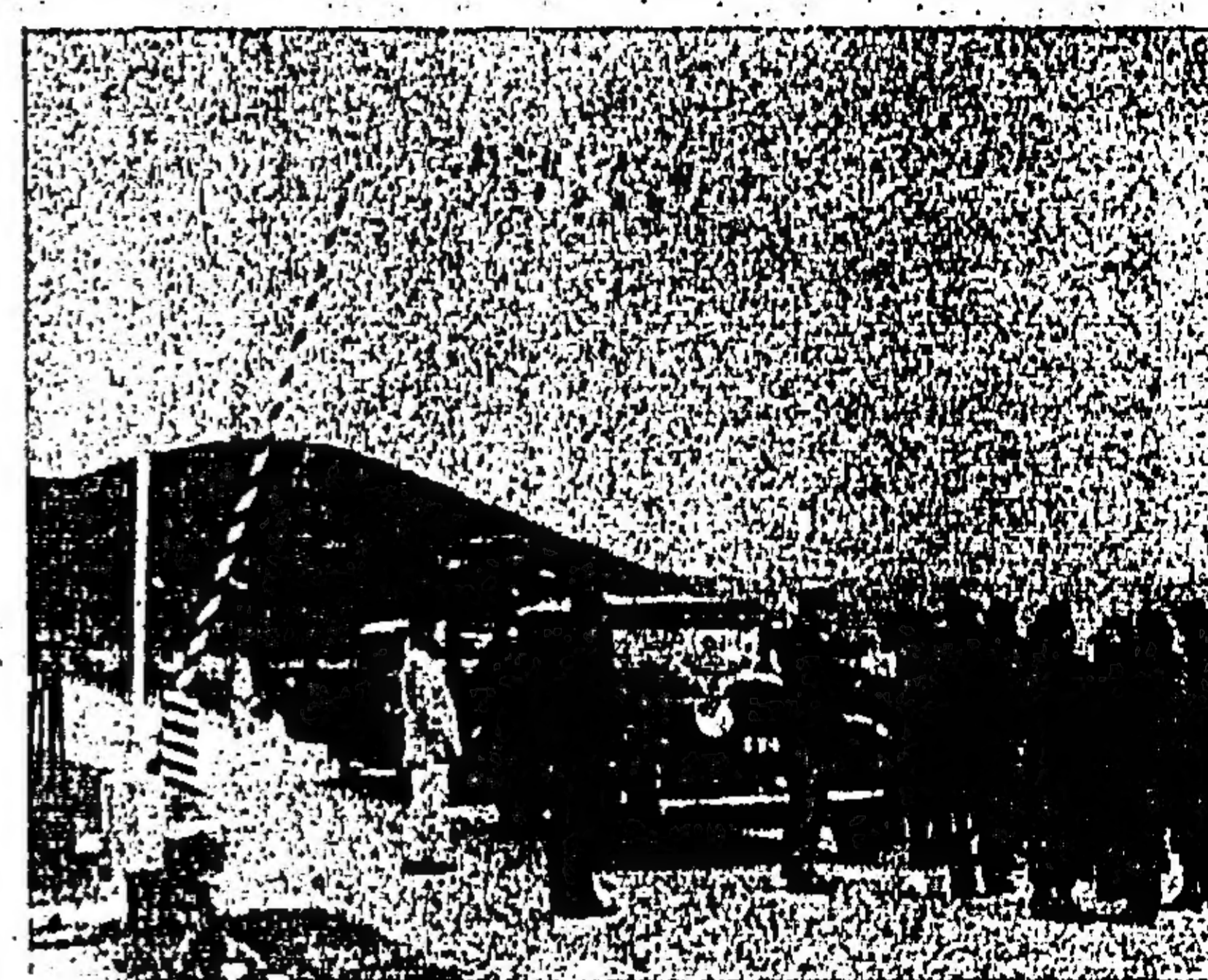
Describing the possibilities of the highway, the correspondent says that though the road is metalled and wide, competent judges hesitate to say that it will stand up to much heavy traffic without a great deal more work being put into it.

The Chinese have constructed some magnificent stone bridges, and they have demonstrated as well as amazing ability to worry through.

CARGO ON THE MOVE Government cargo should be seen on the move this month and on until May.

Assuming that 100 lorries set out each day, with 200 tons of cargo, and the round trip takes a fortnight, the correspondent calculates that 10,000 tons should be transported in three and a half months until the rains come.

As a commercial channel, however, the road cannot be relied upon until November and December. By then the course of the war in China may have changed.—Reuter.



So rapidly are things returning to normal close to the Hong Kong border that the Canton highway has been re-opened and the C.M.C. station re-established.

DJIBOUTI REPORT: NOTHING KNOWN

Paris, Yesterday.

Nothing is known, say French diplomatic and military quarters, of any concentration of Italian troops near the French Somaliland frontier.

It had previously been reported that Italian troops were massing not only on the borders of French Somaliland but also of British Somaliland, and that natives were being called to the colours. —Reuter.

JAPANESE PLANS FOR CANTON

Tokyo, Yesterday.

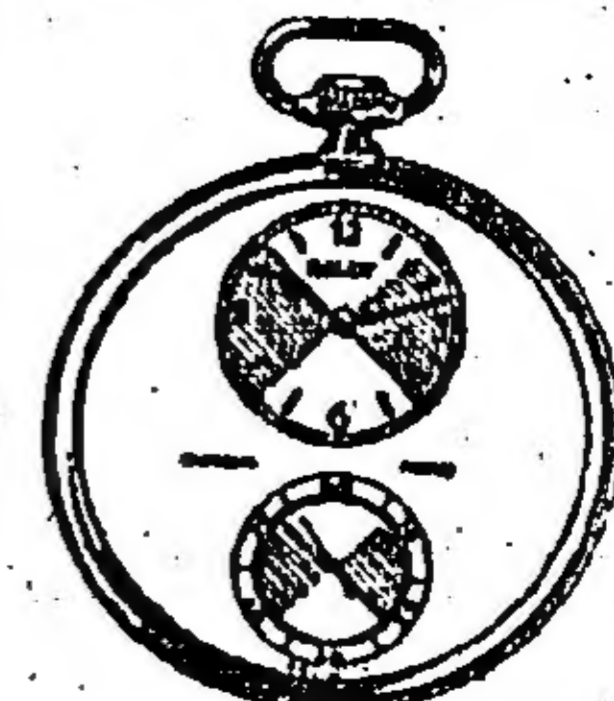
The Japanese authorities in Canton have decided on their policy towards foreigners and Chinese in that city, according to a vernacular newspaper to-day.

The paper says that public utilities in Canton will be taken over by the Japanese, and will only be returned "when the Chinese are considered capable of managing them themselves."

Action infringing foreign rights in Canton, the paper adds, will be avoided. — Our Own Correspondent.

TWO JAP. WARSHIPS SAID SUNK

Shameen, Yesterday. It is rumoured here that in a surprise air raid carried out by Chinese aircraft in the Pearl River this morning, two Japanese warships were sunk. Although, for obvious reasons, Canton being in Japanese hands, no confirmation can be obtained, it is known that the Chinese air force has been increasingly showing itself in South China lately. — Our Own Correspondent.



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GAPB3

How Did You Sleep Last Night?

YOU know how comfortable
your bed can be these cold
days, but perhaps you did not
realize how important it could
be.

The little-known facts, in the
following article were revealed
to Maud Dawson by Mr. H. Bow-
den, manager of Bedding Fac-
tory, at Broughton, near Man-
chester. Mr. Bowden is a stu-
dent of physiology as well as an
expert in the manufacture of
beds.

"I slept like a log. . . ."
Have you ever said that?
If so, you were quite wrong.
In your slumbers you probably
resembled a rolling stone a good
deal more than a log.

A recent experiment, which
extended over a period of six
years and involved taking 20,000
photographs of 160 sleepers,
proved that during eight hours
in bed, when we fancy ourselves
sleeping "like logs," we actually
change our position thirty times.

That's the first reason why
the choice of your bed is so im-
portant.

A comfortable bed is not just
a sybaritic indulgence; it is es-
sential if you are to have the
rest which will renew your en-
ergy and enable you to do your
best work, deriving the utmost
from brain and body.

It is not enough that you sleep
without apparent interruption.
Your bed must be such that
those thirty twists and turns
can be performed without undue
muscular strain.

Physical and mental relaxation
—that's the secret of refreshing
sleep. Noise and bright light,
even while they may not actual-
ly awaken you, disturb that re-
laxation.

A sagging bed is perhaps the
worst and commonest enemy of
proper muscular relaxation.

Your tired body, which should
be completely relaxed, has then
to exercise its muscles in an at-
tempt to distribute the weight
and counteract the hills and
valleys of that lop-sided bed.

And please don't expect your
bed to "last a lifetime." It
won't, however good it was in
the beginning. Nor can it be
"remade equal to new."

Every bed should be destroyed
after twenty years' use, or, at
the very outside, thirty years.

Does this sound extravagant?
It isn't, for an old bed, how-
ever well made, however well
kept, becomes a grave danger to
health.

Reason is that materials of



which it is made are subject to
decay.

Not only is the resilience pro-
viding rest lost, but particles of
dust form in increasing quantity,
and a faint but highly danger-
ous odour is emitted into the
very mouth and nostrils of the
sleeper.

To those prone to asthma and
bronchitis these are particu-
larly dangerous.

So, if you are setting up
house, don't try to economise
when you buy the bed. It is
perhaps the most important
piece of furniture in the home.

You wouldn't, if you are a
good housewife—and I am quite
sure you are—dream of letting
anyone of your family sleep in
unaired sheets or blankets. A
semitic or badly-made bed can be
just as dangerous to health.

CURE that COLD

An unwelcome visitor to arrive
with the New Year is the Com-
mon Cold.

The mixed grill to which
we are being treated by the
Clerk of the Weather claims its
victims by the score. Well, we
all have our pet treatments, but
I plump for onions.

And if members of your family
have no particular fancy for
this sovereign vegetable in its
everyday dress, I will guarantee
that one of these dishes will
fetch them.

Slice up some onions thinly,
and cook them in butter until
tender, but do not let them
brown. Add enough flour to
your butter to make, with milk,
a fine white sauce. Season with
salt, pepper and grated nutmeg,
and let it cook for ten minutes
or so.

Next cut some hard-boiled
eggs—say, two eggs to three
onions—in halves, quarters or

slices, and let them heat through
in this delicious sauce. You can,
if you like, add a little cream,
or season liberally with paprika
pepper, leaving out the nutmeg.

Or here's another excellent
dish of eggs and onions.

Mince up finely two pounds of
onions, which have been blanched
for three minutes and then dried.
Cover the bottom of a stew pan
with thin rashers of fat bacon,
and put the onions and a quar-
ter of a pound of Carolina rice,
a pint of white stock, salt
and a pinch of castor sugar.
Cook gently in the oven with the
lid on for three-quarters of an
hour. Then pound the onions
and rice in a mortar, pass
through a fine sieve, and finish
with cream and butter. Cover
the bottom of a shallow fireproof
dish with this puree, break your
eggs on to it, and bake in the
oven till nicely set.

Or why not Onion Tart? Make
some pastry, and line a shallow
dish with it. Mince up half a
dozen large onions, and cook
them slowly with butter and a
little bacon cut in small dice.
Let this cool, add two whole
eggs, a cupful of milk, and sea-
son with salt and pepper. Mix
well and pour into pastry. Bake
for about half an hour till dill-
ing is nicely browned, and serve hot.

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GAPB13

BETWEEN US GIRLS

By Esther

TALKING TURKEY



"What's go-
ing to happen
to the thou-
sands of sur-
plus women in
Turkey?" asks
a writer. Per-
sonally, we're
more concern-
ed about what's
going to hap-
pen to the sur-
plus turkey
over here.

The other day a young bride
rang us up and said, "Esther—
you've got to help me. Getting
rid of the surplus bird is wreck-
ing my married life. My husband
won't come home to meals unless
I can dish it up under a different
guise. I've tried everything, and
if it wasn't for the fact that it
would be sheer waste, I'd drop
the monster down the sink!"

Our advice to that young wo-
man, and any one else who has
been "given the bird" is—Mock
Turkey Legs. Here is something
that is an immense amount of
fun to prepare, and actually dif-
ferent. That overworked ad-
jective really applies in this case.

Veal and pork make one of the
most popular combinations—and
this is one of the most engaging
forms of the partnership! It is
almost hard to tell you how pleas-
ing and completely satisfying
mock turkey legs are. Many peo-
ple think they are a "very special"
entrée, indeed, and the fortunate
guests usually agree.

THE RECIPE

1 lb. veal steak
1 lb. pork tenderloin
1 1/2 tsp. salt
3/4 tsp. pepper
Undiluted Carnation evaporated
milk
3/4 cup fine bread crumbs
4 tbsp. fat

2 tbsp. flour
1 cup broth, or 1 bouillon cube
dissolved in
1 cup boiling water
1 tsp. minced onion
1 cup Carnation evaporated milk
Scald wooden skewers. Pound
the meat with a mallet until thin,
adding salt and pepper while
pounding. Cut meat into 3-inch
pieces and insert skewer in centre
of pieces of meat, alternating the
veal and pork and using 5 or 6
pieces of meat on each. Mold the
meat on the skewers into drum-
stick shape. Dip in undiluted Car-
nation evaporated milk and then
in bread crumbs. Brown mock
turkey legs in hot fat and place
in an oiled baking dish. To fat
remaining in the pan, add flour
and blend to a smooth paste.
Add broth and cook until
sauce begins to thicken, then
add the Carnation milk and sea-
sonings. Pour sauce over the meat.
Cover and bake in a moderate
oven (350° F.) one hour. Yield:
8 servings.

The Carnation evaporated milk
used for dipping purposes in con-
nection with the coating, helps to
secure a rich brown crust. And
the coating is important in keep-
ing the drumstick shape, and in
retaining the meat juices.

RESOLUTION

In 1939 resolve to stand up
fifteen minutes after a heavy
meal. It's a grand idea for figure
fitness.

GOSSIP

Overheard in the "Grippe" last
Saturday night. Fair young thing:
So you're a naval surgeon. My!
How some of you doctors spe-
cialise!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Newly Married Mary: No,
the eternal triangle is not some-
thing worn by babies.

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just as they turn away with distaste from glaring, painted lips.

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Orange in the stick, Tangee changes as you put it on to a
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youthful and enchanting—have a lasting loveliness through-
out the day and night. Lips are kept soft and smooth with
Tangee for it is made with a special cream base. For natural
beauty treat yourself to Tangee today.

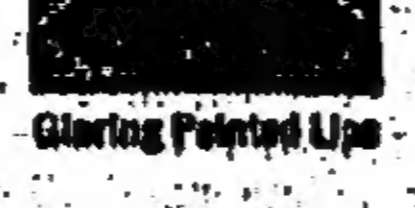
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Matches lipstick perfectly.



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Keeps that powdered look.



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Tangee Natural Lips

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Britain In The Shadow Of A Terrible Menace

By the Rt. Hon.
A. DUFF COOPER.

The New Impeachment

THERE is evidently something very radically wrong in British Government circles. First we have the Lord Chancellor, the oldest member of the Cabinet and the most exalted, advocating the infliction of the extreme penalty of the law on all those who disagree with views that he expresses with a violence rarely equalled by holders of his august office, then we have the unprecedented spectacle of Junior Ministers demanding the heads of their Seniors as a condition of their continued adherence. These are strange portents and although they may be soon forgotten, so rapidly do events of importance now succeed one another, it may nevertheless be well to pause and consider what are the causes that produce such remarkable effects.

Feeling Running

In the first place it must be admitted that political feeling is running high and that it is not running in normal party channels. A Lord Chancellor—even one completely lacking in political experience—does not lightly declare that people should be shot or hanged for offences which have never figured in the criminal code of any civilised country. Nor do young Ministers with their futures before them take their political lives in their hands and risk the lasting hostility of some of their senior colleagues unless they are convinced that there is something at stake of far greater importance than political promotion.

If the Lord Chancellor's speech is to be taken seriously—and not dismissed as an over-excited demand for lynch law—it must be interpreted as expressing the view that so dangerous are the times in which we are living that they would justify the revival of a practice by which statesmen who were adjudged guilty of misconducting the affairs of the state expiated that crime upon the scaffold. The constitutional method of procedure was impeachment, the more arbitrary, although also constitutional, was by bill of attainder.

By Deep Conviction

In cases of impeachment the House of Commons were the accusers and the House of Lords were the judges. But events of the last weeks seem to suggest that a new form of impeachment is developing in which the accusers

are the Junior Ministers and the judge is the Head of the Government. It is odd that so soon after the Lord Chancellor's appeal to violence should have come this onslaught upon some of his most important colleagues—an onslaught which may, if rumour proves correct—bring about ultimately his own removal from the Woolsack.

Criticism of senior officers by junior officers is a serious matter and it is generally to be discouraged and deplored. It can be justified only by exceptional circumstances and by deep conviction. In ninety nine cases out of a hundred it leads—and perhaps rightly leads—to the complete ruin of the critic. In the hundredth case it opens the path to glory. Insurrection can only be justified by success and the great commanders have never been afraid to practise it.

The position of a Junior Minister in the British parliamentary system is a difficult one. Except in very rare cases he is not consulted at all about the direction of policy, for which he bears some share of responsibility. He cannot speak in the House of Commons except on the affairs of his own Department and so forfeits the opportunity of improving his skill in debate. If he has doubts or seeks information he cannot, like a private member, put down a question, and yet when he speaks to his constituents he has to watch his remarks as carefully as a Cabinet Minister for fear of a question from the Opposition as to whether what he has said represents accurately the policy of His Majesty's Government.

Extreme Step

It is therefore not surprising that Junior Ministers should occasionally grow impatient, especially when they have been exercising their subordinate functions for many years, are no longer in their first youth and enter into sincere doubts which they find are shared by many of their fellow members as to the infallible wisdom and super-efficiency of their leaders.

What has driven these Ministers to the extreme step they are reported to have taken, namely to representing their grievances to the Prime Minister and to demanding a reconstruction of the administration? It was not, we are assured, the Munich agreement. That they swallowed—with how many wry faces, with what coughs and chokings, we cannot tell. But swallowed it was and we can therefore rest assured that the source of their discontent is what has happened since. And what is that?

A Policy That Has Failed

First, the policy of appeasement has so far failed. This does not mean that it is necessarily doomed to ultimate failure, but merely that it has not yet been favoured by any signs of success. And nothing could prove more fatal to its hopes of final success than refusal to face this fact which is staring the world in the face. Whether it is possible to appease Dictators remains an open question, but that they have not been appeased up to date is a matter of fact. From Hitler's very first speech after Munich, in which he declared, within ten days of his meeting with Mr. Chamberlain, that Signor Mussolini was his only real friend, down to the most recent demands of Italy for the cession of Tunis, Corsica and Nice, there has not appeared a single solitary sign in either country of a more reasonable, conciliatory or pacific outlook upon foreign affairs.

Those who had hoped for better things are naturally disappointed but those who approved of the Munich agreement when it was signed cannot blame the British Government if better things have not eventuated, for those who approved of it shared the responsibility as they shared the high hopes and the loud cheers. But there were many who, while hoping and cheering, felt convinced that no time should be lost in making certain preparations in case their hopes should prove false and their cheers premature. They realised that at Munich the democracies had lost one of the best equipped armies and one of the strongest lines of defence in Europe and they thought that some steps should be taken to make good so serious a loss. They were encouraged when the Chancellor of the Exchequer demanded a "vigorous, complete, remorseless, urgent survey of the whole position" and they were delighted when the First Lord of the Admiralty told the House of Lords that while there had been delay in the past due to control of finance "that was all being dealt with differently now and there is no delay from that quarter." They welcomed the appointment of the Lord Privy Seal to deal with Air Raid Precautions and to organise the man power of the nation.

But what has happened? There has been no survey such as Sir John Simon demanded. Treasury control over all expenditure by the Service Departments continues

to be exercised in exactly the same manner as of old in spite of Lord Stanhope's assurances. The demand for a Ministry of Supply has been refused and Sir John Anderson, in spite of the expressed opinions of 56 Conservative Members of Parliament and in spite of his own conviction that a compulsory register would be necessary in war, is solemnly engaged upon compiling a register on a voluntary basis. Nor is there any indication whatever that the sea or land forces of the Crown are to be increased beyond what was considered the irreducible minimum in 1935 when the last enquiry was held. Since then, the international situation has deteriorated enormously to the disadvantage of Great Britain. Senior Ministers do not seem to realise the fearful implications of these undeniable facts.

Junior Ministers who fought in the last war and who are more closely in touch with the lives and opinions of the people cannot re-

main blind to truths which are writ so large all over the face of the earth. They have made their protest. Whatever their contemporaries may think to-day, posterity will honour them for having done so.

They have understood—that the country is beginning to understand—that we are living in the shadow of a terrible menace. We must prepare to meet it. If the policy of appeasement proves successful—and we must all hope and pray that it will—nobody will grudge the money that will have been spent upon preparation for the awful alternative. But if that policy fails and those preparations have not been made, then there may be many who will demand that the men who have been guilty of neglect shall pay even those penalties which the present Lord Chancellor has suggested.

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The Transformation of Mary Baxter

Almost an "Old Maid" until a great discovery made her a "New Woman"

"WHY, Mary, you'll be an old maid if you go on at this rate!"

Mary looked up into the laughing eyes of Roger Morton. He had called with Barbara, his sister, to invite her to come to his party that evening; Roger had just been promoted and they were celebrating. "I'd love to come," Mary said, "but I'm tired, I'm sure I'd spoil the fun for everyone."

"Come on, Mary," Roger persisted.



"I'd love to come... but I'm so tired. I should spoil the fun for everyone."

"We're going to have lots of dancing!" "Nice of you, Roger," said Mary, wearily, "but I don't feel up to anything to-night." Nor any night, she told herself, when they had gone. No energy. No vitality. Roger's words about her becoming an old maid still echoed in her ears.

She looked at herself closely in her mirror. The face that stared back at her was tired and drawn. "Mary Baxter," she said to herself, "This has got to stop!"

Next day Mary had an idea. She left the office promptly, and went to call on her Aunt Catherine, Matron of a hospital in town.

Aunt Catherine nodded sympathetically as Mary

poured out her troubles.

"Now listen, my dear," she said, when Mary had finished. "I'm not going to give you a long medical lecture—just let me advise you to try 'Ovaltine' regularly every day. Take it before you go to bed every night for a week, and you can't fail to notice the difference it makes to your health and vitality."

"You see, my dear, 'Ovaltine' is a regular article of diet here in this hospital. Its composition is unique and I have seen with my own eyes the good it does—I am convinced it can do as much for you. And now, run along, dear—there's a shop on the corner that sells 'Ovaltine.'"



"That night was the beginning of a new life for Mary."

A week later the 'phone rang in Mary's flat. She ran to answer it.

"Hello? Oh, hello, Roger! Why, of course I'd love to come! What's that... it doesn't sound like the old Mary? It isn't... it's a new one! You wait and see!"



The same evening Mary opened her heart to Aunt Catherine.



"I feel I could dance for ever," said Mary, as Roger came to claim her for the first waltz.

"I'm with you there," smiled Roger, "all the way. I've never seen you so full of life as you are to-night."

Mary smiled.

"Have you anything fixed for to-morrow night?" Roger asked her.

"Why yes... just one thing." Roger's face clouded.

"But don't worry," she said, "I was referring to my nightly cup of 'Ovaltine.'"

Roger laughed.

"The secret of all this energy?"

Mary swayed to the rhythm of the music. "Frankly," she said, "yes!"

Transformed and vital, Mary felt her fondest dreams come true.

The secret of all this energy?

Mary swayed to the rhythm of the music. "Frankly," she said, "yes!"

Experience proves that 'Ovaltine' is best for Health for Quality & Economy

HUNDREDS of thousands of people to-day are missing the full enjoyment of life through failure to realise the paramount importance of proper nourishment and proper sleep. There is always the risk that your dietary may not provide all the vital nutritive elements necessary for building up body, brain and nerves. There is also the possibility that you are not getting sleep of the right kind—sleep that is fully restorative and energy-creating.

You can avoid these dangers by making delicious 'Ovaltine' your regular daytime and bedtime beverage. 'Ovaltine' makes good certain missing

food elements in your diet because it is a scientifically perfect and balanced food. For example, 'Ovaltine' is particularly rich in nerve-building nourishment, derived from the new-laid eggs which are so liberally used in its manufacture. No tonic food beverage would be complete without the valuable nutritive and vitalising properties of new-laid eggs.

As a bedtime beverage, 'Ovaltine' has exceptional properties which quickly induce sleep and make it completely health-giving and energy-creating. Remember, too, that 'Ovaltine' is the most economical food beverage. The small tin makes 16

cupfuls of concentrated, health-giving nourishment. For your health's sake, start the 'Ovaltine' habit to-day. There is nothing like it.

Drink delicious
OVALTINE
and note the Difference!

Distributors: JARDINE, MATHESON & CO., LTD.

SHE IS NEVER TIRED NOW

A Tribute to Clotabs.

Does this climate make you feel tired, depressed and thoroughly run down. If you are burdened by a constant "tired feeling" do as this Singapore resident did and try Clotabs, the little tasteless tablets that are rich in the energising vitamins of Halibut Liver Oil. Her husband says:—

"I have the pleasure to inform you that my wife tried three bottles of Clotabs Brand Halibut Liver Oil Extract Tablets and found good results in the improvement of her health. Formerly she used to have a tired feeling but after taking Clotabs that tired feeling disappeared. She could also sleep better and appears to be more cheerful, thanks to Clotabs."

Clotabs are good for all who are run down and out of sorts, for they enrich the blood stream with revitalising elements, put firm, healthy flesh on thin limbs and hollow chests and strengthen the system against the attacks of disease germs. Get a bottle from your nearest dispensary or store to-day. If you have any difficulty in obtaining Clotabs brand Halibut Liver Oil Extract Tablets, write to: Banker & Co., P.O. Box 755, Hong Kong.

NO MAN'S LAND IN ANTARCTIC CLAIMED BY NORWAY

Oslo, Yesterday.
Norway, in accordance with a decision taken at a Cabinet meeting this morning has annexed one of the world's last territories considered as No Man's Land.

According to the official announcement, that part of the coast of the Antarctic continent situated south of the Union of South Africa between the British Falkland Islands and dependencies and the Australian Antarctic dependencies, with the hinterland of that coast and the sea off that coast, is placed under the sovereignty of Norway.

The territory reaches from the 20th degree West to the 45th degree East.

In the official announcement, the Norwegian Foreign Office gives as reason for the annexation that the territory in question has been explored and surveyed exclusively by Norwegian expeditions since 1929. The territories were named after members of the Norwegian Royal Family.

NORWAY'S OBJECT
It is added that Norway does not think of annexation of territories previously placed under the sovereignty of other States, Australia and Great Britain, but that she is fully entitled to extend her sovereignty to No Man's Land.

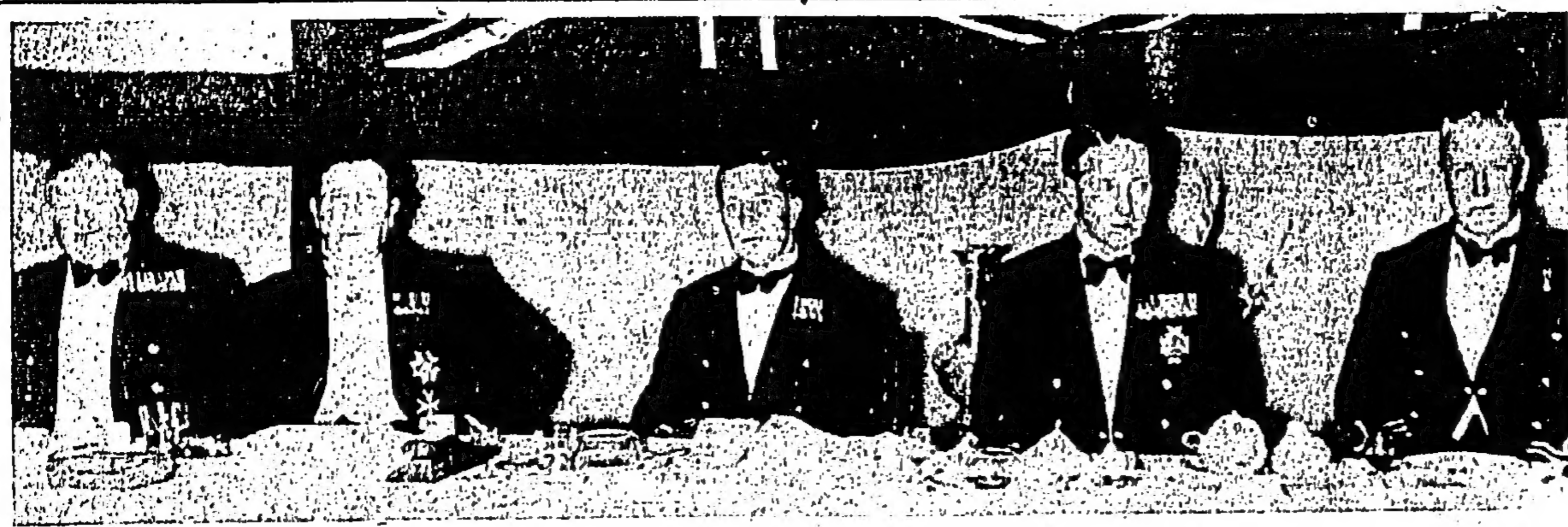
KING AND QUEEN ENTERTAIN

London, Yesterday.
The King and the Duke of Gloucester entertained a party of friends for the shooting at Sandringham yesterday.

The Queen, Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth and the Duchess of Gloucester were present at lunch.

BOY KILLED
An eight-year-old Chinese boy was killed almost instantly when he was knocked down by motor bus No. 491, in Queen's Road East outside the Wanchai Post Office yesterday, at about 3.30 p.m.

Mr. W. F. Webb, of Alexander Ross and Co., has reported that his motor car No. 1859 was stolen from the Chater Road car park at about noon yesterday.



Taken at the annual dinner of the Hong Kong Naval Volunteer Force, this special "Sunday Herald" photograph shows from left to right: Commodore E. B. C. Dicken, H.E. Sir Geoffrey Northcote, Commander J. Petric, H.K.N.V.F., Vice-Admiral Sir Percy Noble, and Hon. Commander A. L. Shields.

ITALIANS EXPRESS SATISFACTION WITH PREMIER'S VISIT RESULT

Milan, Yesterday.

The Italian press is satisfied with the results of Mr. Chamberlain's visit.

The semi-official paper "Popolo d'Italia" says that the political and historic significance of Mr. Chamberlain's Rome visit lies in the meeting of the leading statesmen of two countries which almost went to war against each other but re-established their relations on the basis of a new friendship and equality of rights of a comprehensive and complicated settlement.

The visit, says the paper, sealed the Easter Agreement and started a new co-operation which takes into consideration the actual situation in the Continent, in the Mediterranean and Africa.

The meeting in Rome might also be regarded as the upshot of the Munich Agreement. The fact that Italy and Britain stressed a unanimous will to develop their relations in the general interest of peace, confirmed that the Rome Agreement adhered to the principles on which the Munich Agreement was based.

"Stampa" says that the purpose of the Rome visit was to establish personal contact between the representatives of two world Empires which had a sound basis for direct understanding, and which had intervened decisively at Munich on behalf of peace and justice.

PURPOSE FULFILLED
This purpose has been fulfilled, says the paper. The Anglo-Italian Easter Agreement had not only successfully passed the test of the Spanish war but one could now envisage the early conclusion of special agreements for complete settlement of questions which concerned chiefly zones of interest in Africa.

"Gazzetta del Popolo" declares that Italy did not expect British mediation in the Franco-Italian dispute. Negotiations with France could be begun "as soon as France has calmed down."

The Fascist Government is willing to enter into negotiations "if France abandons her arrogant attitude." — Trans-Ocean.

GERMAN VIEW

Berlin, Yesterday.
The view of the London and Paris newspapers that the Anglo-Italian talks have not yielded practical results, is not shared by political circles here.

A competent spokesman declared to-day: "We are pleased with the progress in making statements and people acquainted with the views of others by direct conversations."

"The personal contact will certainly bear fruits shortly." — Reuter.

WITHIN ARTILLERY RANGE

Lerida, Yesterday.

By capturing Vall to-day, the Nationalists are now within artillery range of Tarragona—a distance of twelve and a half miles.

Navarrese troops were responsible for the victory. — Reuter.

DEATH OF SIR HAROLD KITTERMMASTER

Blantyre (Nyasaland), Yesterday.

Sir Harold Kittermaster, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Nyasaland, Protectorate since 1934, died here to-day at the age of 60.

Sir Harold spent most of his life in Africa, where he started his career in the Transvaal. He served in various capacities in the East Africa Protectorate, Northern Frontier District, Jubaland and Somaliland.

From 1932 to 1934 Sir Harold was in South America, where he occupied the post of Governor of British Honduras. — Reuter.

COUNT DE SALIS DEAD

London, Yesterday.
The Count de Salis, formerly of the British Diplomatic Service, died in England to-day at the age of 75.

Educated at Eton, John Francis Charles de Salis entered the Foreign Office in 1887.

He served as Councillor at Brussels, Madrid, Cairo and Berlin. From 1906 to 1911 he was charge d'affaires, and until 1916 was Minister to Montenegro. From 1916 to 1923 he was Minister to the Holy See, when he retired.

Court de Salis served on the Malta Royal Commission in 1931. — Reuter.

RANGOON DOCK STRIKE

Rangoon, Yesterday.
Latest step in the disorders in Burma is the action of Government dock workers, who went out on strike to-day.

Altogether more than 5,000 workers are now on strike. The police have made a total of thirty-nine arrests since the disorders began. — Reuter.

HUTS AFIRE

A fire occurred in Shek Kip Mei Village, Shamshuipo, at about 6 p.m. yesterday, when an unnumbered hut caught fire, while the inmates were preparing their evening meal.

About four huts were destroyed. The fire was extinguished by the Fire Brigade in half an hour.

AMERICAN SENTENCED IN HAMBURG

HAMBURG, YESTERDAY.
A THIRTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD GERMAN-BORN AMERICAN CITIZEN, GEORGE JOSEPH ROTH, WAS SENTENCED TO SIX MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT TO-DAY BY THE HANSEATIC HIGH COURT IN HAMBURG FOR "PREPARING HIGH TREASON."

Roth, who worked as a steward on board the American steamer "Washington," had on November 29 last year, it is alleged, given a Communistic propaganda paper to a German stoker visiting him on board.

The view taken by the court was that accused had known that the paper in question aimed at overthrowing the present Government in Germany, and was therefore forbidden in Germany.

A foreign ship lying in a German port was considered during that time to be German territory.

Six weeks which Roth spent under arrest before trial are to be deducted from the sentence.

The United States Consul-General in Hamburg, Mr. Wilbur Kellinger, and the Vice-Consul, Mr. Sabin J. Dalferes, were present at the trial. — Trans-Ocean.

SOVIET AGENT SENTENCED

Warsaw, Yesterday.

An officer of the Soviet Russian Army, named Piratenberg, was sentenced to eight years' penal servitude by the court here for illegal agitation in Poland.

Piratenberg was arrested by a member of the Warsaw detective force while riding in a tramcar where he dropped a notebook which showed that he maintained close relations with the Polish Communist Party. — Trans-Ocean.

MONTREAL DRUG CHARGES

Montreal, Yesterday.
Described as an ex-Bulgarian detective chief, Stanley Zlateff pleaded guilty here to-day to the illegal possession of narcotics.

It was stated in the course of the trial that a quantity of opium was seized when Zlateff was arrested and it is believed to be a "sample" sent as a preliminary to the disposal of \$20,000 of narcotics. — Reuter.

CZECH LOAN TALK IN LONDON

London, Yesterday.
Dr. Pospisil, head of the Czech-Slovak financial mission, had a further conversation with Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, Chief Economic Adviser to the British Government, at the Treasury yesterday. — British Wireless.

Mr. Bowen, Sal Wan Terrace, has reported the theft of a coffee pot and clothing from the cooler quarters of his residence on Friday.

SECOND REPUBLICAN OFFENSIVE Further Desperate Effort To Divert Franco's Attention

FALL OF VALLS THREATENS TARRAGONA

London, Yesterday.

The Spanish Government has launched a second counter-offensive against the Nationalists, this time near Madrid. This morning, loyalist divisions started an advance on Brunete, 11 miles west of the capital. The new drive, which it is claimed is making progress, constitutes a direct threat to the Nationalist salient between Toledo and Madrid.

The Government mobilisation order in Catalonia affects 275,000 men.

All day yesterday, factory workers reported to depots and barracks, their places being taken by women.

Meanwhile, the Nationalists claim to have captured Valls, a town north of Tarragona, which is now threatened on three sides, from the south, south-west and north-west.

WHOLE OF EBRO IN FRANCO'S HANDS

Lerida, Yesterday.
The whole territory from the source of the River Ebro to Seuth is now in Nationalist hands following a sudden influx of General Yague's Moroccan divisions into Tortosa, forty-five miles south of Tarragona.

CALOUS MASS RAID KILLING AT WANHSIEN

Chungking, Yesterday.

One of the most callous mass killings of the Japanese air force occurred at noon to-day in Wanhsien, important upper Yangtze city in east Szechwan, when nine planes swooped down on the Kwangsi Primary School, destroyed the building and buried underneath at least two scores of young children.

The massacre occurred while the children were in the midst of their class. One of the bombs scored a direct hit, shattered the school structure, which caved in, trapping the students in a horrible shambles of charred and twisted wood-work masonry.

Efforts were at once made by rescue parties and the frantic parents of the children to extricate the victims. Many rushed to hospitals for treatment have since died of their injuries.

In addition to the Kwangsi school, which was singled out as one of the objectives of the attack, the raiders also bombed buildings at Takiao, in the west suburbs, and along the First, Second and Third Avenues in the city. — Central News.

The massacre occurred while the children were in the midst of their class. One of the bombs scored a direct hit, shattered the school structure, which caved in, trapping the students in a horrible shambles of charred and twisted wood-work masonry.

BRITISH TRADE IN 1938

London, Yesterday.
British overseas trade in 1938 showed an all round reduction compared with the previous year.

According to the Board of Trade, imports of merchandise for the year totalled \$920,000,000 compared with \$1,028,000,000 in 1937, while exports of United Kingdom goods amounted to \$471,000,000 compared with \$521,000,000.

From this it is noteworthy that the decline in imports is twice as large as the reduction in exports, thus effecting a substantial reduction in the country's adverse trade balance. — Reuter.

London, Yesterday.
London silver prices to-day were up 1/4 for spot and 3/16 for forward as follows:—

Jan. 13 Jan. 14
20-1/4 20-1/2
Spot 49-7/8 20-1/16
Forward — Our Own Correspondent.

The whole manoeuvre represents an advance of twenty miles, giving a further 160 square miles to the Nationalists.

Detachments of Republican troops, realising that they are cut off, are surrendering in batches.

Republican losses in dead and prisoners in the present Catalan battle are appallingly high. The Nationalists have also captured a huge amount of ammunition, including 20,000,000 cartridges, in the last few days. — Reuter.

Reuter adds that the object of the new Government offensive is to relieve Madrid. The action is taking place in the region of the Republican major offensive of the war in July, 1937.

MAGNIFICENT FIGHT
The Barcelona correspondent of "The Times" (says Trans-Ocean) says that, according to late information, the Nationalists at one point have reached within 45 miles of Barcelona, but the position is now holding.

The correspondent pays a tribute to the magnificent fight being put up by the Catalans.

Themselves largely ill-equipped they are standing up to the blasting of 30,000 shells a day and are still exacting a heavy toll of the Nationalist Infantry.

PREMIER ON WAY HOME

Rome, Yesterday.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain left for London at 11.05 (G.M.T.) this morning.

Mussolini, other officials and a large group of British residents were present at the station to see him off.

Mr. Chamberlain and Mussolini walked up and down the platform for a few minutes chatting and smiling. They were obviously more at home with one another than when Mr. Chamberlain arrived in Rome.

Count Ciano, the Italian Foreign Minister, and Lord Perth, the British Ambassador, followed them, and clearly were on equally good terms.

Mr. Chamberlain was loudly cheered as the train left. — Reuter.

Trans-Ocean adds that among many diplomats present were the United States Ambassador and the Ministers of Ireland and South Africa. Driving to the station Mr. Chamberlain was heartily cheered by dense crowds lining the streets.

HUNGARIANS RESTIVE OVER CSAKY POLICY

Budapest, Yesterday.

Hungary's increasing friendship with the totalitarian states and her adherence to the Anti-Communist Pact, is not passing unopposed in the country.

The Opposition parties do not approve the Government's policy, and relations between the Government and the Opposition are becoming increasingly strained.

The tense situation politically was reflected in a disturbance in the Hungarian Parliament last night. — Reuter.

"WHITE WINE?"

Considerable quantities of white wines are consumed without much thought being given to their selection. Yet a little care in choosing the right wine to suit your menu will be amply repaid by the pleasure you can give your guests.

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Carefully-Phrased Communique Winds Up Premier's Rome Visit

Mussolini Invites Limitations Of Armaments Race

BELLICOSITY ABOUT TUNIS MODERATED

Rome, Yesterday.

The Anglo-Italian talks have, according to well-formed quarters, brought about some clarification of the situation between France and Italy insofar as Mussolini is believed to have revealed himself to be far less bellicose regarding Tunis than the Italian press.

Mussolini is said to have pointed out that Italy would consider it to be notable evidence of the desire of the Democratic countries for peace if they were to join the Authoritarian States in an effort to limit the armaments race, thus preparing the way for a period of peaceful consultations.

IN THIS CONNECTION, IT IS ALSO BELIEVED THAT MUSSOLINI GAVE IT TO BE UNDERSTOOD THAT AN APPROACH BETWEEN THE ROME-BERLIN AXIS ON ONE HAND AND THE LONDON-PARIS AXIS ON THE OTHER WOULD BE THE MOST SUITABLE MEANS FOR CONSOLIDATING PEACE.

BUT MUSSOLINI SUGGESTED THAT THE INITIAL STEP SHOULD BE TAKEN BY THE DEMOCRACIES.

FRANK EXCHANGE OF VIEW

The following communique has been issued by the Italian Foreign Office:

"In the conversations which have taken place during the last two days between the Duce and the British Prime Minister, Mr. Chamberlain, with the participation of Count Ciano and Lord Halifax, Foreign Ministers of the two Empires, the outstanding questions of the moment and the relations between the two Empires were discussed.

"These deliberations bore an exceedingly cordial character and led to a frank and comprehensive exchange of views. Both sides agreed to re-affirm their intention to develop the existing relations between the two countries in the spirit of the pact of April 18, 1938.

"It was further agreed to conclude at the earliest possible date the special agreements provided for in this pact.

"The conversations also served to manifest anew the common and firm intention of Britain and Italy to pursue a policy aiming in an effective manner at the preservation of peace, a policy towards whose fulfilment the efforts of both Governments have been and will be continued to be directed."—Trans-Ocean.

FURTHER CONVERSATION

Rome, Yesterday.

The papers here announce a further conversation between the Duce on one hand Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax on the other hand.

Both British Ministers will, however, according to programme, leave Rome to-day forenoon.—Trans-Ocean.

Carl Glaser, of No. 25 Kadoorie Avenue, was treated at the Kowloon Hospital on Friday after he had been bitten by his own dog.

COMMUNISTS REFUSE TO PLAY

Paris, Yesterday.

Legal action against the Communists, brought by the "Defence of the Nation" Society, which was to set out to prove that the Communists were engaged in illegal activities, has to be postponed.

The hearing was to have begun before the Paris district court, but the Communist leaders who were to appear as defendants, refused to attend.—Trans-Ocean.



The Life Guards going down the Mall on their way to the Horse Guards Parade in probably the coldest spell ever known.

TOKYO FORCED TO PETROL ECONOMY

Tokyo, Yesterday.

In order to economise on petrol which is needed urgently for war purposes, the Japanese authorities are attempting, on a large scale, to replace petrol motors by charcoal gas generators.

The Japanese Ministry of Commerce has convened a meeting of 3,000 owners of private cars for to-morrow when an attempt will be made to induce them to instal charcoal gas generators in their cars.

If this appeal succeeds all owners of private cars in Japan will be induced to attend a similar meeting.

Owing to restrictions on motor traffic, the total consumption of petrol in the last few months has decreased by 35% as compared with the same months before the outbreak of hostilities.—Trans-Ocean.

Mr. J.A. Lyons Says He Hasn't Heard

Canberra, Yesterday.

Reports that economic war against Japan by England, the United States and France is imminent were not confirmed by the Commonwealth Premier Mr. J. A. Lyons, in a speech delivered at Launceston in Tasmania yesterday.

Mr. Lyons stated that the Australian Government had received no information to this effect from the British Government and had consequently not been requested to define its attitude to any plan of that kind.—Trans-Ocean.

PREMATURE TO DISCUSS NEW CENTRAL GOVERNMENT

Shanghai, Yesterday.

Liang Hsin-chin, the President of the Nanking "Government" Executive Council, declared yesterday that it would be premature to discuss the proposed organisation of a new Central Government at the third session of Joint Commission of the Nanking and Peiping "Government" on January 20.

Liang states that the commissions at Hankow and Canton for maintenance of peace—although duly established—are of a transitional character and will have to be enlarged in the near future. It is expected that the Hankow and Canton delegates will attend the fourth or fifth session of the joint commission.—Trans-Ocean.

CIANO TO GO HUNTING IN YUGO-SLAVIA

BELGRADE, YESTERDAY. THE ITALIAN FOREIGN MINISTER, COUNT GALEAZZO CIANO, WILL VISIT YUGO-SLAVIA ON JANUARY 20 AND SPEND TWO DAYS' HUNTING ON THE STATE DOMAINS IN BLED. IT IS ANNOUNCED AUTHORITATIVELY HERE LAST NIGHT.

Immediately after the hunt Count Ciano will visit Belgrade. Officially it is stated that this visit is of a private nature and is in the nature of a return for the visits paid to Count Ciano last year by the Prime Minister, M. Stoyadinovic.

It is emphasised that the absolutely private nature of the visit will not lead to any new pact or agreement.

At the same time reports of an impending visit to Yugo-Slavia of Field Marshal Goering are denied officially.—Trans-Ocean.

Mrs. M. Sumways, of No. 132 Austin Road, has reported the loss of a brooch, apparently while travelling in a taxi at about 8 p.m. on Thursday, between Austin Road and Peninsula Hotel.

HAND-GRENADES THROWN INTO TOWN HALL

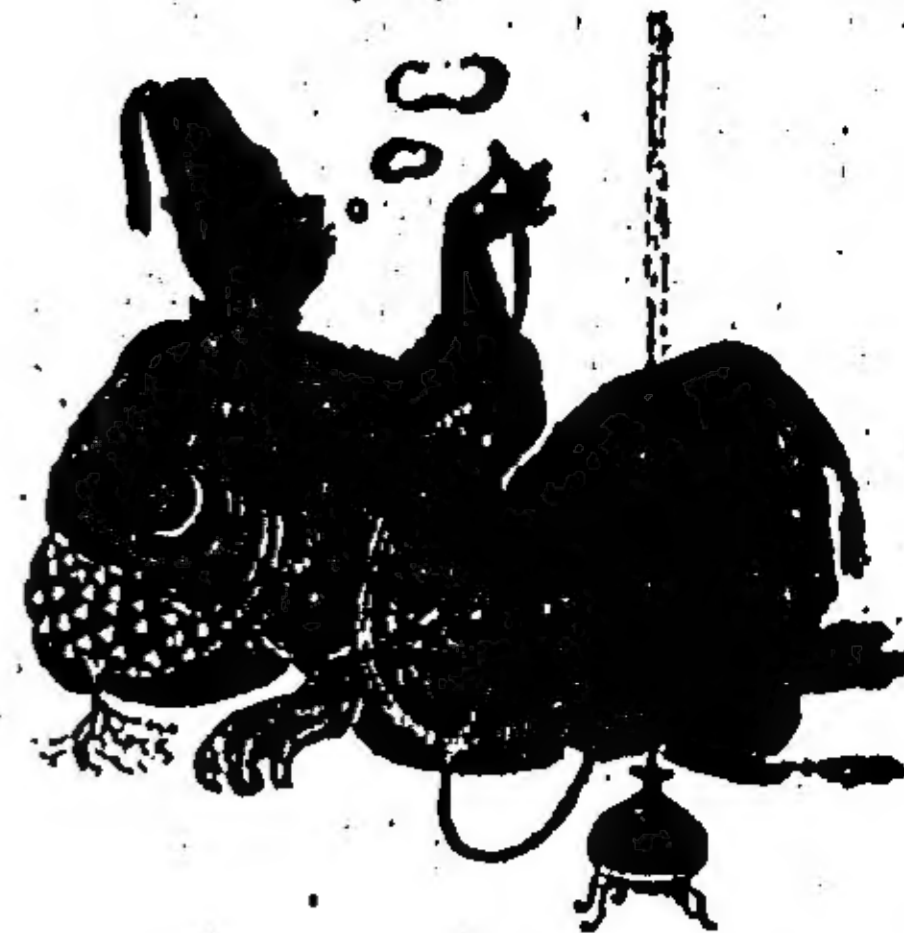
Warsaw, Yesterday.

Further incidents occurred in the former Czech, now Polish district of Olmuetz, when persons, according to the Polish version, who had previously escaped to Czechoslovakia, threw hand-grenades into the Town Hall of Schomberg in the district of Freistadt. Fortunately no one was injured, but the material damage was considerable.

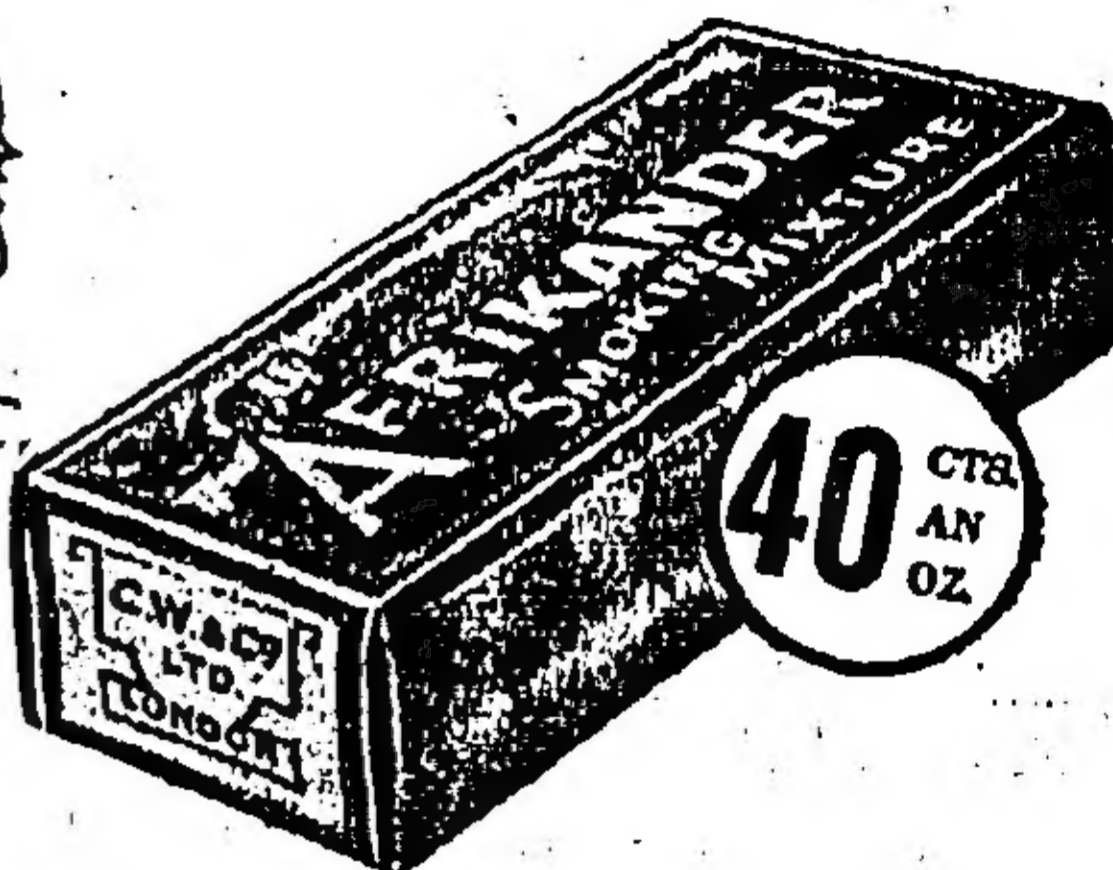
The Polish authorities have taken steps to prevent the recurrence of such incidents.—Trans-Ocean.

Mr. S. Logan, residing at the Repulse Bay Hotel, has reported the loss of a purse containing \$40, on Friday between the Hong Kong Hotel and Wyndham Street.

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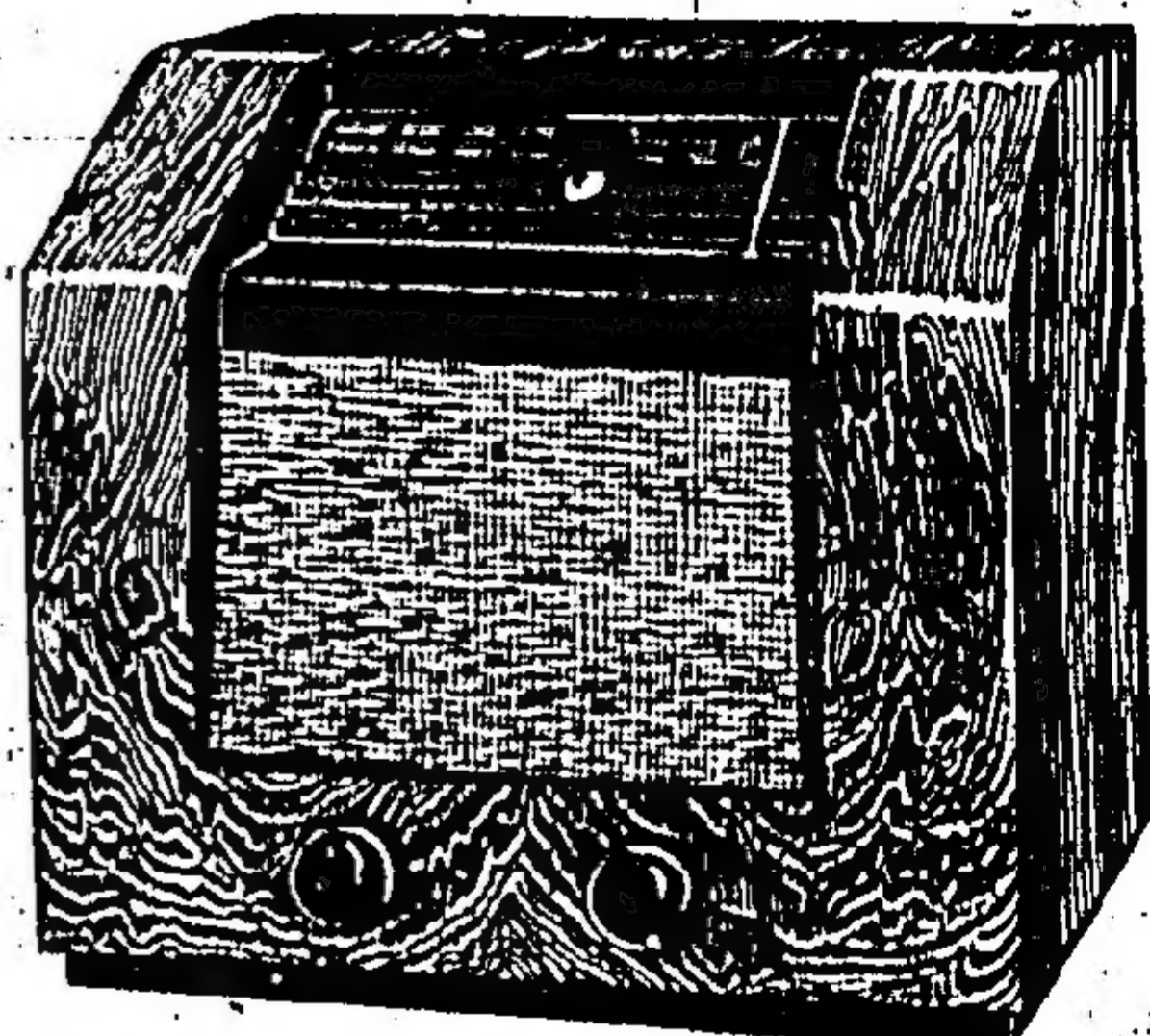
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- "Tuneray" tuning indicator.
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A milkman at Loughton, Essex solved the milk delivery problem during the Arctic visitation to England by using a sled drawn by a pony and he is seen here on his round.



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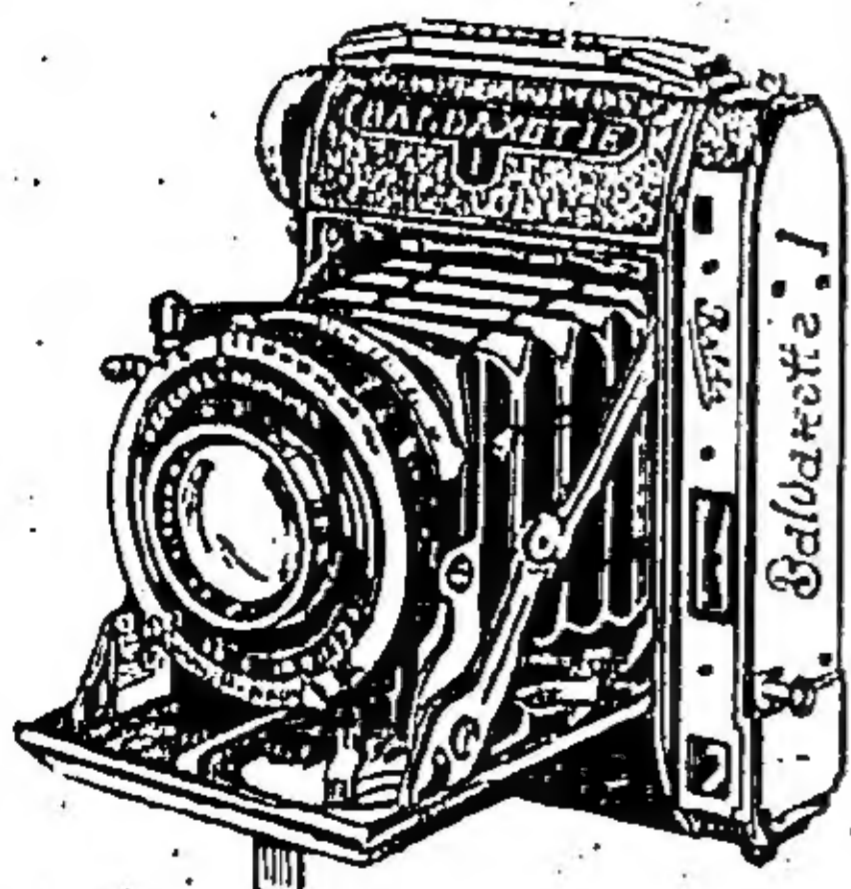
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25th, 27th and 28th February,
1st and 4th March.

Entries for the above will close at 3.00 p.m. on SATURDAY, 21ST JANUARY, 1939, at the Secretary's Office, Exchange Building.
By Order of the Stewards,
C. B. BROWN,
Secretary.

Hong Kong, 15th January, 1939.

NOTICE.

GILMAN MOTORS, KOWLOON.

The premises hitherto occupied by and known as The Duro Motor Co., Ltd., having been acquired by Gilman & Co., Ltd., will as from the 15th of January 1939, be re-named GILMAN MOTORS KOWLOON, Telephone No. 67226.

GILMAN & CO., LTD. (MOTOR DEPT.)

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THERAPION No. 2
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DESK-CALENDAR/DIARY, 1939

FEATURES:—

1939 Calendar
Daily Telephone Message Form
Hong Kong Public Holidays, 1939
1940 Calendar
1939 English & Chinese Calendars
Comparison of Hong Kong Time with Other principal Cities of the world.
Schedule of dates & Telephone Nos.
Hong Kong Storm Signal Code
Hong Kong Postal Rates
Hong Kong Air Routes
Equivalents of Sterling & Dollar.
8d.—2/3
Equivalents of Pounds & Cattle etc
Map of Hong Kong Business Sections
Memo. for 1940.

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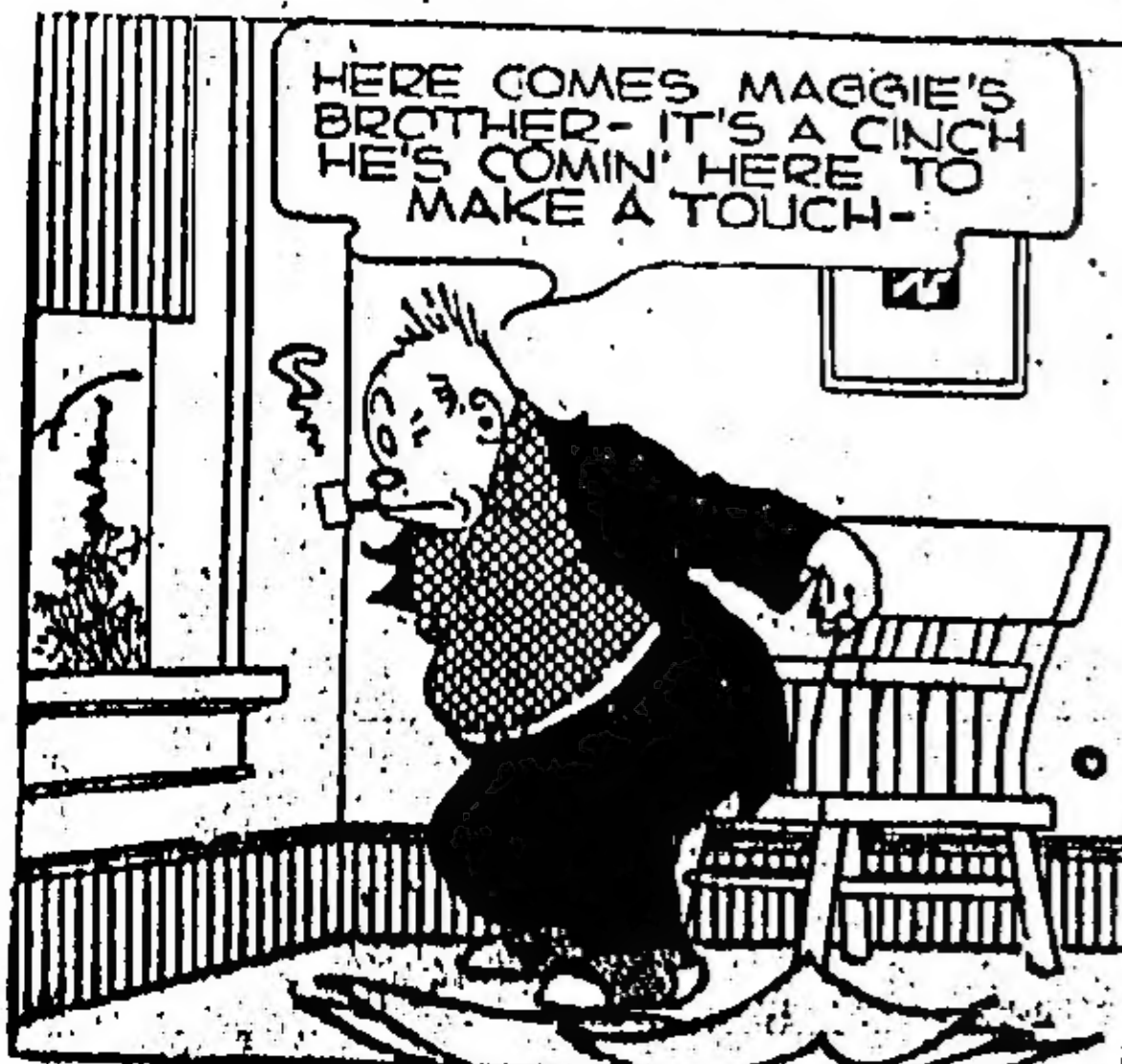
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THIS COMIC STRIP
IS A
DAILY FEATURE
IN
The China Mail

By George McManus

LOCAL RESIDENT RECEIVES GRIM LETTER

A remarkable human document, received by a Hong Kong resident from a Jewish refugee from the German pogrom, now in Paris, is appended.

It tells a grim story of the November pogrom, although names have been eliminated, individuals being designated by letters of the alphabet.

The letter reads:

Dear
I still feel as if I were in a bad dream, which has changed now to a good dream, sitting here in a cafe in Paris, because everything happened so quickly. From here I can at least tell you the truth, as it was impossible to write from that hell.

Your worries about us were only too justified, as we went through a terrible ordeal. During the night of the 9th-10th a regular pogrom took place, beginning at exactly 3 a.m. Everything had been organised to perfection. The day before a roll call was held and the different parts were assigned to the S. A. and S. S. men, who were to disguise themselves as ordinary civilians. I am not sure whether I am able to describe everything to you in detail, as every Jewish family had to live their own tragedy.

At 3 a.m. we were awakened by a loud and persistent ringing of the front doorbell. We all agreed not to open the door. About ten or fifteen men broke down the door and then that of the flat. We screamed for help and hid ourselves, after having locked the door of the room. But all in vain. They broke through this door too and dragged A into the bathroom, where he was terribly beaten, kicked and his nose broken, until he was lying on the floor covered with blood.

Papa in spite of his 75 years jumped from the first floor onto the balcony of the flat below, fortunately without injuring himself.

Only then did the official "Gestapo" appear, pretending to restore order, but letting those scoundrels go free, but taking us at once into "protective custody." At the prison were all the Jews who had survived the pogrom, everyone recounting his experiences. Among the worst was B (who is as you know over 70 years old and half blind), who, together with his wife, was thrown into the river, and C, who, dressed only in a night shirt, was found beaten nearly to death in a garden. D had fled only in his night gown, up onto the roof. He got a kick in his kidneys which will keep him in bed for several weeks. E was kicked in the mouth and has a split lip and broken teeth.

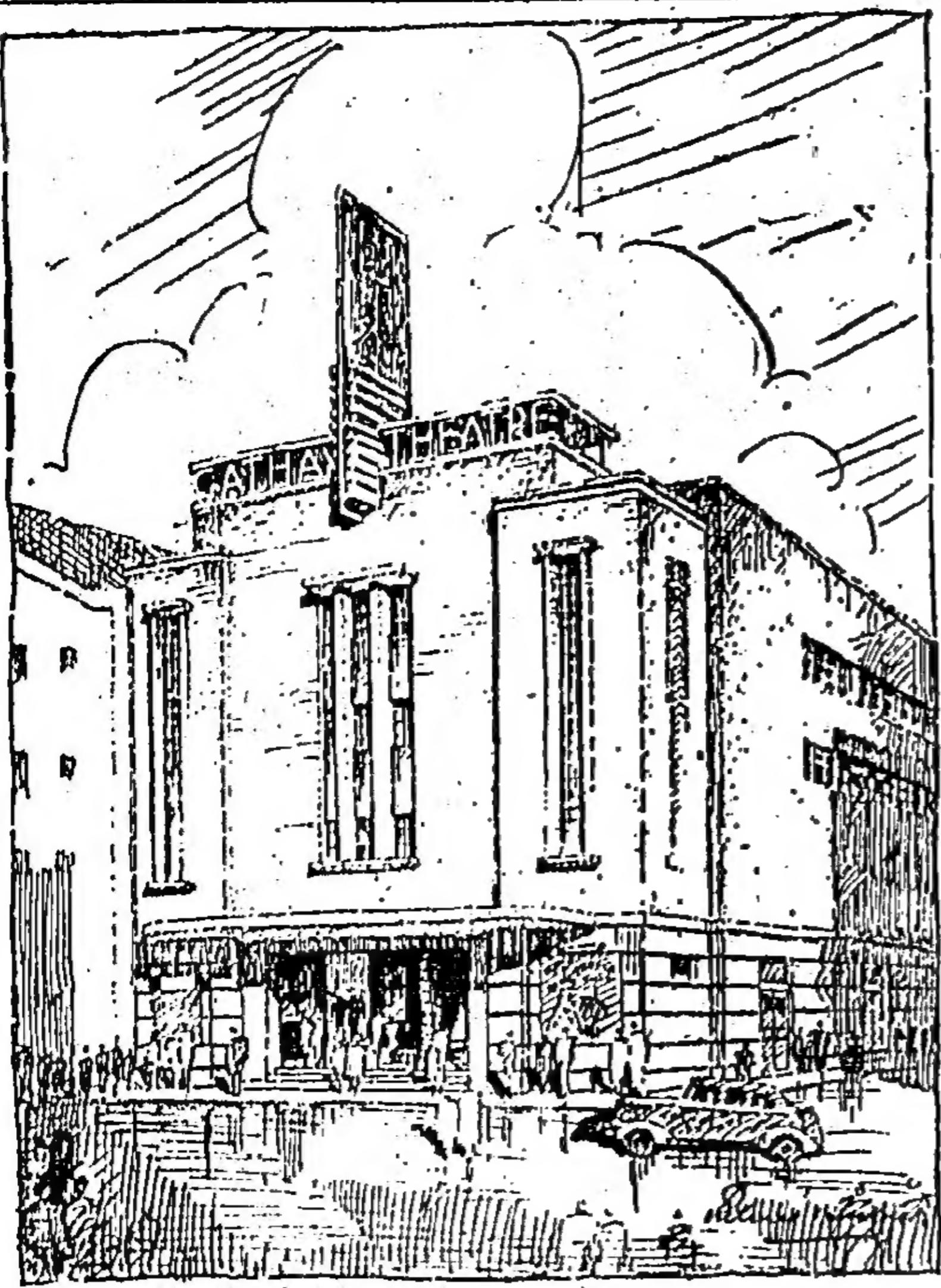
At least we saw that we in prison had not only escaped with our lives but would recover fully after some time. So we calmed down a little in our cell, until we got the first news about everything that had taken place (through our wardens, who were very friendly and sympathetic), news that made our hair stand on end. It has been frightful. At first we heard only talk in general about deaths and critically wounded; then came the horrible details.

The murderers forcibly entered F's flat where in the presence of the young wife and their 6 year old daughter the husband was knifed to death. To our cousin G, living in the same house on the second floor they did the same. F's death was instantaneous, but G could probably have been saved, but his wife was prevented from calling a doctor, and he bled to death.

THE WOMEN WERE UNHARMED

Another group of murderers entered H's flat, took him in a car to the forest, where he was bestially murdered. As the contents of his pockets, which his wife received, were wet, he must, among other things, also have been thrown into the river. His wife was not allowed to see his body—they knew why! Interment at the cemetery was forbidden. The bodies had to be taken to the next town, where the widows went too, and were cremated there.

At J's they acted in the same way, inflicting knife wounds just above his eyes and about his face, and head. He was taken to the hospital critically wounded, where he will have to stay for a long time. He will not die, but whether he will have a mental defect



An architect's sketch of the new Cathay Theatre.

HARBOUR OFFICE APPOINTMENT

The "Gazette" yesterday contained simultaneous announcements of the award of the Imperial Service Medal to Mr. G. W. Coysh, Deputy Shipping Master in Hong Kong for many years, and the appointment of Mr. W. R. Hillier to be Deputy Shipping Master.

for the rest of his life is not certain yet. At the present moment he has lost all recollection of what happened, and thinks he is in the hospital due to a motoring accident. K was beaten, had a stroke as a result, and is at present paralysed on his left side. He is in the hospital. His wife, one of the few women who were ill treated has concussion.

Our cousin L, has disappeared since that night. His mother is in the hospital, suffering from shock. All the other Jews escaped with beatings. Only three were entirely unharmed.

All this is only what happened in our own little town. Everybody knows that the thing was well organised by the "Gestapo". Naturally there was nothing in the papers about it and it was forbidden under threat of five years imprisonment even to talk about it. Nevertheless the whole town talks about it and many people visit the cemetery. Most of the Jews have been sent from the prison to the concentration camp, and only those with a visa for entering a foreign country have been released—on condition that they leave the country within eight days.

Our religious organisation (the Kultusgemeinde) has been dissolved and all the money confiscated, the Synagogue in M. Street demolished, and the last two Jewish shops (N's and that of blind O) looted to the last pin. You can imagine the mood everybody is in.

Most of the non-Jews in town are incensed and many have resigned from the party. But what does all that help?

There are not words for all that happened, and if the world does not take some action, the fate of those still left in the country is hopeless. It is our duty to inform everybody living outside of Germany of what is taking place. Every family has its own tragedy. I have written to you only a small part of all that took place. Volumes would not suffice to tell all.

P's family is moving to —, and they hope to get a chance to wait for their permit to some other country. I am now at the end of my report of the saddest year I have ever known. I want to tell you most urgently that we who have escaped must try our utmost to help those left behind, help them out of that hell on earth. Those murderers did not spare even our old aunt Q, on whose head they smashed plates and glasses. R, her son, received a severe beating. They hope their permit will come in about two weeks, after which they will go at once to America. For S and T's children permits for England are expected shortly, as her uncle in London is working like a madman.

We intend to stay here a few days, then go to work. We shall give all our spare time endeavouring to help. May others come to our assistance.

Yours,
N. N.

NEW HONG KONG CINEMA OPENING THIS MONTH

Hong Kong's newest cinema, the Cathay Theatre in Wanchai, is rapidly nearing completion, and plans are now being pushed ahead for a gala opening at the end of January, the "Sunday Herald" learns.

The cinema which has a seating capacity of 920 is situated on Wanchai Road, almost immediately opposite the old No. 2 Police Station, and should prove a popular addition to the Colony's theatres.

NUTRITION AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Announcement of the formation of a new Nutrition Research Committee, headed by Dr. P. S. Selwyn-Clarke, the Hon. Director of Medical Services, follows the recent decision to enlarge the scope of the original Committee's work and broaden the basis of its composition.

The Committee's specific task is to inquire into the question of nutrition in the Colony, including the application of dietetics to the social problems of the Colony.

MORE-BELISHA AT ORDNANCE FACTORY

London, Yesterday.

The Secretary for War spent two hours yesterday at the Royal Ordnance Factory at Nottingham, which is owned and managed like Woolwich Arsenal and where many of the modern 3.7 inch and 4.5 inch anti-aircraft guns are being made.

The main buildings were erected during the Great War as a national factory and disposed of afterwards. They were repurchased in September, 1936, and deliveries began in December, 1937.

The factory now employs 3,300 workpeople and is producing more guns than ever have been produced of a similar calibre by any other factory, even in time of war.—British Wireless.



Sylvia Salade, the charming 15-month-old daughter of M. and Madame F. Salade. (Dana's Studio).

PLAN FOR AIRCRAFT FACTORY IN H.K.

Assembly Plant In The New Territories

("Sunday Herald" Special)

Plans for the establishment in Hong Kong of an aircraft assembly factory, somewhere in the New Territories, are in an advanced state of preparation, the "Sunday Herald" learns from a trustworthy source.

It is understood that capital to the extent of five million dollars is available to the would-be promoters of the organisation and that an application for a factory site has already been made to the Hong Kong Government.

The attitude of the authorities towards the scheme has not yet been officially disclosed, but preliminaries in connection with the scheme are being proceeded with.

In this connection, it is learned that two of the principals are leaving on a tour of Britain and the United States in the near future, for the purpose of making arrangements for supplies of aero-engines and other essential materials.

The Hong Kong factory will not be, in any real sense of the term, a complete aircraft factory. It will be in the nature of an assembly plant, though a good deal of the construction work for the frames of planes will be constructed in the Colony.

It is believed that one of the principal obstacles to the operation of an aircraft works in the Colony is the absence of a qualified inspector.

PASTEURISATION DECISION

Compulsory pasteurisation of the Colony's milk supplies, which was to have been enforced from January 1, was the subject of a surprise announcement yesterday, postponement of operation of the by-laws until April 1.

Official explanation is that certain dairy-owners who have been endeavouring to secure the necessary plant from Europe or the United States have been unable to secure it in time.

A further period of grace is, therefore, being given on the principle that "it is better that the by-laws should be observed in a spirit of friendly co-operation than that there should be immediate rigid application."

NAVAL OFFICER IN COURT

Charged with driving recklessly in Salkung Road in a borrowed car, Lt. Commr. Caddy, of H.M.S. Kent was fined \$75 at the Kowloon Magistracy by Mr. Hims-worth yesterday. He was fined a further \$5 for driving without a licence.

Police evidence was to the effect that he was driving at over 30 miles an hour and failed to keep to the left. The fact that it was 7.35 p.m. made the driving more dangerous.

Lt. Commander Caddy said he had driven for 15 years without the semblance of an accident.



Derek, the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. G. Frost, taken on his first birthday. (Dana's Studio).



Miss Helen Lindell, daughter of His Honour the Puisne Judge, Mr. Justice R. E. Lindell, whose formal coming-out party at the Peak Club on Friday evening was a noteworthy success.

STOLE FOR HIS SUPPER

The owner of six pounds of pork which was put out on the verandah of No. 76, Fa Yuen Street, Mongkok, on Friday, lost his supper.

The man who climbed up and took it will be the guest of His Majesty at Stanley Prison for the next two months. He was sentenced at Kowloon yesterday.

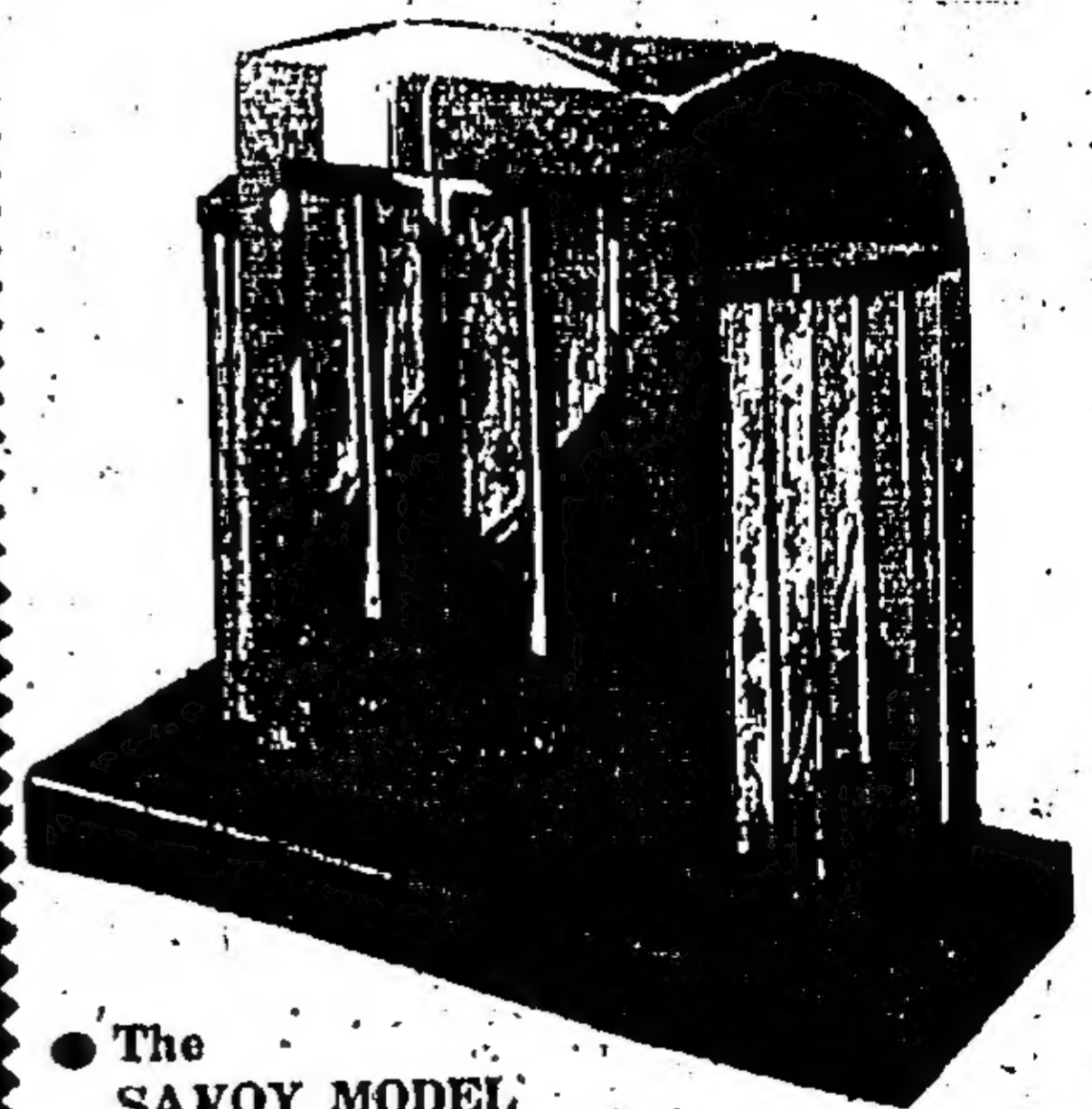
LORD HALIFAX'S SECRETARY

London, Yesterday.

The Foreign Secretary has appointed Mr. Ivo Mallet to be his assistant private secretary — diplomatic — in succession to Mr. F. R. Hoyer Millar, who has been appointed to the British Embassy in Washington.—British Wireless.

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LITTLE NOTES of Great Importance

By Ester

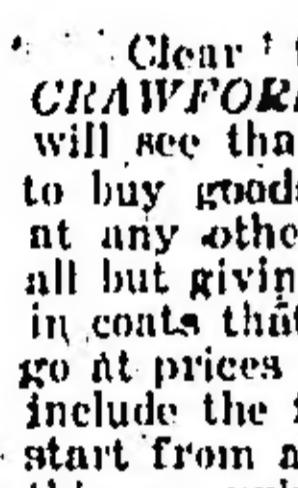


Are we mortified? Last week, owing to the many distracting lovely frocks in the shop, we committed the error of only half-listening to the gracious propitiosities of *PALL KENNET ET CIE*, with the result that this week we have been relegated to the "dog house" for getting our facts slightly mixed. In addition to feeling somewhat ashamed of ourselves, we deeply regret the trouble we have caused this firm... who, we are told, spent all Monday morning explaining to irate customers that they have NOT abandoned the practice of importing frocks, as erroneously stated by us. It is our intention to continue this side of our business as before, and the Tailoring Department will operate independently of it... the latter dealing primarily for special orders and alterations. It is with the hope that all is now straightened out that we remind shoppers of the price-shedding sale which is at present in full swing at this address.

UNIQUE in the Peninsula Hotel Arcade have added a new branch to their service. They will now take orders for knitted things, which include all wearables from mittens to a three-piece ensemble. Having been shown examples of the type of work they are able to do, we can stress too strongly the need for an early visit. The idea is to get your order under way before the rush starts. The clever under Girdler suggests knitted for the formal hour, and without waiting for your approval, turns out a disturbing creation in royal purple to prove that she is right. Many of Hongkong's smartest women have so far permitted her to dress them for St. George's Ball in misty chiffons, revealing satins, and blistered laces of molten gold, and it only remains to be seen who will capitalise on clever individuality with a lucky knit in silk or wool. Colours shame the rainbow.



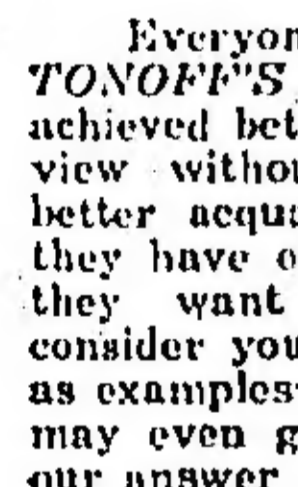
"Where have you been all my life?" is the first thought which popped into our minds when we met a blue-grey wool mixture of heart-warming simplicity. The meeting took place at *MRS. WILLY'S*, and we can't remember another occasion when we came nearer to breaking a New Year resolution to resist all temptation in the way of frocks. We liked the contrasting rust trimming, but we liked better still the juvenile price tag. Crepe... the colour of ripe cherries... fashions another skunk, which all but took the wind out of our sails. It offers you a wide belt, studded with gold knobs and deep blue stones, and it shows you a cute way to treat the inevitable placket. In fact it does away with the placket altogether and substitutes shoulder zips, dangling gold balls. Tiny gold discs about the size of a press button, march in single file round the neck and front opening of a black crepe which is also worthy of mention. Shivering shoulders take care of fullness on bust, and a 3-gored skirt allows plenty of knee action. Find them in Room 334, Wang Hing Building.



Clear the decks for action! Will be *LANE*. *CRAYFORD'S* slogan as from to-morrow, and all hands will see that you are properly attended to in the rush to buy goods at a lower price level than is obtainable at any other time in the year. The Ladies' Salon is all but giving things away. Lightweight, unlined tweeds, in coats that make you wish for a longer winter, are to go at prices which start from about \$16. Dresses which include the formal, semi-formal and quite informal, will start from as low as \$10, and when it comes to summer things, prices begin from next to nothing. White summer handbags can be got for \$3, cotton shorts for the tennis court from about \$5 and cotton blouses for leisure periods start the ascent from \$6.50. We need hardly point out that this is one of those rare opportunities to fill up the gaps in your present wardrobe, as well as stock up on clothes for a season which is yet to come.



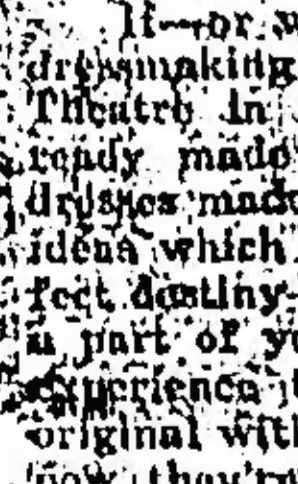
Any gal with \$17.50 on the right side of her balance sheet, should invest it in an arrogant-looking green crepe, at *MISS NAYLORS*. This conceited model gives you an eighteenth of mink tails for that amount of money, and a whole lot of impudent good looks besides. For the same price is a cunning little dirndl, with braces to hold it up, and a juvenile blouse of white tulle. The material which fashions the dirndl reminds us of the trousers section of a diplomat's suit when he goes "caddis", bent on business which involves the affairs of "states". Notes to make in your little book of "Must Sees" include a black afternoon-crepe, with bottle green velvet applied on collar and pockets; a royal blue with stitched panel opening on bodice front, and pockets of tailored braid; a black crepe with elaborately trimmed soutache-braided bodice, and gigantic metal chandelier dangling from a looped chain which is strung to a false breast pocket.



Everyone who has ever had their picture taken at *TONOFF'S STUDIO* agrees that they could never have achieved better results anywhere else. We endorse this view without fear of being challenged, for no one is better acquainted than us with the amazing aptitude they have of photographing a person in just the mood they want the world to see them in. You may consider yourself a difficult subject. You may hold up as examples previous studies of yours in which you may even get up to heartily sympathise with you but our answer will always remain unchanged—oh, yes, but you haven't tried *TONOFF'S STUDIO*! For here is a firm which is well in the front rank of its trade. To be there, they have to be good, and between you, me and the lamp-post, "good" is a very mild term to use in lauding the work they are able to do. 1 Middle Road, Kowloon, is where you'll find them.



Most of the people now flocking to the *PETER MUSIC COMPANY*, are spending their dollars here because they know they can always find their favourite record in stock. That's one nice thing about this shop which cannot be said of every other. No matter how popular the piece, walk in three weeks after its release, and come away with the number tucked under your arm. The *PETER MUSIC COMPANY* specialises in Decca, Columbia, Brunswick and Pathe recordings, and because they get in a large stock, their customers are never disappointed. Catalogues, giving complete information as to the selections they receive, are printed every month, and will be sent free on request. Records may be taken on approval, and returned within twenty-four hours, and their prices are at least 25 per cent. lower than elsewhere. Find them at 30-32, Des Voeux Road.



It—or we should say when—you go to *JOAN'S*, the dressmaking salon, a few doors away from the Star Theatre in Hankow Road, don't expect to find many ready-made dresses around. This shop specialises in dresses made-to-order, and they have lots of constructive ideas which will guide your wardrobe towards its perfect destiny—a wardrobe that is original and essentially a part of your personality! They have many years of experience to back them up and can copy a French original without you being able to tell them apart. Right now they're mighty busy cutting and draping and pinning evening frocks—indicating that St. George's Ball is near at hand and that this shop is becoming known for the expert work they turn out. Prices are respectfully low... and the salon is the kind of place, and like to be dressed in.



The dictionary says: colic is a disease attended with severe pain... and since we are sure no mother would wish such suffering for her child, we rush in with the suggestion that *WATSON'S BABY WATER* be kept in the house. In fact, if there's a baby in the house, you can't afford to be without *WATSON'S BABY WATER*. Colic is very prevalent among tiny tots, and is caused through gripping, indigestion, acidity, wind or flatulence... but *WATSON'S BABY WATER* will soon put things right. It soothes the pain instantly... How can you tell if your baby has colic? Well, babies have a way of letting you know. They fuss, and we have never known it to fail yet. They give out their lungs *WATSON'S BABY WATER* is made by *WATSON'S*. Sold at *WATSON'S*, so 'phone, call or wire *WATSON'S* at 101.

PRIVATE FACES IN PUBLIC PLACES

Background For Schiff

THE inner and formal expression of art is just as much subject to the laws of change as you and we are, after a show-down with the wife. Painters, poets, philosophers and—let us flit from the sublime to the acidulous—columnists cannot adhere to a traditional code while far-reaching social, scientific and technical change is a'king place. Which makes the kind of reading that overawes sub-editors and brings us to Frederick Schiff who began his artistic career as a pedantic Classicist in the ghostly company of expressionistic and cubist nightmares that usurped art in post-war Europe, and ended up in China, a graceful Romantic when he should be twitting with a pork chop and a top hat and calling it Starving Profiteer.

SHUTTING the book and breathing naturally, this quiet, modest Jew (He gets annoyed when people take him for an Aryan), paints people so that it is a pleasure to have them in the same room. Son of the Viennese court painter (Pere Schiff painted the last portrait of Franz Joseph a few weeks before the old gentleman died), Frederick was born in a tall, gloomy mansion on Vienna's Fildgradergasse, had his head patted by the Kaiser and went to the Academy as the talented son of a man whose work was universally admired. The Academy, like most Academies, was licensed by the State and exercised through the fine mesh of bureaucratic benevolence a sort of police art control, taught him all the academic rules without much regard to the trouble on the frontier. The result was that at the end of the World War, Frederick could turn out technically correct, decorative studies which might have been painted on another planet for all the relation they bore to the crumbling, blood-soaked Empire.

PEACE confirmed that the times were ill suited to the mediocre apogees that the Academy bore. Artists returned from the Great Death and like other men who left their loves behind, found it impossible to be faithful for longer than a week. Mass murder had demonstrated the sanctity of culture to be a hollow myth and artistic canons previously re-

garded as eternal truths were more than suspect. The elder (Pere Schiff who fought on three fronts was one of them), unable to deny God in art or man, fretted away the evening of their lives, derided and impoverished, their brushes empty straw.



"DAUGHTER OF THE REPUBLIC" A delightful example of Frederick Schiff's harmonious brushwork.

THE younger, more resilient, searched feverishly for new mediums. Some, the less accomplished, discovered circles and squares and hailed geometric abstractions as the only pure art in a tainted world. Others, casing themselves in a mould of brutal indifference, pursued objective realism. In company with the writers they debunked the starving rubbed shoulders with inflation profiteers and Americans whose natural exuberance turned everything into a hysterical joke when they found that one dollar bought a million penguins. With reportorial accuracy the draughtsman moralists contrasted the luxury of the palatial hotels and fine shops

on the fashionable boulevards with the grim poverty of the back streets and the dead end of the public mortuary.

FREDERICK Schiff, young, shabby, half-starved, saw the best of these artists lead a hand-to-mouth existence on

he told us. After a stay in Peking he made his headquarters in Shanghai, in which city he has a very fine reputation as a portrait painter and muralist.

rified at the idea that she should subsequently embark on a stage career. However, Miss Gilmar persevered and made her debut in 1923 as Prima Donna at the

At the invitation of Madame Thorbecke, the wife of the former Netherlands Ambassador to China, he came to Hong Kong a few months ago to illustrate her travel book on Hong Kong.

SHY and diffident, he is very modest about his work. "It was painful unlearning what the Academy had taught me," he remarked, "but after much struggling I think I am now beginning to paint what is inside me." What is inside him translated into the optic sense is youthful verve and rich colour sense tempered by a cool detachment. The product refined by a merciless self-criticism—for every portrait Schiff paints he destroys two—is graceful, conciliatory, lyrical with exquisite harmonies and dramatic vivacity that can come only from a rich artistic vision. Deeply interested in Chinese art and culture, he delights in painting country-folk; bright, playful, free studies, which are not social documents but living flesh and blood. Here is a man whom Hong Kong should welcome, for he loves humanity and paints it with wit, grace and tenderness.

Boomerang
A MEDICO friend of ours who specialises in obste-



"PEASANT GIRL" A brilliant pastel by Frederick Schiff.

potato bread and substitute butter in a Vienna that had no use for art. He waited a sad Spring, wondering what had happened to the idyllic world of gallant cavaliers and glamorous ladies who did homage to the Muse in that glittering pageantry that was Old Vienna, to the memory of which the Professors of the Academy clung, like maiden ladies musing on a dead romance.

HE saw the daughters of the high born trade their love in dingy alleys; heroes exchange the gold and crimson of the Hussars for the chocolate-cream of the restaurant Commissionaire; witnessed the ceremonious futility of the Professors who praised the dead in between edging cups of coffee from the living. A romantic with a natural virtuosity for light, movement and colour, all of which had been sternly suppressed at the Academy, he despised the piddling nonsense of the Constructivists, while the savage mockery of the political satirists bewildered and frightened him.

SPRING merged into Summer and while Schiff wondered if this was indeed the end of painting, a letter from a friend in Peking arrived. "Art," he wrote, "it is to live needs freedom. Here, there is liberty and a glorious light. Besides in China one can live a long time on a little money." Frederick needed no further encouragement. Scraping every cent he possessed, he took the next boat. "A step I have never regretted."

Royal Opera House, Malta. She scored an instant success and was clever enough to turn down several flattering offers for a further period of study under Caruso's famous pupil, Maestro Gaetano Loria, several of whose proteges have won



Miss Barbara Gilmar.

world fame at Covent Garden and La Scala, Milan. Now a fully-fledged songbird, Barbara Gilmar faced the world's most critical audience—everyone of them a music-lover—at Vic-Wells. The next few years found her singing with increasing success in London and Europe, during which period she broadcasted for the B.B.C.

In the last three years, before coming to the East, Miss Gilmar was Prima Donna at the State Opera House, Estonia. We trust that an artists with such an impressive career will not experience the apathetic reception usually accorded to musical recitals in Hong Kong.

Personalia

Former pupils of the Central British School will be interested to learn that Mr. Charles R. L. Bryson, younger son of Mrs. A. L. Burleigh, formerly of Hong Kong and now resident at Golders Green, London, has passed his final examinations and has now qualified for the degree of A.C.A.

Among passengers who sailed for Australia in the Taiping was Mrs. L. T. Rids, wife of Professor L. T. Rids of the Hong Kong University.

Mr. H. E. Stone, general manager of the Hong Kong and China Gas Co., accompanied by Mrs. Stone, left in the Taiping for Australia.

Mr. F. C. B. Black, of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, Shanghai, who was formerly stationed here, was recently married in Shanghai to Miss Sinclair. Mr. and Mrs. Black arrived here in the Empress of Asia in the course of their honeymoon.

Mr. A. Urquhart and Mr. L. G. Frost of Messrs. Jardine, Matheson and Company, left in the Taiping on Friday for Haiphong, from where they will proceed on an extensive business tour of the interior.

Capt. C. R. Boxer, of Staff Headquarters, arrived in the Empress of Asia from Shanghai.

Lady Maze, wife of Sir Frederick Maze, Inspector-General of the Chinese Maritime Customs, is a visitor to the Colony from Shanghai.

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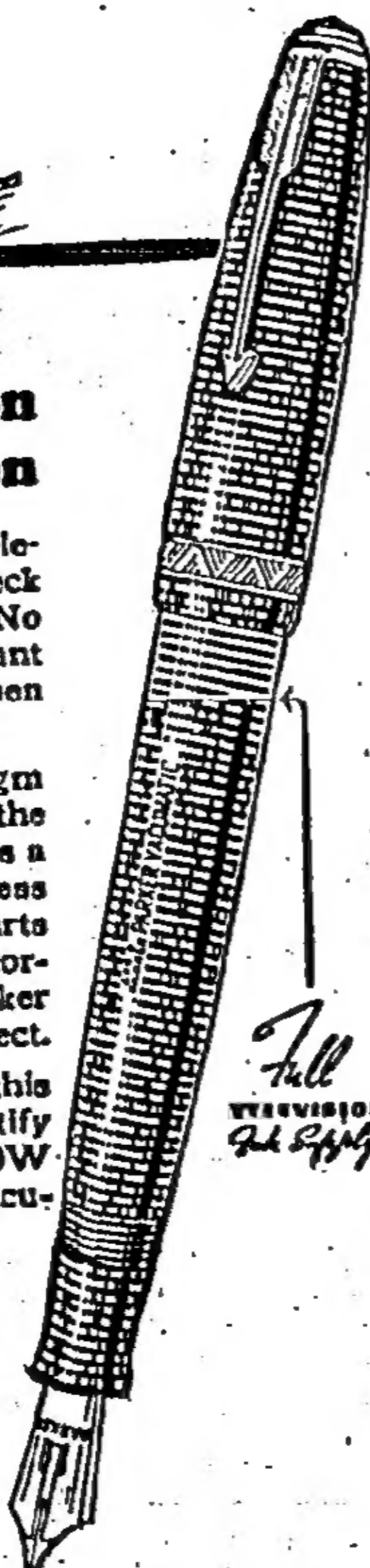
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Where Is It To Stop? To-day After
Two Years of Murderous Fighting,
No-One Can Say Who Will Win

Is It Not Time There Was Peace?

IS it not about time there was peace in Spain? And is this

not the moment when all who care for Spain should attempt it? Of course, the interest of Great Britain lies in the settlement by agreement of this hideous civil war. It has even become a major interest of the British Empire. Not only is the Spanish quarrel a hot stove near a powder magazine, but British political action would become more coherent once the adherence of classes and parties to one side or the other in Spain had passed away. The bulk of the Conservatives admire General Franco, all the forces of the Left are ardent for the Republic. The difference between the Duchess of Atholl and the Scotch Tories around Perth began about Spain. The dominant element in those parts regarded her vehement sympathy for the Spanish government as a proof that she was almost ready to carry Bolshevism into Britain, to confiscate their property, pollute their churches and, if necessary, cut their throats. Nothing has more remarkably strengthened the Prime Minister's hold upon well-to-do society than the belief that he is friendly to General Franco and the Nationalist cause in Spain.

But these sentiments on either side may be pushed beyond the bounds of British interest. It would seem that to-day the British Empire would run far less risk from the victory of the Spanish Government than from that of General Franco. I have always been deterred from espousing the cause of either side in Spain by the dread of what would happen to whichever side was vanquished. The spectacle of either a Franco-Spain or a Negrin-Spain with the beaten half of the Spanish nation trampled underfoot, has always seemed to me so dark and cruel that, not being a Spaniard, I will not become a partisan. But it must be admitted that, if at this moment the Spanish government were victorious, they would be so anxious to live on friendly terms with Great Britain, they would find so much sympathy among the British people for them, that we should probably be able to dislodge them from the vengeance which would have attended their triumph earlier in the struggle. On the other hand, if Franco won, his Nazi backers would drive him to the same kind of brutal suppressions as are practised in the totalitarian states. The victory of the Spanish Republicans would therefore not only be a strategic security for British Imperial communications through the Mediterranean, but gentler and reconciling forces would play a larger part. Britain would have great influence with the Spanish Republic. Nazi Germany would hold or try to

hold Franco by the scruff of the neck.

The character of the Spanish government has changed remarkably since the first months of the civil war. The monstrous incapacity to preserve order which was the main justification for the military revolt, has been succeeded in a struggle for life by an iron discipline. Whereas in most conflicts of this character the more extreme forces have continually gained more power and become more violent, the reverse process has happened at Barcelona and Valencia. There liberal and moderate influences have waxed, and the anarchist and Communist doctrinaires and assassins are being brought monthly under the healthy restraint of military service enjoined by dire need. Whereas at the beginning General Franco seemed to stand for a civilised and unified Spain, his enforced reliance upon German and Italian help has reinvested the Spanish Republic to a large extent with the national title deeds.

Both sides have become conscious of the reproach of being

The Rt. Hon.

Winston Churchill

Writes For The
"Sunday Herald"
On Spain

anti-Spanish. Their propaganda now scrutinises with increasing attention the elements of foreign aid in the opposite ranks. General Franco is heartily ashamed at being so dependent on Germans and Italians. His advocates point with justice to the many Russian and Marxist international personalities who figure in the staffs of the Republican army. The Spanish government shows itself extremely sensitive on this point. The gathering together and dismissal of the international brigades in the height of battle was an act of faith of which all Spaniards have taken note. On Franco's side the unpopularity of the none the less indispensable Italian contingents and of the highly competent Nazi agents, staff officers, artillerymen and aviators, is causing increasing tension. The expulsion from the Spanish Peninsula of all foreigners who have meddled in the domestic quarrel is the deep desire of the Spanish nation as a whole, and certainly it is from a British point of view a solid and durable object.

On all counts, therefore, strategic, humanitarian and moral, Great Britain, if forced to choose, should to-day welcome the victory of whichever side in Spain is least dependent upon foreigners.

But why should we have to choose? And why should Spaniards have to choose? Have they not an overpowering common interest in a true peace, in a lasting re-union based upon the independence, the integrity and the restoration of their native land?

And here let us look back through the war clouds and across the corpses which cumber the battle field and lie at the foot of so many prison walls. Nothing is more certain than that Spain never will find this thing. A ghastly misunderstanding due to faults and excesses which might well have been controlled in the bosom of a stronger state, opened the flood-gates of hell upon a proud people, who with their gifts and virtues are an inseparable part of the European family. People forget that Franco was a leading general of the Spanish constitutional republic. Several weeks before the outbreak, in a remarkable letter

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IN OLD HONG KONG

A Man Who Raised A Stench But Was Also The Father Of Cricket

A man came to Hong Kong in March 1851 with a cricket outfit as his principal luggage. He also had a box of books, but they were apparently secondary in his estimation compared with the impedimenta of the playing field. He was wearing a blazer and cap—a costume which in itself was then a novelty in the infant Colony—so that when he looked at the old Oriental Hotel, the inquisitive proprietor surveyed him critically, and enquired naturally enough after his profession. His reply was typical of the man who was soon to make his mark in local history.

"Sir, I'm a barrister, and a d—d good one at that. I also play cricket, and with these two accomplishments, I should be able to get along quite handsomely anywhere."

Subsequent events reveal that he did get along well—so well in fact that in less than five years he had achieved the reputation of being the sharpest lawyer, the most consummate schemer, and the most indefatigable politician in the annals of the community. By the time he had been here ten years, the public at large wished that it had never laid eyes on him in the first place; for the man was William Thomas Bridges, Doctor of Civil Law, and his career in the Colony had much to do with the infamy and notoriety which it so unfortunately gained at that period.

MISSIONARY

DESIRE

William Thomas Bridges was born in England about the year 1822, and was educated at Oxford University. Very little is known of his academic career, but he seems to have been a fair student, and was admitted to the Bar of the Middle Temple shortly before his visit to Hong Kong. He had apparently early decided upon coming out to the East, impelled, as he afterwards explained, "by a missionary desire to spread the gospel of cricket to the benighted citizens of Her Majesty's newest colonial possession—Hong Kong."

On April 15, 1851—almost a month to a day after his arrival in the Colony—he was admitted to the practice of law in the Supreme Court. That date, April 15, incidentally was one which was to loom large in his local career; for, on that day exactly ten years later, he departed from these shores without leaving his future address. But that is getting ahead of the story.

Mr. Bridges came at a most opportune time for the opening of a legal practice; for the only other Barrister in the Colony was Mr. Paul Ivy Sterling, the Attorney General, a man whom, to say the least, was not generally esteemed for either forensic powers or ability as a lawyer. Mr. Bridges not only made up his mind to gain a foothold in his chosen avocation; but also exhibited a selfish determination to bring the subordinate branch of the legal profession into subjection, a determination in which he succeeded so well as to drive, with the exception of a necessary Crown Solicitor, every

member of that branch out of the Colony.

BIRTH OF H.K.C.C.

The youth of Hong Kong however, were delighted with the way the brisk young lawyer just out from Home played cricket; for it was perhaps to him that we have the introduction of the game into the Far East. He was also instrumental in securing for the community the first cricket field, an event which was described in the local press of that day in the following words:

"We are glad to learn that at the suggestion of Mr. Bridges, the Governor (Sir John Davis) and General Jervois have consented to place the parade ground at the disposal of the Colony for Cricket and other out-door amusements; the road, instead of running through the midst of it, as at present, to be carried round by the waters edge. A public meeting will be shortly called to determine how the expenses of levelling, &c., are to be defrayed."

Mr. Bridges had been in Hong Kong hardly eleven months when he found himself elevated to the post of Attorney General in the place of Mr. Sterling who was temporarily promoted to the Bench on Chief Justice Hulme's departure for England. This post he held for just a year, and when Mr. Sterling went Home on leave in February 1854, he was again appointed Attorney General, and remained in that position until January 1856, when, news arriving of the appointment of Mr. Thomas Chisholm Anstey, he hastily resigned and went to England, with the intention, as it afterwards transpired, "of making use of the knowledge which he had obtained of some of the public men in the Colonial Service to make his own terms with Downing Street."

SUDDEN

DEPARTURE

His private practice, too, had been most lucrative, and this fact was naturally enough recalled on the occasion of his sudden departure. One newspaper, the Friend of China commented as follows:

"... The sole enjoyment for years of a practice which, within the past year has been participated in by four Counsellors, and a judicious investment of spare funds, have given Mr. Bridges the reputation of being a wealthy man. The fortune acquired in so short a time, however, will not be greater than the exigencies of the climate have deserved."

Mr. Bridges had obviously determined to cash in to the full on his trip; for he succeeded in securing in a remarkably short time the degree of D. C. L. from his Alma Mater. Armed with this degree (and something more than three sovereigns in his pocket) he returned to Hong Kong. Here, he was almost immediately appointed to fill the office of Colonial Secretary in succession to Mr. William Thomas Mercer, who was proceeding Home on leave of absence. It is stated that this nomination was due to the fact that the two men had been fellow students at Oxford, and their personal attachment had been renewed after Mr. Bridges' arrival in the East. Needless to say, the appointment was regarded as sensational, and did not meet with the approval of the community as a whole. Mr. (now Dr.) Bridges had already been proved too sharp in his legal practice to admit of his being regarded with much real respect from the public.

COL. SECRETARY AND BARRISTER!

Even the Governor, Sir John Bowring did not exactly approve, but felt perhaps that he had no other choice, and yielded on persuasion to Mr. Mercer's arguments. What was more, the nomination of Dr. Bridges to this post was particularly signalled by permission being given him to continue his practice as a Barrister. Those members of the public who

was able to furnish sufficient cash, GAY

INSOUCIANCE

It is unnecessary to go into detail regarding the stench which Dr. Bridges raised in the Colony during the latter part of the 'fifties by reason of his gay insouciance concerning the application of ethics to the practice of law. All that mattered to him, it seemed, was the receipt of a substantial fee,

By "Prendergast"

and if his clients could succeed in crossing his palm with sufficient silver, "Bagge," as Dr. Bridges was nick-named on account of his miserly greed, would be sure to do his level best to circumvent the law. In short, although they did not call it by such a term in those days, his legal successes were generally based on the adroit application of a "technicality." Indeed, as he apparently naively reasoned, "laws are like walls, if one cannot go over them forthwith, one at least can go around them." No wonder the affluent Chinese gangster chiefs who were so successfully defended by him in Court, were wont to say:

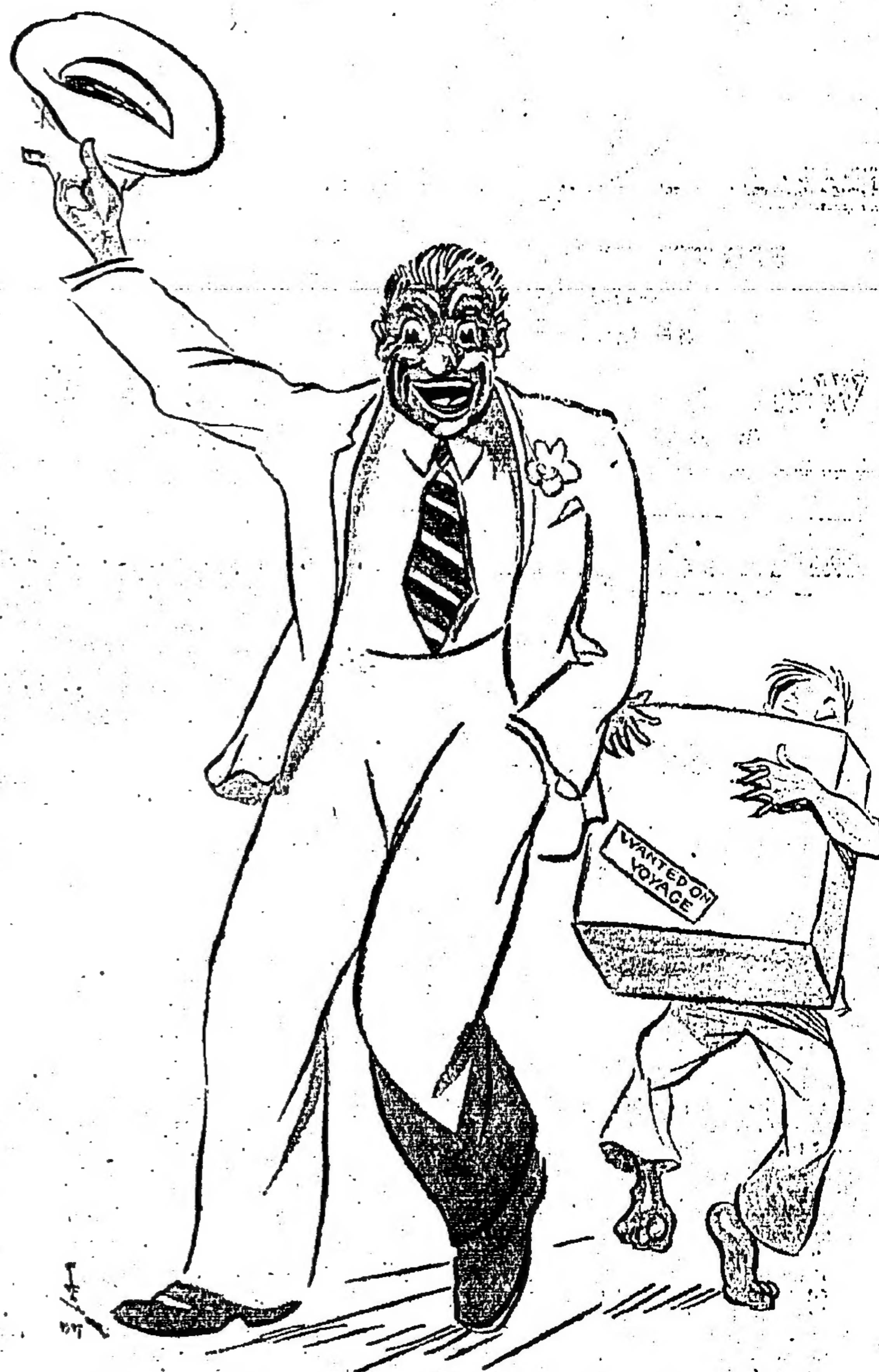
"Oh! Dr. Bridges is a very clever man. He can do what he likes with the Governor, can make any law he pleases, can tear it to pieces one day, and can put it together again the next."

It was not alone this total disregard of all ethical usage in his practice of law which made Dr. Bridges notorious in the Colony; at that day, but also his disgraceful acts in connection with his official career as Colonial Secre-

tary. The most flagrant of these were the acceptance of a bribe from the Government Opium Farmer, Chan Tai-kwan, and acting as his legal adviser at a handsome fee, and the deliberate burning of the books and papers which would have proved beyond the shadow of a doubt the suspected liaison of Mr. R. D. Caldwell, the Registrar General, with the pirate chieftain, Ma-chow Wong.

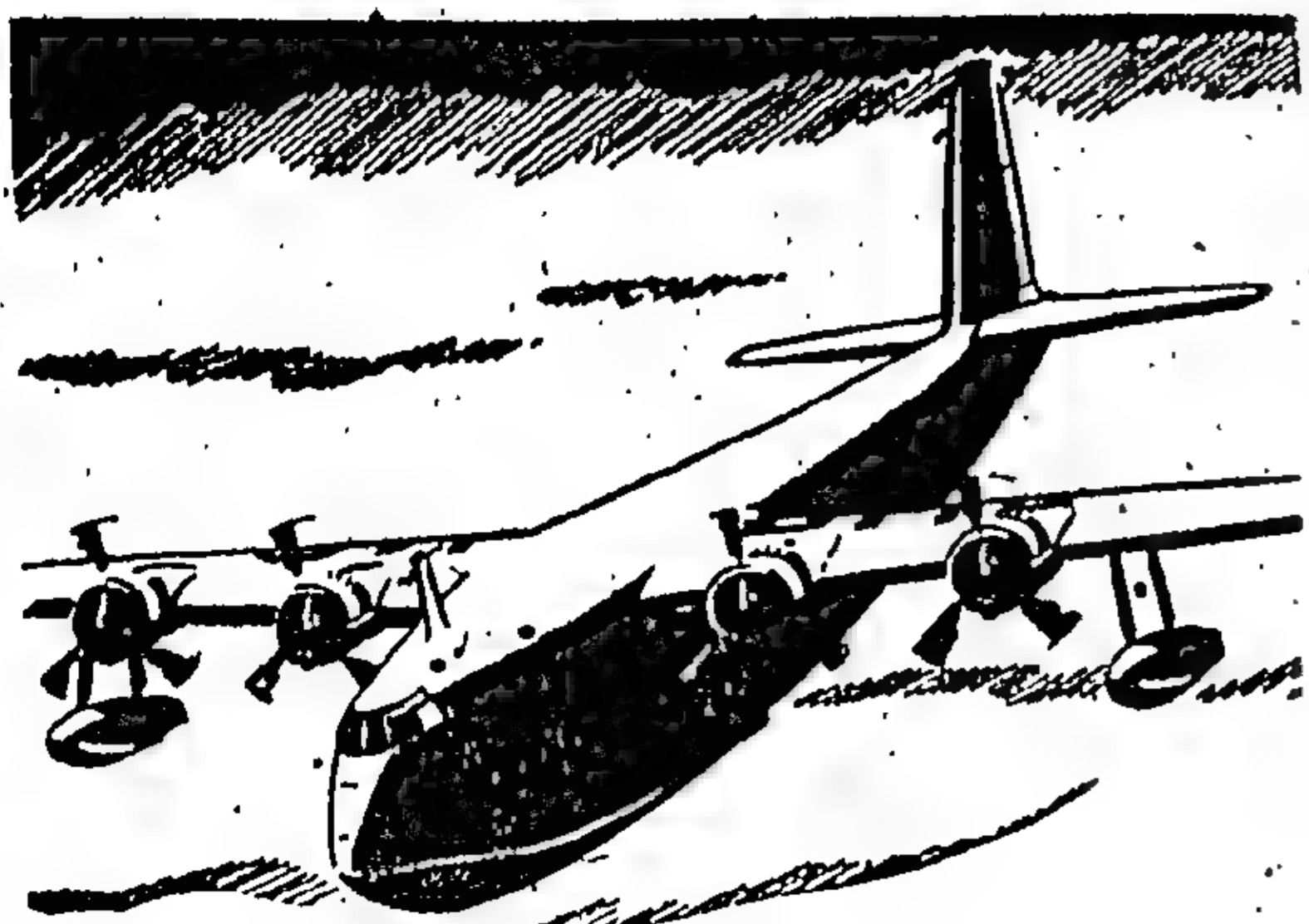
That these acts went unpunished is to be laid to the corrupt state of the local Government at that time, and Dr. Bridges, together with Colonel Cairne and Mr. R. D. Caldwell, have obtained unenviable notoriety as the "unholy triumvirate" which made Hong Kong during the 'fifties a veritable Augean stables of corruption, graft, and even infamy.

The year 1860, however, was the turning point, and with the arrival of the "racket busting" Governor, Sir Hercules Robinson, a gigantic "clean-up" was inaugurated. Colonel Cairne succeeded in vindicating himself, Mr. Caldwell stayed on, and was dismissed from office as a result of the Civil Service Abuses Enquiry Commission. As for Dr. Bridges, he, like the shrewd lawyer that he was, evidently believed that "discretion was the better part of valour," and like an Arab in the desert, "folded his tent and silently stole away." No one to this day knows where he went, and his death, whether in affluence or ignominy, is unrecorded. The Colony, however, in the spirit of a progressive community has largely forgiven the sins of the man, who came here with a cricket bat, and has fittingly perpetuated his sojourn by naming after him that familiar thoroughfare—Bridges Street.



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How We Love Work

LORD NUFFIELD, while opening a new factory recently, observed a banner with this strange device: "Work Harder For Britain."

"That is the finest slogan I have ever seen," he said. "The workman of this country, given the chance, can put over a better job of work than any other country in the world."

Now, while I hesitate to look a gift slogan in the mouth, it may be of interest to inquire—for what purpose, exactly, is Britain to work harder?

Is it to produce goods for sale? Obviously not. For we can already produce more goods than the people of this or any other country seem willing or able to buy. If buying and selling were our object, the thing to do would be to stop producing goods for a while and produce a bit more money.

Is the idea to increase employment? Here, again, we find a difficulty. Lord Nuffield specifically mentioned good workmanship. But good work does not make more work. Good work makes less work.

There is an old saying: "A good wheelwright dies in the workhouse," meaning that his wheels last such a long time that he has no more to make. If it is more jobs we want, then we must confine our output to goods of poor quality that quickly need replacing.

We must make cars that only last a month; watches that only go a week; tables guaranteed to let the crockery down; spoons that break on a hard-boiled egg; shirts that cannot survive a wash; braces in which no man can put his faith.

In short, if continual employment is our aim, there is only one slogan for us:—"WORK HARDLY FOR BRITAIN"

If you have followed my reasoning as closely as it deserves, you will realise that this demand for harder work was not made for any practical economic purpose.

Is morals the object? I have a feeling we are getting warmer.

There is a curious idea current that work is good for the soul.

So long as a man is busy, his sins are regarded as inoperative. But as soon as the knocking-off whistle blows, out come all the devils in hell and goblins damned (most of whom appear to work on a night-shift), and entice man to evil ways.

And the idea at the back of all this is that man is so constructed

By YAFFLE

that he is bound to do the wrong thing if left to himself, and there his leisure must be closely restricted.

Now, I don't know what you think of this estimate of yourself. Personally, I think it's rather rude.

We were brought up to believe that only the busy man is happy. When you are my age you will know that this is pure banana oil.

The true test of a man is how happy he is when doing nothing. If he is happy only when busy, it is a sign that he dare not be left to his thoughts, or that he has no thoughts to think. In other words, that he is fundamentally miserable or else mentally deficient.

The only value of work, if any, is to show whether a man can be cheerful in unpleasant circumstances. And, on a rough estimate, I should say about a couple of hours a fortnight would be enough to show that.

It is easy to see why moralists, poets, and writers in general insist on the value of work for other people. They know that if they did not periodically praise work they might be called upon to do some. Personally, I make a point of

praising work about once every two months. I mark it up on the calendar to remind me. And my wife often wakes me up after lunch, and says, "It's article day, dear. Isn't this the week for praising work?"

But this does not explain why people believe what we say.

We had a good example the other day of the high value set upon work. When Lord Baldwin appealed for the refugees, he asked only for money. He was careful to say we should not give them work which our own people might do.

A few days later Sir Norman Angell added his comforting reassurance in an article, entitled "Refugees Won't Put You Out Of Work."

Observe this strange fact: We are not asked to give goods. We know there are more than enough of them for everybody. Wherever there is money, goods automatically appear. The only shortage is of money and work. And we can even spare a little money. But we cannot spare a single stroke of work.

Now, you would have thought that if anyone had said, "The refugees will do your work for you," even the most misanthropic would be ready to throw open our doors to the whole Chinese nation, let alone the Jews. But the contrary is the case. We will give asylum to the suffering and oppressed only on condition that we are allowed to work for them.

For work is the one thing we cannot part with. Work is our most treasured possession. We value work so highly that we cannot give any of it away, even in charity.

And on the assumption that this has sunk in, there will now be a short interval for stiff drinks.

These are dark mysteries. Of the whole enigma of man, this is the most perplexing part.

For thousands of years man has endeavoured to lighten the burden



of his toil. And now that, after a century of labour-saving inventions, he has discovered how to lift the curse of Adam, he clings more tenaciously than ever to it.

"Take anything else you like," he says. "Take my health and wealth, my home and happiness. But leave me my curse! I cannot do so, nor do we ask it to. For we live without it! I hate work, so give me some more! Where my heart is not, there my treasure is!"

It is no explanation to say, as some do, that we only get money by doing work. That is like saying that you can only put your hat on by going for a walk. To make

money conditional upon doing work is only a transparent device for keeping people occupied.

Any Government can give people money, if it likes, so long as there is anything to buy, as everybody knows who is neither a cretin nor an economist. But it does not do so, nor do we ask it to. For we do not want ease and plenty. What we want is to see everybody busy. And here, I think, we reach the solution of the mystery. For leisure is godlike. And it is not in the public interest that men should be as gods.

They wouldn't do a thing they were told.

ARROW

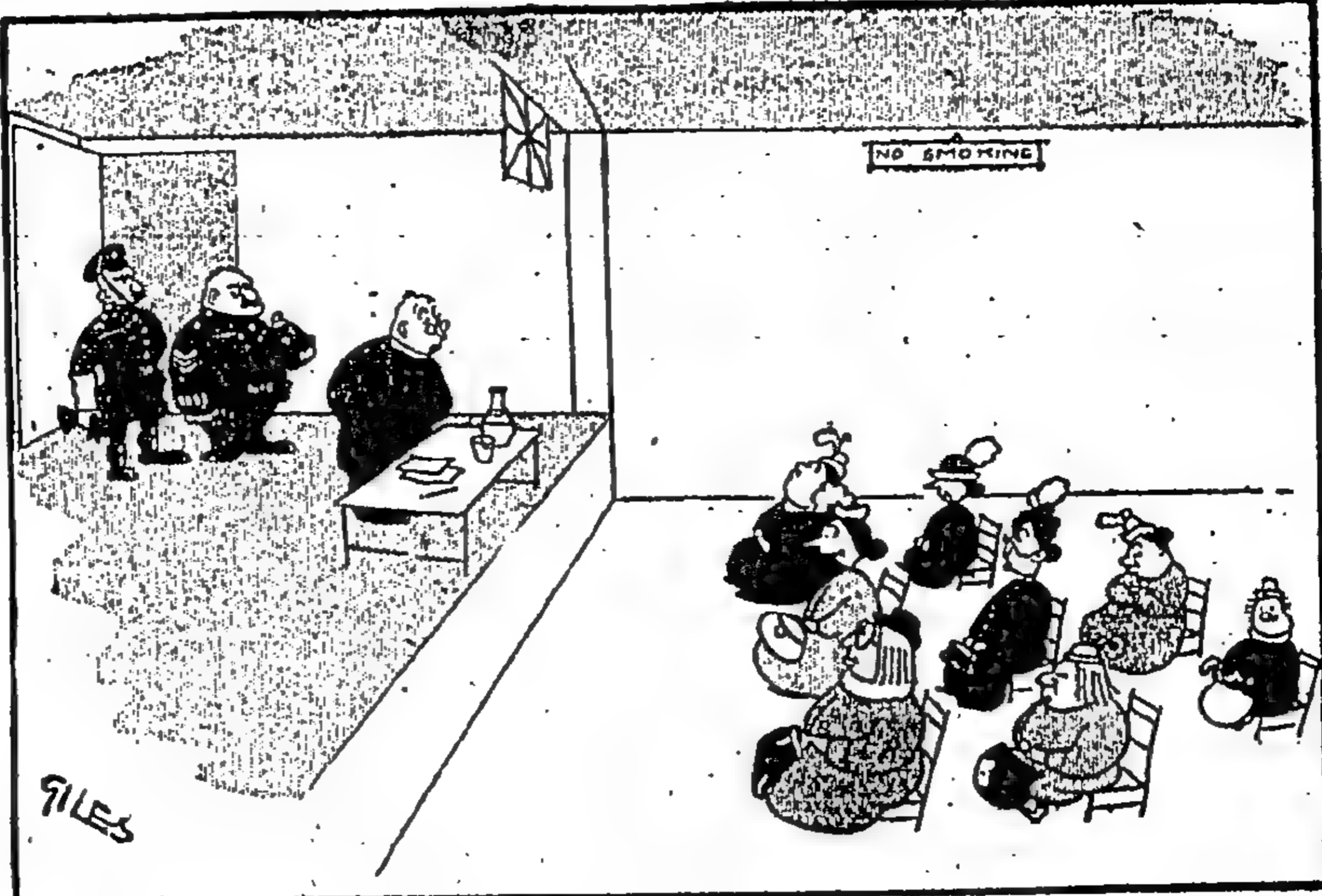
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"The Sergeant wants to know if anyone here owns the large red sports car outside."

Not April 1

(By PETER SNOOP)

Sir John Anderson, "Strong Man" of the British Cabinet, is, I am able to reveal, shortly to become head of a new Government Department, to be called the Ministry of Denials.

For some time it has been felt that the Prime Minister has been overworked issuing statements that his colleagues were misinformed, or did not mean what they said, or didn't say what they meant, when various inopportune statements by Cabinet Ministers have aroused public protest.

Climax came when Mr. Chamberlain had to deny one of his own speeches, and make it clear that he was only quibbling when he said Britain wasn't bound to help France in the event of Italian aggression.

Fortunately the public accepted his explanation that he had forgotten to tear off the calendar for several months, thought it was April the first, and was trying to pull Mr. Dollard's leg.

It was the quick wit of Lady Astor that solved the problem. "If all denials are made through an official Department," she said, "no one of intelligence will expect the denials until at least six months after the speech, and by that time they will have forgotten all that it is about."

"And if they get restive we can always appoint a Royal Commission."

Giles, it's no good, I can't work this morning.

Why, what's the matter, Mr. Whatist? Did you forget to go to bed last night?

Of course not, Giles! It's just that something is wrong. Something's different, and I can't work, and I don't know what it is.

I know. Somebody's been doing a spot of clearing up. I noticed there were only ten teacups in the room this morning.

No, it isn't that, but there is something missing. Ah, I know



what it is! It's Nosey. I haven't seen him about for a couple of weeks, and I was beginning to get quite used to him.

The place doesn't seem the same without him. I hope nothing's happened to the little chap. You haven't seen him, have you, Giles?

No, Mr. Whatist, not for days. Ah, well, I think I'll put my coat on and slip out for a cup of black coffee. I might feel better when I come back. I do hope he hasn't come to any harm.

"Few of us," says a Christmas advertisement before me, "ever go so wide of the mark as to give our grandmother a motor-bicycle or our seven-year-old daughter a box of cigars."

The writer obviously doesn't know Gran, and has clearly never met young Gentile.

Newspapers are complaining that there will be no hangar accommodation for Imperial Airways liners at Croydon this winter, and they will have to stay in the open all night.

Then provide them with a barking and tail-wagging apparatus. The humane public will do the rest.

There is a record mistletoe crop in France. The price has fallen to 1/3d. a lb.

As a conscientious economist and in protest against Nature's uneconomic Yuletide bounty, I shall refuse to be kissed under this price-cutting herb.

Come into the corner, girls.

The earth is rolling faster, says an astrologer of Yale. The increase will soon be a second a year. The effect will be to add one minute to our normal span of 70 years. Just time for another quick look



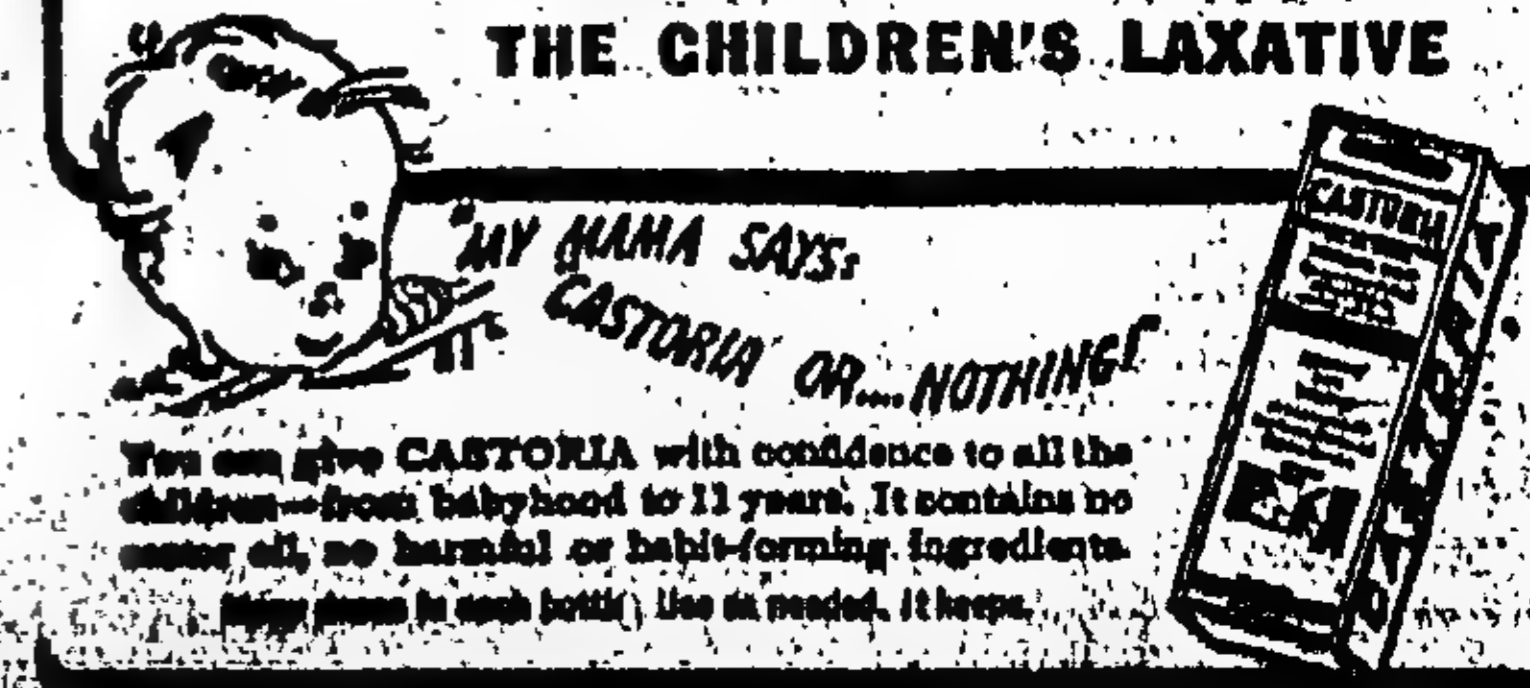
I WON'T! I WON'T!

Fits of temper—tantrums—breaking up the party may not be serious to grown-ups but it's tragedy to childhood. There's something wrong with this "bridegroom". What he probably needs is CASTORIA, the children's laxative. Nervousness and fits of temper are not natural in children. At the first sign of irritation, temper, give them CASTORIA, the laxative made especially for children. It's pleasant, gentle, mild and thorough.

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Sunday Herald

PICTORIAL MAGAZINE SECTION

HONG KONG, JANUARY 15, 1939

Here's Luck!

EWO BEER



This photograph won the Superintendents' Cup of the thirteenth Annual Kodak International Salon of Photography, recently held in England. It was the only entry from here and the first time the prize has ever been captured for Hong Kong. The photograph was taken by Mr. K. S. Moy, who is leaving for America in the near future.

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- DON'T snapshot under heavy overhanging trees.
- DON'T photograph people at right angles to the lens.
- DON'T snapshot indoors.

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AFRICA'S BIG DOGS

IN MY 20 YEARS' EXPERIENCE of African lions, I have seen these animals change—not their spots, because they have none—but their habits and their character. As a rule the lion is regarded with awe. He is the "King of Beasts"—rampant and tail-lashing, fierce, predatory and redoubtable. All these he can be and still is, I grant you, if you rub him the wrong way. But in reality, when you get on nodding terms with a lion (as so many people are doing now in Tanganyika, the country we are here concerned with) you find he is, after all, just a great big, tawny dog. Of course, like all big dogs, he is haughty and aloof, but when rightly approached he returns trust for trust, playfulness for kindness.

Now, the changes I have mentioned in the character of Tanganyika lions have come about through a change in the mental attitude, first on the part of the hunters toward the animals they once feared, and then the lions who no longer find themselves hunted by man. Parties, it is true, still arrive in Mombasa and Dar es Salaam, bristling with an arsenal of high-velocity rifles and cordite ammunition.

But this type of visitor is becoming rarer every year. He is being replaced by men and women armed with high-powered lenses, rapid-fire shutters, and swift-sure films. Such people are finding that it is harder to "shoot" with a camera than with a rifle.

* * *

Ingenuity in keeping to leeward of the animal wanted, and in preparing camouflaged "hide-ups" at some isolated water hole where the game tread shyly down picking their way and sniffing the wind at morning and evening: the timing of that split second when the magnetism ribbon is touched off—in all these arts and triumphs both residents and visitors are now finding a finer satisfaction and a keener excitement than they ever knew before.

On the Serengeti Plains, near the border of Tanganyika and Kenya, the metamorphosis of the lion population is most complete. At one time hunters used to go there for easy "bags." Even a few years ago lions were listed as "vermin" on a Government game license. Abuses followed. Then the Society for the Preservation of African Fauna stepped in, and now the Serengeti Plains are one vast sanctuary where lions, and, indeed, many kinds of game, big and little, are protected. Captain "Monty" Moore, holder of the V. C., is warden of these Plains. Whenever visitors to the Sanctuary find a crowd of inquisitive lions coming forward to greet them, he advises everyone to "try shouting before shooting." They have now learnt that

the sound of an approaching car means food, not danger. The favourite pastime of every visitor to the Serengeti to-day is feeding the lions. Meat is attached to a stout rope and trailed behind the car or a truck to within sniffling distance of the lions.

* * *

When the great beasts came loping up to the slowly moving car, the fun begins. A tug of war ensues. It is a case of pull-lion, pull-motor truck. And all the time, the cameras are clicking and the cinematograph apparatus is whirring, while the operators stand high and safe above the lions crowding round the vehicle. The largest lion takes first choice of the menu spread out under his nose. It is comical to see some youngster, after failing to heed a warning snarl, receive a resounding clout on the ear for intrusion on the preserves of his elders. The car or truck moves gradually forward. The lions begin to brace their muscular haunches against the ground. They fix their teeth more firmly into the morsel they have chosen. Ugh! goes the car. Ugh! go the lions. Hanging on grimly, the great beasts are sometimes dragged for a short distance, but one can see from the expression in their eyes that they understand this game of tease.

Various parties to the Serengeti have elaborated on this game. Mr. Ray Ulyate, who from the New Arusha Hotel has conducted dozens of parties to the Game Sanctuary, once hung a chunk of meat to the branches of a tree. The meat was a tantalizing distance off the ground. Along came some lions. A glance upward. Then a crouch. One lion sprang. He missed and fell back. Another poised himself, judged the distance carefully, and leapt into the air. His feet just cleared the ground, and there he swung, slowly rotating at the end of the rope, but determinedly chewing the meat he held. There was no fake about this, for motion-pictures showed this leonine merry-go-round.

* * *

Another variation was to spread out a camp table with a piece of meat, flanked with a bottle and glasses. The first lion that came along promptly hauled the meat off the table and went away like little Jack Horner to eat in a corner. His companions snuffled around for a bit. Then one of them stood up, his front paws on the table.

"No meat to-day," he said to himself. "Too bad. Well, let's see what is in this glass anyhow."

And just at the moment he peered into the tumbler, a shutter clicked and yet another amusing exposure resulted.

CAPT. ERIC REID.

The Week's Photography

By "Shutter"

THIS MONTH'S
SUBJECT:
'ACTION PHOTOS'



"The Finish," by C. S. Chung.



"A Hit," by J. K. C. Wong.



"The Shot," by C. S. Chung.

WELL, December's competition being what it was, the judges reluctantly came to the conclusion that no entry was really worthy of the month's prize of \$25.00, and it was decided that the prize for the current month's competition should be increased to \$35.00 and that second and third prizes of \$10.00 and \$5.00 respectively be created. This arrangement concerns this month only, of course, and I hope this will be an added incentive.

It has been a most heartening week. I could almost say that entries have rolled in. At the risk of being accused that I can always manage to raise a complaint, however, I must add that most prints this month so far have been on the small side, mainly postcard size and, in some cases, smaller still. The preferred minimum is 5" x 4".

Mr. J. K. C. Wong has chosen rather an awkward viewpoint in "A Hit." As it stands none of the figures stand out very well, and I think it would have been bet-

This coupon must accompany every entry.

**Sunday Herald
PHOTOGRAPHIC
COMPETITION**

JAN.: "ACTION PHOTOS."
Entries on the month's subject should be sent to the Photographic Editor, "The Hong Kong Sunday Herald."

ter to have concentrated on the principal figure and to have come down a bit from his perch. In a group such as this where there is no particular attraction in any one subject it is better to show the rest of the scene, which in this case would have more of the field of play. Disturbing elements here also are the legs of two people in the top right-hand corner.

Mr. C. S. Chung in "The Ending" is nearer the mark. Just as it should be, the winner dominates the picture despite the somewhat conflicting background. Fortunately also, the dress of the winner does much to bring her into relief. No doubt in his haste to secure this study the photographer tilted his camera with the result that the picture leans slightly towards the right. Some improvement could have been introduced also by a little trimming at the top of this picture.

"The Shot" by the same entrant would have been a more interesting entry I think had it been taken from a position a little more to the left and from, possibly, a crouching attitude.



"The Javelin Thrower," By Mr. Seidler.

Studies, similar to that entered by Mr. Seidler, are rather different and, when not taken of participants in events, can generally be made interesting and attractive, provided of course the subject is willing to do all that is asked of him. The background in this case is somewhat distracting which is a pity for the effort is a good action study.

A friend on the ferry the other day was talking about trying to take a picture of Hong Kong at night with the camera he had bought for himself at Christmas. A tip worth trying is to set up the camera just before nightfall, and give a brief exposure while the buildings and other details are illuminated by twilight. Then, without moving the camera, wait until darkness has fallen, and give a longer exposure to pick up the lights.

Incidentally, while on the subject of night photography I might add that with the return of some wet weather, the taking of street scenes is made a little easier and, provided plenty of care is taken in keeping rain and damp away from the camera, the reflections of wet roadways help to make some interesting studies.

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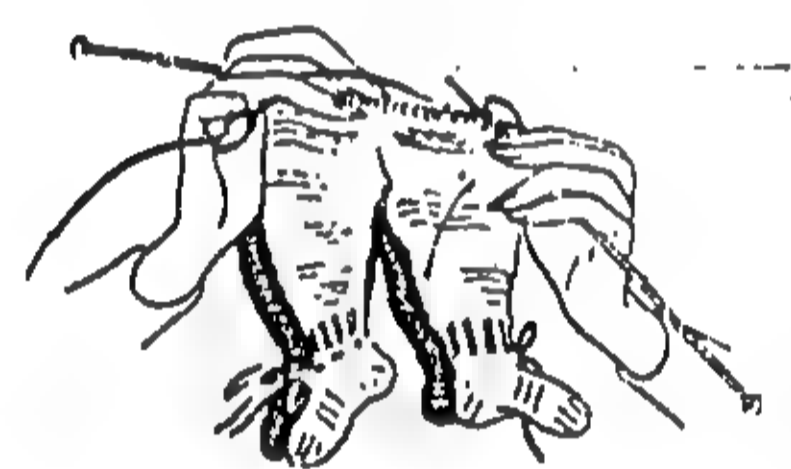
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OLD PETTICOAT



I don't know where Judy got old Petticoat or by what mysterious brooding she picked out his name. He was probably one of the miscellaneous odds and ends of Christmas or a birthday—a small, rather mild-looking, mustard-brown Teddy bear. He leaned in corners of the coat closet or slept at the bottom of the toy chest for months before Judy got around to noticing him. Then one day she started dragging him about everywhere she went, dragging him and hugging him; she consulted him politely from time to time, fed



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him imaginary tea from her doll dishes, and at last took him to bed with her. The next day she announced that his name was Petticoat. Thereafter, where she went he went.

Often after that she neglected him during the day, but at night she refused to go to sleep without him. He was not always a soothing bed companion; indeed, she often complained that he kept her awake by shouting songs from his corner of the pillow or by getting up and dancing—stomp, stomp,—across the covers. After such disturbances, of course, Judy had to have an extra drink of milk and another story before she could settle down to sleeping. She usually lengthened the extra story on these nights by interrupting it to denounce Petticoat all over again; and at the end of it, after the door was closed, she would sometimes scold and abuse the bear for five minutes, even to the point of spanking him until he squeaked.

His squeak was a hoarse little mouselike sound. I didn't know that he spoke at all until one night when I saw him stubbornly maintain silence when asked if he liked us, and then burst out into ecstatic chattering when asked if he liked Judy.

Despite his alleged wildness he was a very quiet-looking bear; stodgy and sedate even in his youth. When his yellow-brown fuzz wore short with age—and especially after Judy had clipped the hair of his whole head with the manicure scissors—he became a sad and bald little old creature, dull-eyed and apathetic, with just a trace of wistfulness in the stitched line of his mouth.

It was perhaps his thinning fuzz which led Judy to clothe him at last in a flimsy, lace-trimmed costume cast aside by one of the dolls. This doll dress, a giddy pink-and-blue-and-white atrocity, hung upon Petticoat like a nightgown on a plump old lady. Its short sleeve ruffles came down over his wrists, and its hem would have hidden his feet completely had he not constantly asserted his masculinity by cocking his legs at odd and severe angles which kept the skirt about his waist.

We were all very fond of him. When Judy went to the hospital with her infected ear, Petticoat went with her—and stayed with her; was permitted to stay while we were thrust out. And after a week or two he impressed his grave personality even upon the internes and nurses, who sometimes held long and sober conversations with him as he lay beside Judy, and at last took to calling him familiarly by his outlandish name.

It was soon after Judy was taken to the hospital that we discovered the second bear. On a Saturday night after visiting hours were over, we were walking around in the snow, hating to go home to a very empty house. We saw the bear in a show window, sitting on top of a high, white pedestal beside a Christmas tree and grinning down at a whole floor full of sparkling and glittering trains and blocks and dolls and drums. He was such a big, silky, comical, and magnificent bear—so richly chocolate-brown and with such hairy chops—that we both wanted to buy him at once for Judy.

Judy came home the middle of December. After a week in bed she was able to be up for a few hours every day. By Christmas day she was nearly well. When we carried her downstairs in the morning, and she saw the tree, she said very solemnly: "See?—See?" in the assured tone of one clinching forever the truth that good girls are remembered by Santa Claus.

The new bear was sitting in the new red wagon in front of the new dollhouse. Other new toys were laid about under the little drooping green-and-silver

By Richard Sullivan

tree. The bear was all Judy saw. She tiptoed up to him, clasped him gently and tenderly, snuggled him, and turned to us. "See?" Then she put him in the wagon and rode him carefully up and down the room.

We pointed out the other toys. She noted them all, even played with them. But the new bear fascinated her; she kept returning to him. He was almost as big as she was. We told her he was Petticoat's father. That apparently gave her an idea. She sent me upstairs to get old Petticoat—her own legs were still too wobbly from the long stretch in bed to let her climb the steps—and then she set the tiny old bear in the new bear's lap and gave them both a slow, cautious ride in the wagon.

"He's my Petticoat, too," she told us, indicating the new bear.

"Oh, yes. Old Petticoat and new Petticoat."

Perhaps we should not have been so willing to accept the new bear into the family. I wish now we had been more aloof. But we trusted Judy's constancy; and I suppose, no matter what the reception, there would have been no great difference in what happened. Old Petticoat, yellow and bold, dressed in his crazy gown, made a sorry contrast to the glossy new bear on whose lap he slumped glumly during the wagon ride. Size was not the main difference between them, although Petticoat was out-hulked twenty times by the new bear. But the new bear had soft glistening hair an inch and a half long; Petticoat was clipped and worn thin. And there was an extraordinary contrast in personality, in manner, in expression even. The new bear had a rascally, irresponsible fitness to his furry chops and his belly; his eyes were wild and impertinent; his face grinned; his thick arms stuck out as if they were always waving; he did not squeak when you pressed him—he almost mewed. Beside him old Petticoat looked more meek, more stodgy, more bald, and more aged than ever.

There was nothing antagonistic about the new bear. He was too plump and silly and thoughtless-looking to be considered mean. But it was simply impossible for him not to outshine old Petticoat. Judy fondled him capriciously all day long. Old Petticoat lay under the tree with his face in a small tin pie plate.

Christmas night Judy insisted that both bears go to bed with her. She seemed equally fond of them, but it bothered me that she had so soon given the old bear's name to the new one.

On the next night she asked for both bears again, and on the



third night she let old Petticoat sleep at the upper outside edge of the pillow, while new Petticoat lay beside her. In the morning the old bear was on his ear on the icy floor, his skirt up over his shoulders.

She kept calling for both bears for about a week, but then one night when we laid old Petticoat beside her she quietly shoved him off to the floor. We picked him up, murmured something about accidents, and put him back on the pillow. She threw him violently over into the corner by the window.

"He—makes—me—mad!" she declared out of the corner of her mouth.

We tried hard to soothe her; we tried subtly to reinstate old Petticoat under the covers; but she would not have him. And there was no probing her reasons. It was simply and finally that she would not have him.

We tried again the next night. It was no use. She made faces—fierce, menacing faces accompanied by mutters. We brought him downstairs with us when she had gone to sleep. He sat, very small and listless, with his legs doing the splits on the davenport, his sharp, whiskerless nose pointing obliquely at the corner where the Christmas tree had stood, his eyes dully gazing. He had his usual faithful stodginess, his glum, faded meekness; there was nothing new or at all pitiable in his stupid stolidity. The doll dress was hitched up over his stomach. He was not even surprised at being downstairs on the davenport at an hour when he should have been upstairs in bed. We knew his nights of singing and stomping and sleeping in the bedroom were over.

We took him upstairs with us later, and unlocked the bottom drawer of the old dresser in the closet. This drawer held Judy's christening dress, her first pair of shoes, some safety pins, our marriage license, a pink shawl with a cod-liver-oil stain on it, two insurance policies, an unfinished crib cover, and a bunch of envelopes.

We crowded the shawl over closer to the other things to make room for Petticoat in the corner. Then we laid him, plump, meek, and tiny, in the drawer with his legs sticking up.

We thought we heard a cough then, and hurried into Judy's room. We had been jumpy about night noises ever since she came home from hospital. The moonlight was thin and misty over her bed. She lay with one arm thrown over the big, dark bear beside her. We watched her for a moment, wondering if we had really heard a cough; but she was quiet now, and we tiptoed out.

The bottom drawer was still half-open. We went back, looked down together at old Petticoat; then we pushed the drawer shut and slowly locked it.

IDEAS

IN these days of ruthless "debunking" in all directions, inspiration has come in for a good deal more than its fair share of criticism. We are told, above all, that the novelist's inspiration is a fallacy or, at best, a very, very rare blessing: that inspiration is, in other words, quite definitely made, not born.

Let us see what a few celebrated novelists have to say on the subject of their inspirations.

Ask James Hilton, for instance. He says that *Good-bye Mr. Chips!* was the result of nothing more nor less than a genuine brain wave. It happened like this: He had been commissioned by the editor of a magazine to write a short story for the Christmas issue and was given a fortnight in which to do so.

There are few things Mr. Hilton likes less than writing to order and more than a week went by with nothing done. At last one morning, somewhat panicky, he took his bicycle and went out into Epping Forest near his home with the firm intention of riding round until he had a definite idea for the story. For a long while he racked his brains. Then quite suddenly, for no reason he can give, Mr. Hilton decided to write a tale of a schoolmaster. Possibly

Novelists Tell How They Get Their Brain Waves

it was the sound of a distant school-bell which penetrated his subconscious mind; he cannot say. All he knows is that by the time he reached his study "Mr. Chips" was life-size in his mind and it only remained to put him on paper.

Mary Borden lived for a long time with the idea that was eventually to produce *Mary of Nazareth* and *The King of the Jews*. For it was Palestine itself—all the places in which Christ had once Himself lived and all the roads He had once trodden—that was her real inspiration. More than twenty years went by before she was able to satisfy her longing to turn to the Gospel story for the books that she really wanted to write. Marriage and motherhood might well have crowded out those earlier intentions; but neither domestic cares nor the strain and excitement of the war—Miss Borden ran a French hospital in the war area throughout those hectic years—could kill that sense, one might almost say of duty, to settle down to the immense labour of reading and research which had to be tackled before *Mary of Nazareth* and *The King of the Jews* could be written.

Mary Ellen Chase, also, says that it was no sudden flash of inspiration which produced the idea for *Mary Peters*. Rather, she says, she was born with it, people and her childhood was spent for her ancestors were seafaring among the seafaring folk of Maine. From them she heard stories of adventure and came to understand, with the growth of knowledge, their brave, unquestioning philosophy of life and death. Thus she inherited the traditions which form the background of her novel, traditions which, persisting as they do, seem to telescope the centuries, so that the Mary Peters of the novel and that other Mary Peters who was Mary Chase's great-great-grand-

Mary Ellen Chase says she was born with the story of "Mary Peters"

mother, are one in spirit though the generations divide them.

A "flash" is certainly the right description for Francis Brett Young's inspiration for *This Little World*, for it was a motor cycle, scorching through a peaceful little Cotswold village, which gave him his idea.

One can imagine the author, strolling along, deep in contemplation of the beauties of the countryside he loves so well. Suddenly, rudely, hideously, his quiet is shattered. A Birmingham youth a proud young "speed-king," clutched round the waist by a Birmingham damsel, tears by on a motor cycle. The lone pedestrian, frightened for his safety, leaps aside. Indignation fills him. Sorrowfully, affectionately, apologetically even, he gazes at the little village. He sighs and shakes his head. And he then asks himself: What do these people, these motor cyclists and their pillion-girls, these week-end drivers and their passengers, tourists doing England, loud young men in louder sports' buses—what do any of them know of this little world? This little World... Ah! He would show them.

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence." It was this oft-quoted line of Byron's which really inspired Gilbert Frankau's *Three Englishmen*. Not unnaturally it came to his mind several times while he was working on his earlier novel, *Everywoman*, and suggested as a worthy theme for his next book the many-sidedness of man.

Elizabeth Cambridge is one author, at any rate, who does not agree with Messrs. Byron and Frankau! Her theme for *Susan and Joanna* is the friendship of woman for woman—a factor which Elizabeth Cambridge believes is at least as important as love and marriage, even when both women are married. Her inspiration for the book came in a totally unexpected way.

One day she was walking in London with a friend, who pointed out a grapevine growing against a house wall. Elizabeth Cambridge was reminded of a woman on whose house she had last seen just such a vine—a woman whose friendship had been of the utmost value to her. Why, she thought, is so little made of such friendships? And she determined to invent two widely different women, set them two very different sets of marriage problems, and allow the friendship between them to take an important place in the story, showing how such a friend-



Helen Simpson found inspiration for "Saraband for dead lovers" in a map.



Mary Borden's biblical master pieces were maturing twenty years.

ship can act as a complement to married life and, under certain circumstances, help to avert disaster.

A map, more than two centuries old, inspired Helen Simpson's *Saraband for Dead Lovers*. The vague idea of a novel of the period had occurred to her, while she was reading a translation of the Konigsmark letters; but since she had not the necessary historical knowledge she put aside the idea.

Helen Simpson was fortunate enough to find the very thing she wanted—a map of Hanover of

about the time of George I's accession. It showed clearly the political necessity for a marriage between Hanover and Celle, and gave many details such as those about the odd conditions on which the Bishopric of Osnabruck is held; further research shed light on the romantic figures of the young Count Konigsmark and of Sophia Dorothea, and revealed the fact that eighteen miles of bad road had made history.



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A JUNK ADVENTURE

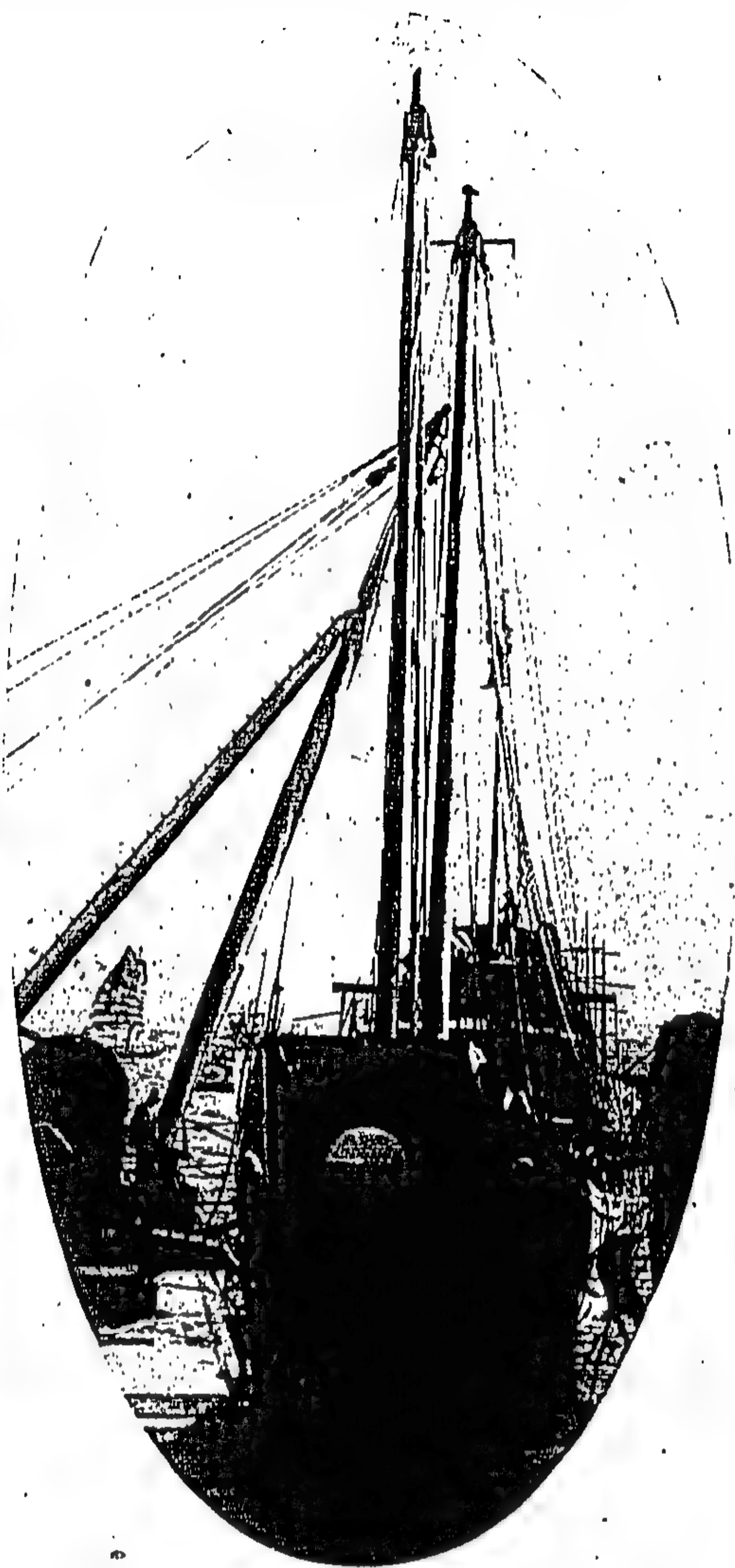
There have been many epic crossings of the Pacific by junk, but none so far have made the journey in winter, nor taken the route which the Sea Dragon will follow. Hence special interest will be shown in the forthcoming voyage of Richard Halliburton, well-known adventure writer, and his 10 American companions who propose to set off for the San Francisco World's Fair in a locally built Wenchow-type junk by way of Keelung, Midway Island and Honolulu. The craft, which has been in the course of construction at Bailey's Shipyard for some time, presents a vivid burst of flaming colour, and will be one of the most colourful exhibits at the World's Fair. Colourful is, perhaps, a serious understatement, for research into the ancient manner of adorning such craft has produced decorations of amazing brilliance. An authentic Chinese atmosphere has been maintained throughout, though a departure from the Eastern custom was found necessary in certain cases. The voyage, which has taken two years to plan, will require at least two months to complete. Photos by "Midpacen."



Captain John Welch, commander of the seventy-five foot junk, who will be responsible for the vessel's safe passage across the Pacific.



The engineer, Henry von Fehren, in charge of the emergency auxiliary motor with which the Sea Dragon is equipped.



The Sea Dragon in the course of construction at Bailey's Shipyard. The craft, which is a typical Wenchow-type junk, will soon leave for San Francisco where a mooring space has been reserved for it in the Pan-American Clipper basin at the World's Fair.

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George Barstow, a student of music, and one of the crew who will handle the tiller and sails.

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Bob Chase, recently graduated from college, is another member of the Sea Dragon's crew.



George Petrich gets technical, while John Potter pays attention, Richard Halliburton and Captain Welch smile for the camera.



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Richard Halliburton, author and adventurer, whose hobby is travel, and whose chief ambition is to write better and better books. It is he who organized and is in charge of the hazardous expedition.



George Petrich, radio operator, who will maintain communication with the world by short-wave radio.



Gordon Torrey, a recent college graduate, and one of the crew.

At left.

John Potter, another college graduate seeking adventure.



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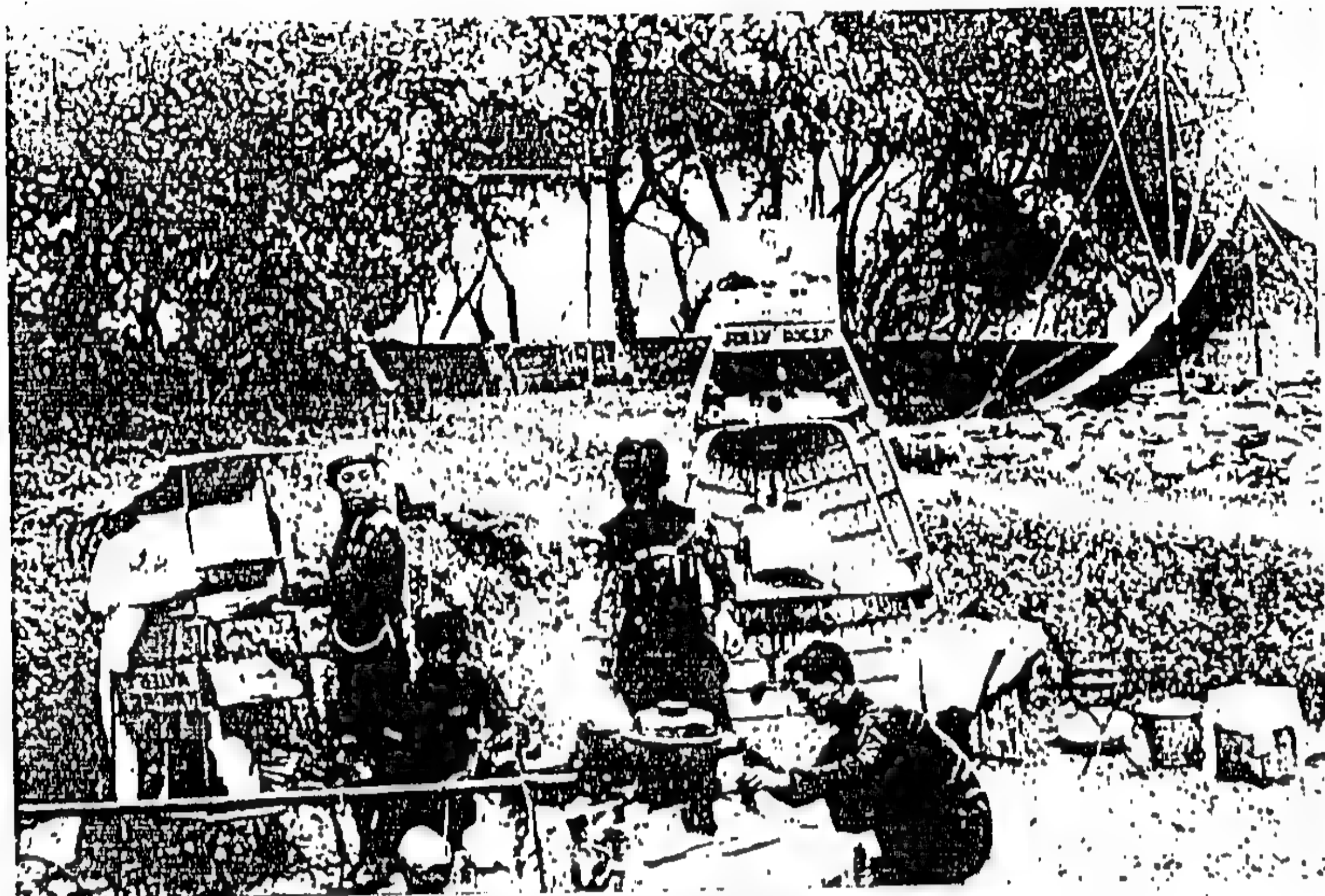
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Some of Hong Kong's Sea Scouts at Competition Camp at Chai Wan.



(Above) — Chilly weather but everyone's happy. Yachtsmen being rowed out to their boats last week-end.

Below.

R.H.K.Y.C. yachts make a pretty picture.



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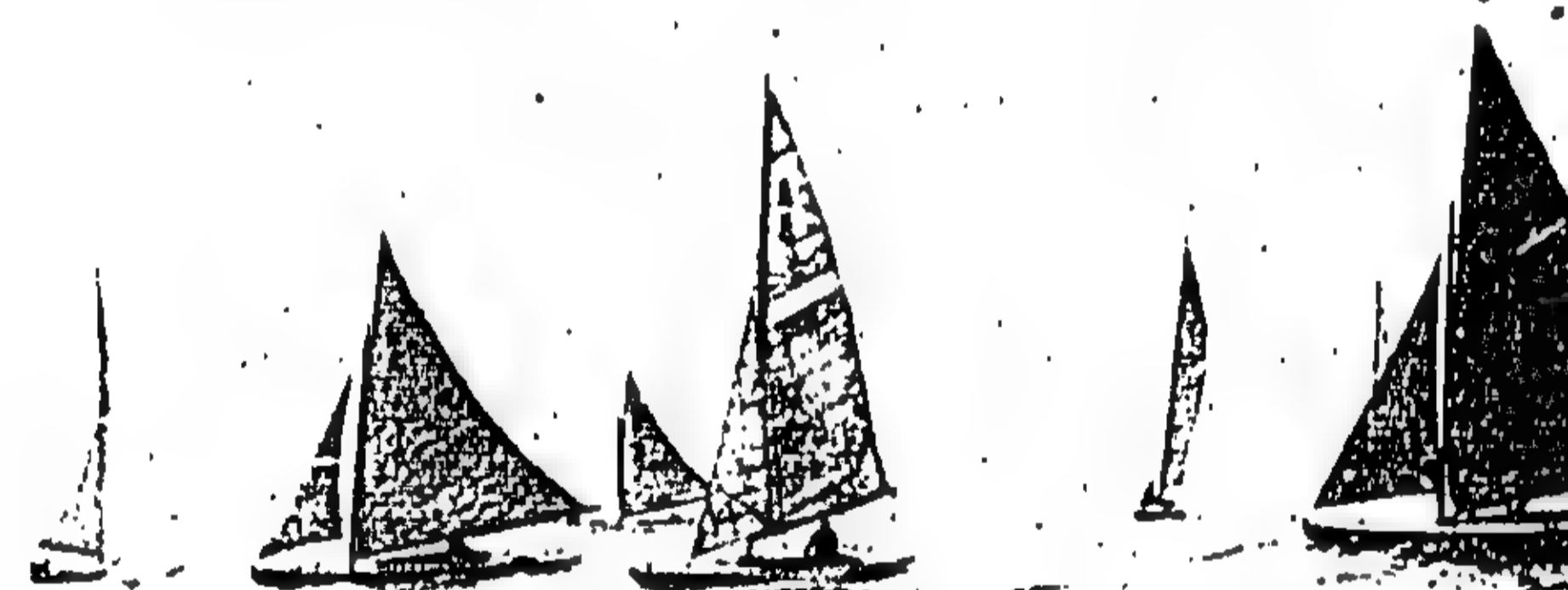
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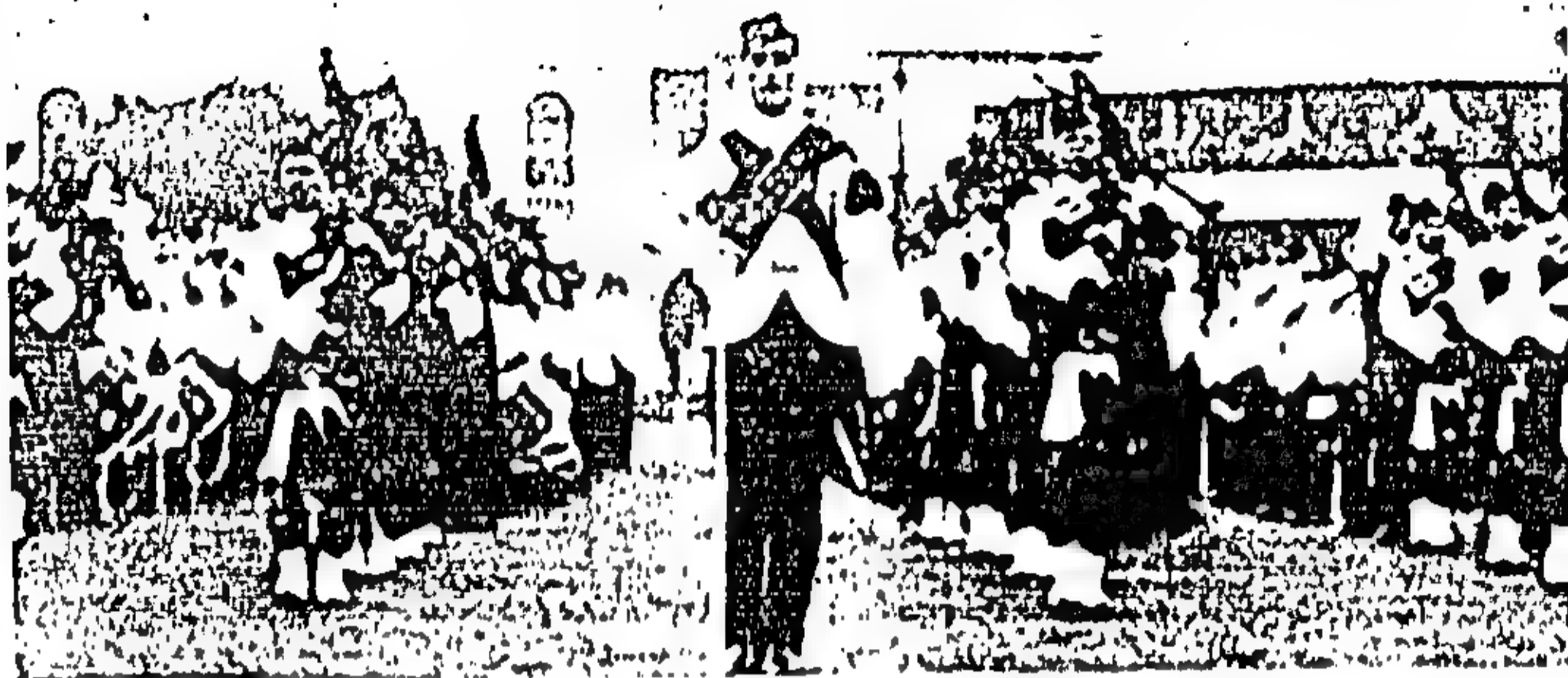
Medical Graduates of Hong Kong University. From left to right (back row): Prof. L. Sloss, the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. (Miss) Barbara Chu, Dr. C. C. Petrovsky, Dr. Ip Moore, Dr. Ip Kung-chiu, Dr. Koe Kheng-loke. (Front row): Prof. L. Sloss, the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. (Miss) Barbara Chu, Dr. C. C. Petrovsky, Dr. Ip Moore, Dr. Ip Kung-chiu, Dr. Koe Kheng-loke.



Boats' Competition Camp at Chai Wan.



Snapped before the week - end yacht races.



The Drum Major heading the Band of the Royal Scots which played the Retreat on the Cricket Club ground.



The Band of the Royal Scots playing the Retreat on the Hong Kong Cricket Club ground.



Some of the children who attended a Fancy Dress party at the Dolls' House in Queen's Road.



ng Pung-fook, Dr. Phil-
ng Kam-leng, Mr. D. J.



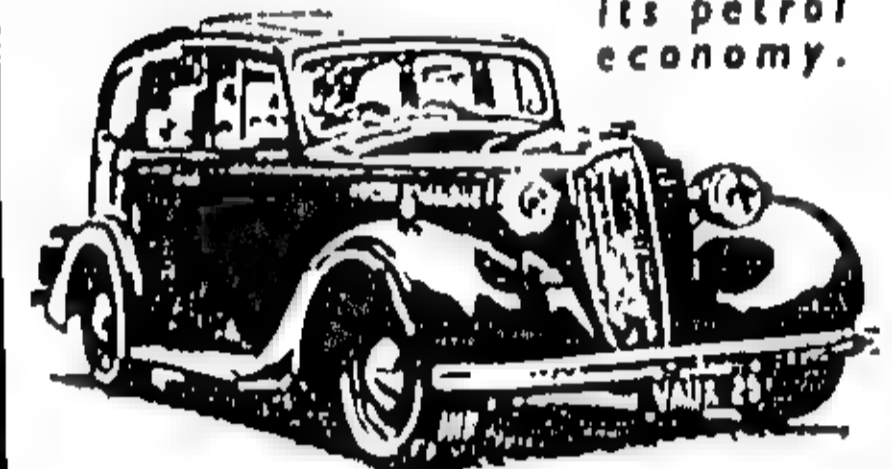
Miss Alice Wong and Mr. Joseph Koo, after their marriage at St. Teresa's Church last week.

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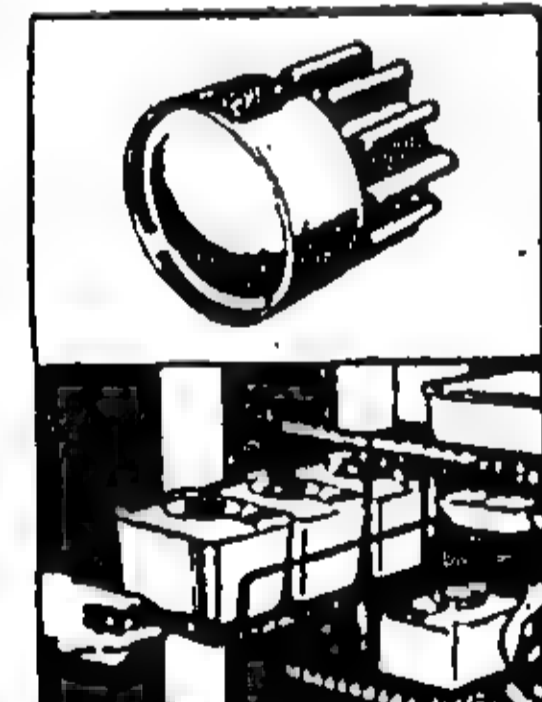
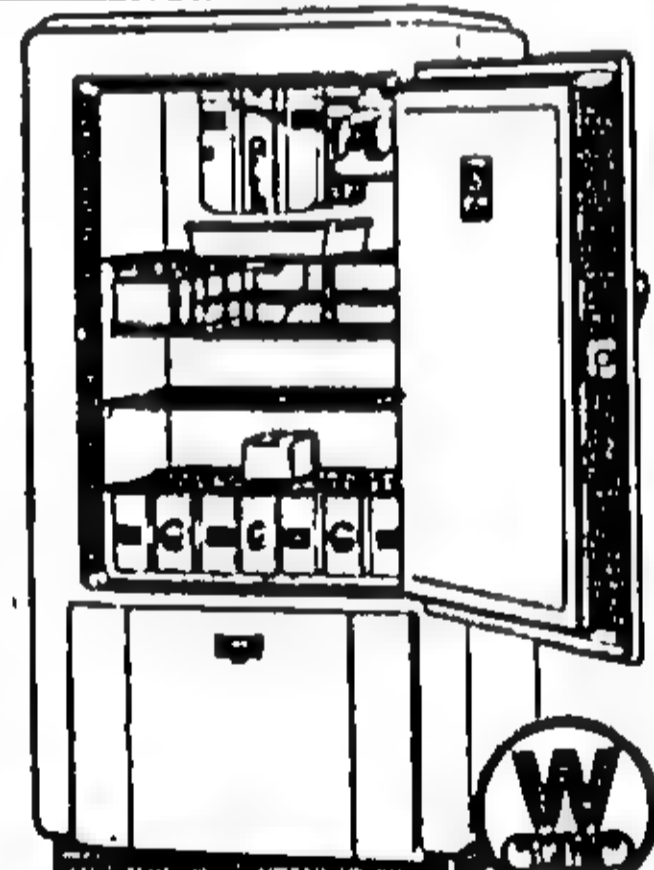
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Pontifex Maximus

ORDINARILY, the great figures of the world, the men whose names appear on the front page and whose pictures embellish the newsreel, are carefully separated from the public by a large corps of attendants, policemen, detectives. The "man in the street" barely catches a glimpse of an illustrious world figure while he is passing by in a parade, grimaces from a balcony or hops into an airplane.

In remarkable contrast to his fellow-celebrities, the person who of them all is the farthest away from the worldly activities of mankind, is easiest to approach and to see. An average of 300 people, embracing all races, creeds and social positions, are daily received by the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, in Rome.

Daily 300 people bend down in awe on the rugs of the papal palace to kiss the glittering apostolic ring which the successor of Saint Peter and Prince of the Apostles, Bishop of Rome and Vicar of Jesus Christ, tends to them in gracious gesture.

According to the law, decreed by His Holiness himself, the men have to be conservatively dressed in dark clothing, the women must be clad in sombre-hued, high-necked dresses with long sleeves and skirts, a black veil covering their heads.

Those whose curiosity is not completely defenced by excitement, will discover that the lips of the pontiff are ashen and his cheeks wan and taut. They will discover that his walk is un-

steady and his movements heavy. Already eleven years have passed since Pius attained the age of "three score and ten" allotted to man by the Bible.

Often in these eleven years the Pope has been stricken by a grave disease, and his death seemed to be inevitably close. But Pius, of unique will power, recovered each time and continued his absorbing work of guiding spiritually more than 300,000,000 Roman Catholics spread all over the world. "Nobody will make us deviate from our path. People desire our death which is perhaps what keeps us alive," he once commented bluntly on the miracle of his recoveries.

The myth and the fascination of the unknown which have surrounded so many of his 260 predecessors on the throne of Saint Peter is absent almost completely as far as Pope Pius XI is concerned. There is no secrecy, nothing mysterious about his figure. Deliberately he stands forth in the light of the day, permitting the newsmen to take his picture even in prayer, allowing the installation of microphones to broadcast the mass which he is celebrating.

Pope Pius is considered as a "modern" Pope in regard to the technical and scientific discoveries of twentieth century civilisation. He has not hesitated to ride in an automobile, and he voiced no objection to the introduction of baseball on the playgrounds of the Vatican. But in his spiritual attitude he has remained the stern timeless conservator of the belief in Jesus Christ, condemning vigorously any attempts made to destroy or weaken Christian morality and Christian fundamentals.

Among the books he has put on the *Index librorum prohibitorum* are the works of such authors as Anatole France. The words he has found for the "loose" and "indecent" productions of the motion picture industry are severe condemnations. He scored the "shameless immodesty of dress of too many modern women which results in insults to the eyes of God and is cause for temptation or disgust in the eyes of the world." He called birth control "shameful and intrinsically vicious," and companionate marriages "hateful abominations which reduce our truly cultured natures to the barbarous standards of savage people."

But his attitude toward the morals of people has drawn far less attention than have his political activities. In fact, Pius is a diplomatic Pope *par excellence*. In strong contrast to silent Benedict XV whom he succeeded on the papal throne 16 years ago, Pius has displayed tremendous political progress.

In February, 1929, much to the satisfaction of Pius and millions of Roman Catholics all over the world, the Italian Concordat was signed. The Pope was acknowledged as a free and independent sovereign, governing his own state without any interference from the surrounding Italian kingdom.

Pope Pius as a political personality has also become known to the world through his anta-



gonism toward Fascism and National Socialism. His statements about Mussolini's and Hitler's doctrines, ever repeated throughout the last years, have become the most powerful spiritual and moral support to defenders of democracy. "Man is not and never can be a means. He is the end—not, of course, the ultimate, supreme end which is God, but in the creation man is really the end and centre about which everything is organised. Therefore, neither the concepts of race nor those of the state should supersede that of man as the end."

Next to communism, the "exaggerated nationalism" of Fascism seems to him the most dangerous threat to religion. Referring to the modern conception of the Fuehrer he warned that anyone who attempted to replace God as the supreme being would be regarded "a senseless prophet of absurdity."

When Hitler came this year to visit Mussolini, the age-weary Pope, in defiance, left Rome with the bitter words, "The hooked cross (the swastika) is certainly not Christ's cross."

Heavy worries about Europe's troubled situation ("a hell of contradictions and contrast") frequently drove tears of anguish into the sharp, scholarly eyes of the Pope, while, with faltering voice, he was making a new appeal to "all those who believe in God to resist the furious attacks of the Godless." Broadcasts and papal circulars carry his thoughts and decisions regularly into a listening world.

Thousands of pilgrims see a busy Pope every week. But the man behind the name "Pius" which he adopted when ascending the throne of Saint Peter, the man Achille Ratti who was born in a small upper Italian village near Milan in 1857, remains separated from his environment in complete and impenetrable isolation. His conception of his sacerdotal office prevents him from entering a closer relationship to any other human being. "He really lives apart from the

world," said an illustrious prelate. "God is his only confidant."

According to an unwritten law, he always takes his meals alone. Even to his family he maintains only the necessary relations. In the Hall of the Consistory recently occurred the readings of the decree canonising blessed Bernadette Soubirous. At the end of the ceremony the sister of the supreme pontiff, who had been in the front rank of those present, approached him. He gave her his ring to kiss and passed on, as Christ did once with the Virgin Mary.

Before he was elected Pope at the Sistine Chapel in 1922, Pius, at that time still Achille Ratti, would "escape" at time from his clerical environment to find rest and stimulation in nature. He was then a passionate mountaineer, assailing the most perilous altitudes of the Alps.

Once he discovered a new path up to Monte Rosa, one of the most difficult climbs in the Alps. Pius, well known in ecclesiastic circles for his numerous works on religious matters, even published a book in which he described his experience as a mountain climber.

The day he became Pope, he gave up mountain climbing and smoking cigars, but he continued his life in ascetic simplicity. His daily schedule is filled with praying, conferences with his subordinates, reception of pilgrims and state officials, and a great deal of reading and writing until deep in the night.

Lately, his voice has become weak and thin. He has difficulties in pronouncing certain words and he repeats others. But in his eyes, the profound scholarly expression of which is accentuated by the strong glasses that cover them, phosphors unweakened conviction and creed. "We tolerate nothing contrary to the liberty and dignity of the church. Its benefits are of the highest importance to the progress of civilisation."

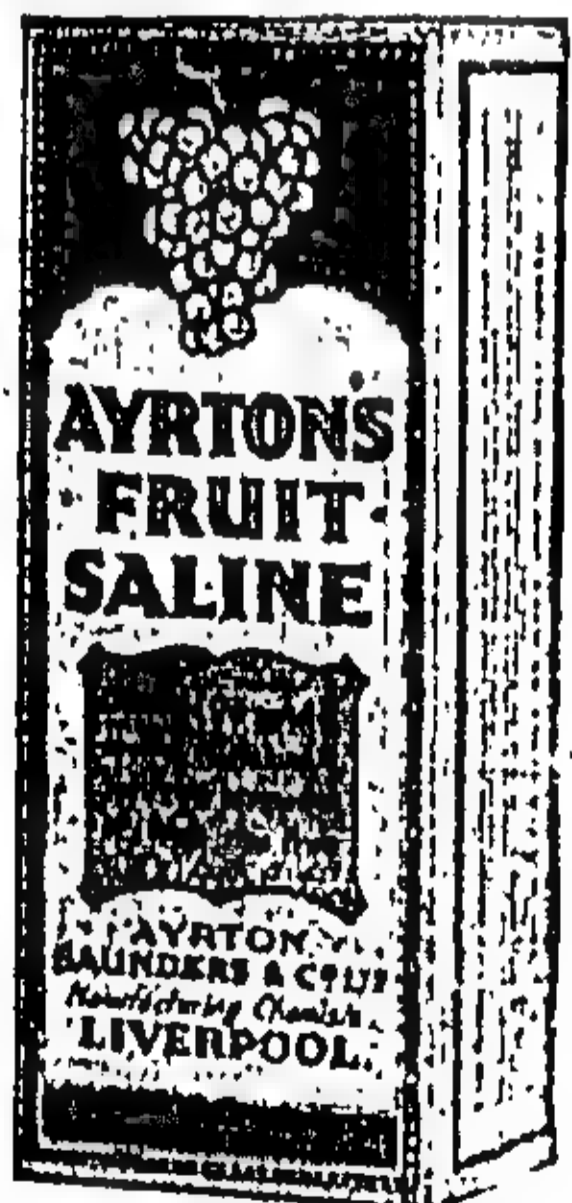
—HEINZ BERGGRUEN.

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OPTICAL ILLUSION

(By VICTOR S. MAMAK)

IS your mouth too large, or your nose too long? Would you like to conceal high cheek bones, or a double chin? If so, these and a score of other beauty handicaps can be overcome by the simple use of optical illusion in your daily make-up. It is a trick as old as history—practised everyday by women the world over—but especially in Hollywood picture studios where a star of mediocre beauty appears stunning in her chiseled classic beauty—all attained by the cunning of the make-up artist! The same possibilities for increased beauty for you are as near as your dressing table.

TO better understand optical illusion, think of the human eye as being like a camera—it sees lights and shadows, the lights of course making the greatest impression. Therefore, to make anything prominent, throw a bright light on it. To put it into obscurity, put it in a shadow. And so with make-up—a nose looms larger and longer is made more prominent by the application of light rouge or light powder. It will appear smaller and inconspicuous if it is put in a shadow—by the discreet use of a darker shade of powder than is used elsewhere on the face.

AND so with eyes. If you have protruding eyes, sink them deeper into your head by the subtle use of a little dark eye shadow on the eyelids, but if your eyes are too deep, bring them out with a light eye shadow. If your cheek bones are not where you wish they were, blot them out with a faint shadow, and place the accent where they should be by the proper application of light powder and rouge.

NARROW faces are made wider by extending light powder and rouge further back on the face; while wide faces can be narrowed by shadowing the part you wish to conceal. To add width to the face, accent and extend the horizontal lines, the eyebrows and the lips, and expose the side of the face by proper arrangement of hair. To add length to the face, accent the perpendicular, and reduce the horizontal aspects. Keep the rouge toward the centre, let the hair over the sides of the face, expose the forehead and use a lighter powder from the forehead to the chin with a touch of rouge at both extremes.

TO straighten out a crooked nose, shadow out the part you don't want seen. To conceal a double chin, shade it darker. To strengthen a weak chin, shade it lighter, and attract the eyes to it with a subtle touch of rouge.

OF course, a fine clear-textured skin is your best foundation for beauty, and for this you need a cream rich in moisture—protecting oils to combat skin dryness and preserve that dewy, youthful texture which is your best guarantee of an attractive and flattering make-up. 'All Purpose Cream' has been especially designed to meet these exacting requirements. Here indeed are all the tools for the foundation of a corrective make-up. Lipsticks, eye shadows, eye pencils, etc. are of course used to complete the ensemble.

FROM THE MAKE-UP DESK

Miss G. W.

EYE-SHADOW should be applied to the upper lid only,



MIRIAM HOPKINS

In Hollywood picture studios a Star of mediocre beauty appears stunning in her chiseled classic beauty—All attained by the cunning of the make-up man.

darkest near the lashes, then faded lightly out over the lids toward the outer corner of the brow. Mascara should be applied lightly so that the lashes do not stick together or appear beaded. Nearly everyone's lashes are slightly faded at the tips, and mascara gives them the appearance of added length. Shadow is also beneficial because it keeps the eyelids oiled, and the skin there is very thin and delicate. If you are not satisfied with the one you are using now, try Colonial

Dames product.

Miss G. P.

APPPLIED lipstick is an art in itself. Little patience will produce stunning effect. Start with the upper lip, working from the centre to the corners and be sure to extend the rouge well inside the mouth. After the upper lip is rouged, outline the lower lip by pressing them together. Then fill in the lower outline and blend the rouge evenly with the finger tip or make-up brush.

JILT

LADY FLORENCE PAGET, only daughter of the second Marquis of Anglesey, was one of fortune's favourites.

When she made her debut at court and in society she had known only parental love and luxury, and as nature had endowed her with a wonderful and entrancing beauty she was certain to be the belle of her season. Built on small and fragile lines Mayfair at once nicknamed her "the pocket Venus," and no matter to what social engagement she went she was surrounded by male admirers.

But whom would the pocket Venus marry? Society and the papers often asked that question until the news spread that Lady Florence had become engaged to Harry Chaplin, the handsomest young man in London, and one of the richest bachelors in England. Tall, with strong and attractive features, possessed of the most charming manners, and a personal friend of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, Chaplin was rightly regarded as the biggest prize in the matrimonial market. No wonder Lady Florence was regarded with envy and not a little jealousy.

The engagement was to be a short one, and in the weeks preceding the date of the ceremony Harry Chaplin was exceedingly busy. They had decided on the church, the clergyman and everything else, and the bride's dress was already at the family mansion. On the Thursday Chaplin went down to Blankney to see that everything was ready for the reception of

his wife, and the next day Lady Florence herself inspected the estate. The following night she and her fiancé occupied a box at the opera. Life was, indeed, one round of breathless pleasure and excitement for them both.

On the Saturday morning Lady Florence had breakfast in the usual manner and afterwards put on her bride's dress and exhibited herself before her father, Lord Anglesey, who smilingly approved. Then she suddenly expressed a wish to make some final purchases and at her request the family brougham was ordered out and the coachman instructed to drive her to a well-known shop in the West End. Stepping out of the brougham she entered the building by one door, left it immediately by another, and found Lord Hastings waiting for her in a hansom. Scarcely speaking a word they drove at once to St. George's, Hanover Square, and there they were married.

The elopement was the sensation of the year, and everyone wondered how the insulted bridegroom would take it. But Harry Chaplin kept his head and his temper. The lady had changed her mind, and that was the right of her sex. He resumed his attendance at race meetings, and when his horse, Hermit, won the Derby and nearly bankrupted his successful rival in love he gave no outward sign of satisfaction.

But meanwhile Lady Florence had quickly realised she had made a terrible mistake. Her husband could think of nothing except gambling, and when at the age of twenty-six he died he was a ruined man. The "pocket Venus" was no longer envied—she was now an object of pity, and in her poverty and distress she wrote to the man she had wronged and begged for financial assistance. He gave her what he could spare, and it was his money that paid for her funeral.

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COIFFURES

ABOUT two centuries ago, a poet whose name has unfortunately not been preserved for the record, but whose eyes obviously were wide-awake to the feminine lovelies and follies of his time, set down in verse his impressions of the opposite sex in lines that ran like this:

They pinched my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall,
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small.

They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins,
Oh, never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins.

Ten years ago, a learned archaeologist whose studies had led him into a lifetime of research on the hair styles of previous eras, particularly the great Roman Empire, came to the conclusion that the potent and economic emancipation of contemporary women had resulted in what he thought would be the permanent espousal of bobbed hair as well as the banishing for all time of the artificially compressed wigmour.

Nevertheless, as a man of science to whom nothing is secure against change, this gentleman felt called upon to add that there were authorities of the day who hinted, even in the midst of a hairpin-less, corset-less period, that women, for one reason or another, would in the not far distant future return to the hoop skirt and even the powdered pompadour.

To-day there can be little doubt that there is a crisis and a split of jurisdiction over what the contours for the winter season will be. While everyone agrees that the phrase, "Let your hair down," signifies the kind of informality and ease which is a sign of the modern woman, news has come from Paris that while one cou-

turier declares emphatically that his mousses will be compelled to wear their hair up, his rival has stated with all the assurance of a contemporary decorator that he has convinced his models to bare their necks. And in New York City, two of the swankiest department stores have already sent down word to their salesgirls that hair must rise on high at a specified date, creating all manner of confusion among the girls who feel certain that curls on top will ruin their good looks.

There seems to be little doubt, however, that the trend has swung completely away from the old happier days when girls were setting the seal of doom on stays with the cry of "let joy be unconfined," while they were boasting that their entire outfit of dress to the knees, step-ins, rolled stockings, and shoes, crowned with a short, singed bob weighed only a pound and a half. To-day straight, short hair is considered a personal idiosyncrasy; even those who are putting up a kick against growing their hair have succumbed to curls, and the girlless female is a rarity.

AND

You see, curls on top of the head seem to coincide with curves below the neck, and the greater the complications through which the hair is put the worse the tortures which are inflicted on the female body. At the turn of the century when the sturdy and unyielding corset pushed the bust forward and the body out far behind, while the neck was held stiff by an uncompromising whalebone collar, the hair, high up on the head and pushed off the neck, followed the movement of the corset-encased flesh. Thus, down through the pages of history, there never has been any-



thing static either in the way woman has treated what the poets have been pleased to call her crowning glory nor in her attitude toward what many modistes have called her best friend.

GLANCE at the period which immediately followed the French Revolution. Marie Antoinette, her two-foot-high coiffure, her "let 'em eat cake" diet, all went out with a bang. A period of terrific revolt against conventionality set in. Women went in for what they called, with bitter irony, the short guillotine haircut. They banished the head-dresses which had formerly been popular and had taken so long to make up that they had been kept on for months at a time without changing.

Clothes were cut to a minimum; corsets were thrown into the garbage pail. Women appeared in daring silk costumes, as nature had made them; they discarded stockings and wore Greek sandals; the only ornament they wore in their short hair was ringlets. That period can be compared to our own postwar days, when simplicity above and below the neck brought joy to many but fear to those who felt they needed the artificial outtimes produced by steel and bones and hairpins to make them attractive.

They looked longingly to the days of the First Empire when the bodices, the corollines and bustles with their stays beneath concealed a woman's request of physical ugliness and gave her shape. They might also have gazed raptly across the ocean to our continent in the 1870's when false bosoms stuffed inside the corset and invisible hairpieces stuffed inside the hair gave many a woman an appearance in the drawing-room that she

could not possibly achieve in the bedroom. It was the Empress Josephine, however, who gave women comfort, causing for high-waisted, comfortable clothes that required comparatively little corseting and concealed with less heavy head-dresses. When, in the middle ages, women wore coats of mail underneath their clothes (these may certainly be considered an early form of the corset)—the elaborate head-dresses of the day weighed 20 pounds and more. How they could go about their business with weight pressing down from above and iron casings on all sides no one knows, but the only answer possible is that they had no business except that of worrying about breathing and walking.

Even in ancient times, women never seemed satisfied to stick to a mode for long, no matter how comfortable or attractive it might be. There is a limestone head of a girl, carved about 400 B. C., in Cyprus, that shows that the Greeks must have looked very modern. The girl had tight curls draped over her forehead with her back hair caught in a net. Years later, under the Roman Empire, there are many examples of pineapple bobs, of short curly hair, of curls falling over the shoulder.

These comparatively simple hair-combs as well as the famous Psyche Knot were accompanied by classic Greek and Roman clothes, dresses that were long and straightened, generally tied around the middle but when did not require the body to be poured into a mold. After the fall of the Roman Empire, the women adopted the long braids of the barbarians.

THE rise and fall of hair has been linked, down through the years, with periods of depression and prosperity, with the degeneration or re-

CORSETS

generation of morals, in an effort to prove the sociological significance of changes in costume. As a matter of fact, all changes in fashion have been analyzed by psychologists and psychiatrists in order to show either that short skirts, for instance, produce a slackening of convention or that long dresses with formal trains result in a more dignified relationship between the sexes.

There has been no agreement as to exactly what changing fashions signify, but it seems reasonable enough to say that corsets and corsets have gone in cycles together through the years. In 1920, for instance, the figure was straight up and down and the hair followed the same unromantic lines. In the middle of the 19th century, women were squeezed in at the middle, hoops were in swing, bustles and puffs were inserted inside the clothes, and "rats" and puffs and curls and bows and pins and shells kept meaning busy in her boudoir for hours at a time. When, in 1933, the great lad for reaching swept the nation, hair was extremely short.

What will happen to corsets and coiffures by 1940 no one knows. Women may revive the Gibson girl model, go in for a 1910s, feminine figure and wear their hair long, soft and wavy.

Whatever does happen in the future, it seems fairly certain that the smartest women this winter will wear their hair up and it seems just as certain that their clothes will therefore not be straight up and down but will necessitate some sort of corset to give the more feminine silhouette which the modern girl has been trying to relegate to the past.

—M.D.



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APB1

SMASH—INTO UTOPIA

I was pressed for time, and I suppose I drove a bit faster than usual. At all events, as I was approaching the crossroads, a large traction-engine with a van attached steamed majestically out of the lane on the left and I had the choice of taking the van or the ditch. . . .

As I climbed ruefully out of my car, a fellow drew up in a smart-looking two-seater. "Do you want any help?" said he.

"Not for the car, thanks awfully," I said, "that can wait in the ditch till I send to yank it out—but for myself, if you're going near a station, I'd be eternally grateful for a lift."

"Of course," he said, "get in."

We went up an unfamiliar turning, and along a road that became more and more remarkable. On either side were endless beds of flowers, with trees behind for shelter, while the road itself had the pleasing mellow tone of a Gloucestershire farm-house. I remarked on it to my good Samaritan.

"Yes," he said, "that's Mark II."

"Mark II?" I inquired, "what's that?"

"Mark II surface," he explained, "is the one with little longitudinal furrows, exactly the same as the standard tyre tread. It gives minimum resistance to travel and maximum to skid. In the old days, as maybe you remember, all the tyre manufacturers tried to produce a tyre to suit every surface and all the road experts tried to make a surface to suit every sort of tyre. It wasn't until road surface and tyre-tread were designed together that skidding really ceased."

"Ceased?" I said. "Well, since you're so kind as to drive me to the station, I won't question your statement. If this is Mark II, what's Mark I?"

"Mark I," he answered, "is the surface used in built-up areas, with transverse furrows which warn you that you're inside an area, in case you haven't noticed the signs in the road."

"In the road?" said I.

"Yes," said he, "in the road, where the eye rests naturally and where they can't be obscured. Where else would you put them—out at the side?"

"No," I said, rather uneasily, "I don't think I would, but . . ."

"Here's an example," said the driver, and sure enough, there was a broad band painted across the road surface, red on the left half, and blue on the right. As we passed over it, the sudden change in the sound of our travel showed that the surface had altered.

"If any one went too fast over this," said the driver, "the noise of his tyres would give him away at once—and one of us would have his number before he'd gone very far."

"One of us?" I said, "then you're . . ."

"Oh, yes," he said, "I'm in the Road Corps—that's why it was my job to help you. And if I see a case of dangerous driving—which is easy to spot, even if it's impossible to define—in goes the car's number to headquarters, the same as a case of damage or litter or anything."

"The point is that no one knows if the man he cuts in front of is Road Corps or not. He may look like a commercial traveller—and he may be one too. His only qualifications are that he's driven 50,000 miles without accident,

that he's passed in running repairs and first aid and has a clean record."

"But," said I, "doesn't this give him too much authority . . .?"

"Oh, no," he said, "there's no tyranny about it. A report only means a warning notice to the owner. It takes three reports by different officers of the Corps before any action's taken."

"And the penalties?"

"Three reports means three months off the road—and more if the record's bad."

"For the owner?"

"No—for the car. That makes the owner not only cautious for himself but equally careful of any one else, like chauffeurs and young sons home for the holidays."

"Well," I said, "this is all very new to me. It's a pity it isn't in force everywhere—especially if

all these flowers are part of the show."

"They are," he said. "They really started accidentally, as it were, like so many things in this country. They began, so I've heard, with some fellow's broadcast talk on The Open Road. He remarked what a happy and kindly thought it was to put flowers along the road outside one's garden as well as in it, and asked for cuttings to plant."

"Well, of course, it turned out that everyone with a garden had cuttings, and then local pride came in, and I think it was really these road-garden schemes as much as anything else that first made Britain world's touring ground. For the charm of touring is in the little things near you, just as much as in the scenery in the background."

"Well," I said, "it all sounds

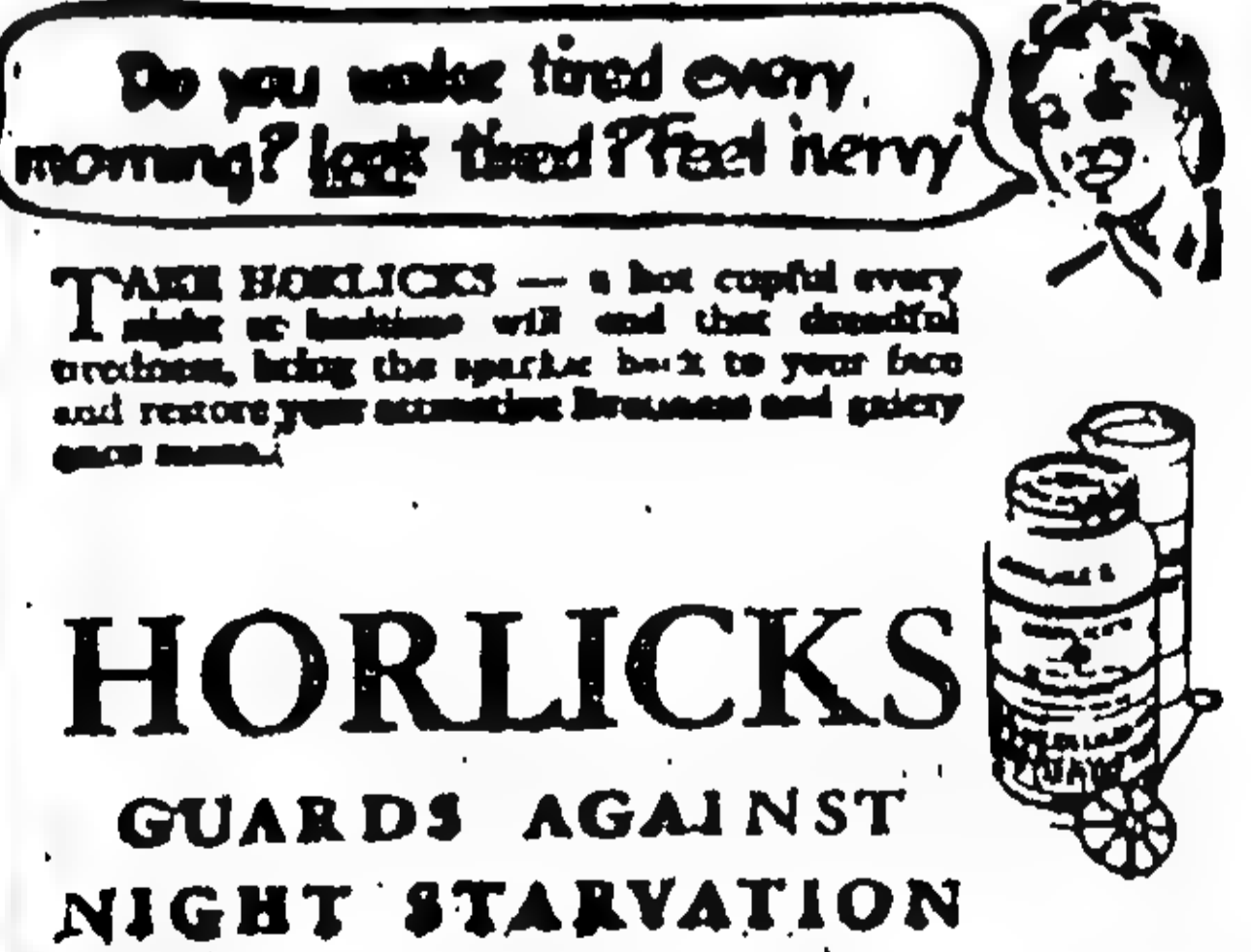
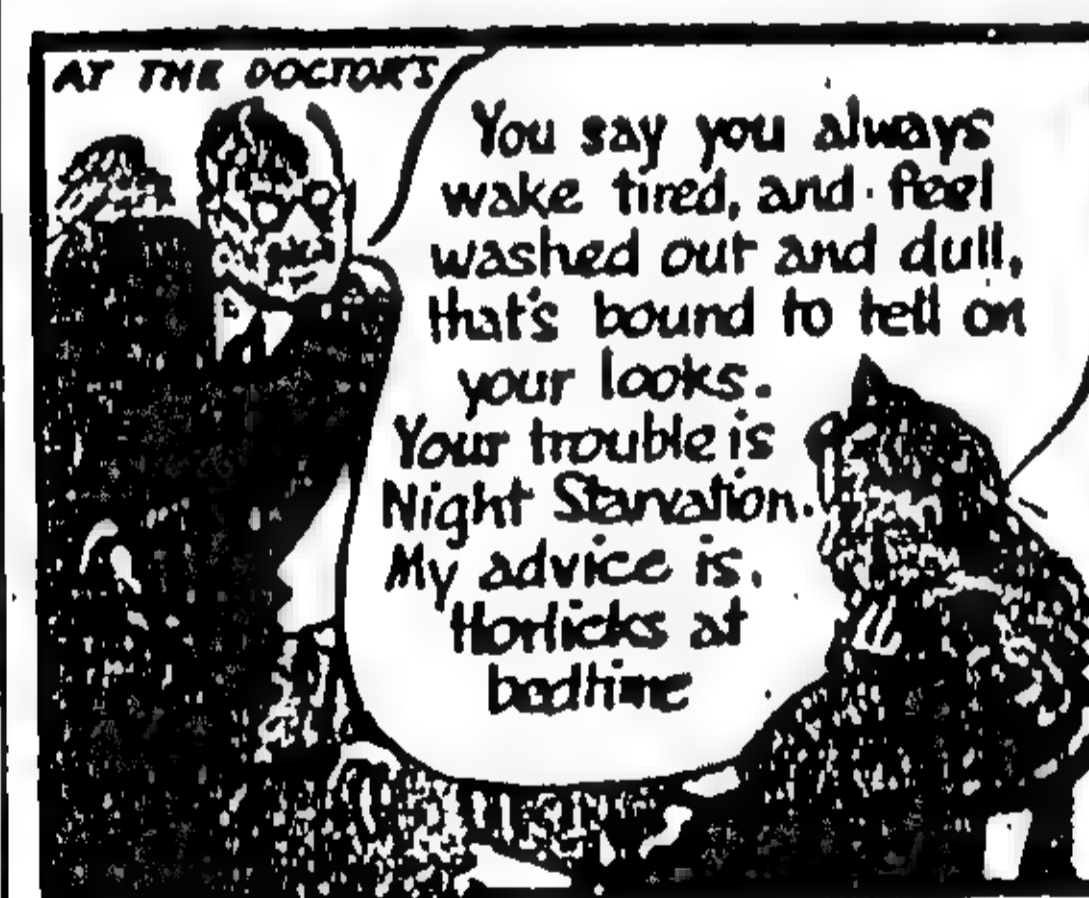
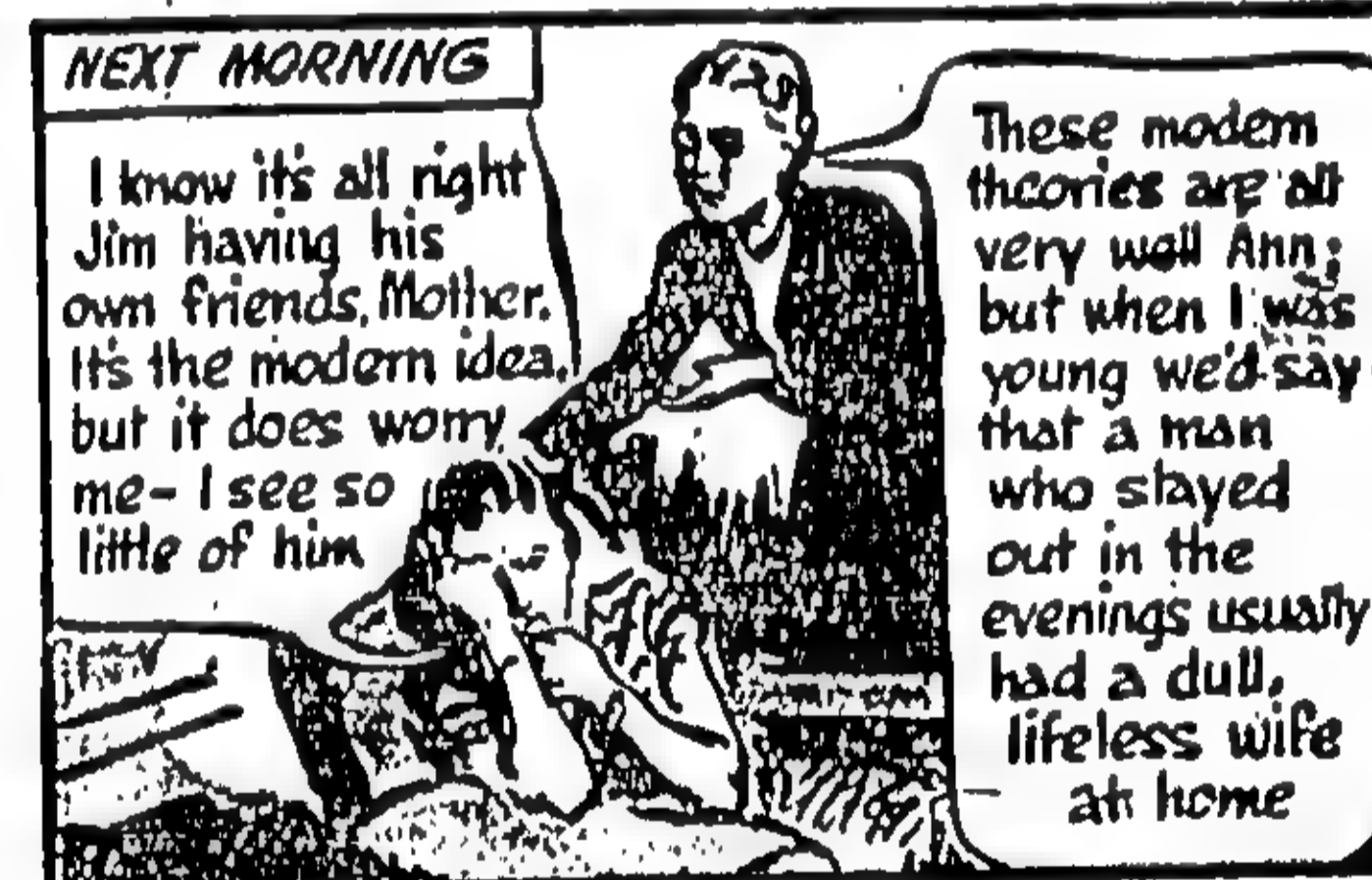
very revolutionary. . . ."

"Revolutionary?" he said. "You haven't heard half of it—I haven't told you about this car and all the others presented free to Road Corpsmen by the manufacturers because we popularise motoring instead of scaring people off the roads—and free petrol, and upkeep, and of course no tax, as we're Government servants. I haven't told you how ugly hoardings were killed by taxes and ugly buildings by rates, or how night driving was revolutionised by the reflector stud, or how town traffic jams were cured by a special city tax or . . ."

"Here," I said, "stop—I'm getting quite dizzy. . . ."

"Quite what?" said he. "Quite dizzy," I said—and sure enough I was. The road suddenly blurred, the noise of the car increased to a roar, and . . .

SHOULD HUSBANDS AND WIVES HAVE SEPARATE FRIENDS?



THE LOVE PULP

By

Thomas H. Uzzell

A Short History Of A Hardy American Perennial Which Has Taken Root In England.

BACK during the winter of 1920-21 a young woman was placed in an oak-paneled room of an old office building in New York. She stayed in that room for six months, alone, living with stacks of novels, coming out only for meals and sleep and now and then a breath of fresh air. Finally, around spring, about the time Mr. Harding took his oath, Miss Amrita Fairgrieve opened her door and stepped out with the magazine she had been told to develop. It was built around one of the favourite four-letter words of the English race and was in essence a combination of that word, love, with a twenty-five-year-old publishing term, pulp. Miss Fairgrieve's *Love Story Magazine*, dated May, 1921, was the first love pulp in history. It began as a quarterly, changed quickly to a semi-monthly, and then became a weekly. It has had dozens of imitators, and to-day leads a field of eighteen magazines which sell more than three million copies a month.

The love pulps are among those hardy, violently coloured perennials which form the background of most newsstands. The covers displaying sheriffs with guns exploding in both hands, Oriental killers with rattailed mustachios and dripping daggers, gangsters being plugged in the very nick—these are the wood pulps for men.

The stigma of "pulp" has become attached to magazines on the lowest grade of newsprint, paper too rough for half-tones. Since literary magazines with no need of illustrations are sometimes printed on rough paper, the term "pulp" is not altogether accurate. Some pulp editors resent it. They prefer such terms as "all fiction" or, simply, "action" or "love" books. The pulp differs from other magazines also because of its standardised seven-by-ten-inches format, because it prints only one type of story and, paradoxically enough, because more than any other type of magazine it succeeds or fails by reason of what it prints. Literary magazines are supported by advertising and subsidies; big-circulation illustrated magazines are, if they succeed, triumphs chiefly of advertising and special promotion devices; but when the pulp gets by, it is by giving the reader what he or she wants.

Especially is this true of the love pulp. Run through any one of them and you will find in 128 pages less than a dozen devoted to advertising. In any case, the advertising appeal to the female pulp reader is small indeed, and little effort is made to stir her buying instincts. She has no money to spend. The most profitable appeal is a glittering display of cheap jewellery (engagement and wedding-ring Queen of Love Bridal Ensemble, exquisitely matched, thirty dollars, one dollar down) which she can show her boy friend.

Born in 1921, the love pulp had its origin in the lavender-scented literary mists of the 1870's. In those days the maiden dream of love was sold to our clinging female ancestors in the pages of paper-backed books and of weekly newspapers. The transition from novel to magazine was largely the result of a law passed in 1897. This American Law provides that second-class matter "must be issued at stated intervals . . . and bear a date of issue and be numbered consecutively. . . . It must be formed of printed sheets, without board, cloth, leather or

other substantial binding, such as distinguishes printed books for preservation from periodical publications." To enjoy low postage bills, the cheap novel widened, lengthened, used smaller type, and emerged as a pulp magazine. The leaders in these moves were Frank Munsey and F. E. Blackwell of Street & Smith—the house which in 1921 put Miss Fairgrieve into that oak-paneled room. Before then some of the pulps had occasionally run love stories, but she was the first person to put a love pulp to press.

In 1935 Street & Smith switched distributors; they took their books, including *Love Story*, from the Independents and put them in the hands of the American News Company. So the Independents went to a publisher by the name of A. A. Wyn who promised them a love pulp. Several days later he hit upon the title *Love*

moreover, enables the publisher of a sudden success to keep it dark—until he has a jump in the field. So tight has been this censorship at times that even the editors of the magazines don't know their own sales figures. Daisy Bacon, editor of *Love Story*, at one time regularly learned her weekly circulation at a cocktail party attended by the representative of a distributing company. Another editor learns her circulation by figuring one thousand to every seven letters from readers. Roy Barnhill, manager of a New York agency for pulp advertising space, reports that even he cannot learn the circulations of the separate magazines. "The only way to get the figures for a magazine is to get a job on it and be put in charge of deliveries."

No enterprising pulp publisher, however, need be kept very long in the dark as to his rival's suc-

Love Fiction Monthly and *Love Book* are undoubtedly over 100,000; *All Story* falls short, but can afford to because of its fifteen-cent price.

Each of these four is edited by a woman. Only one man editor—Leo Margulies of *Thrilling Love* and *Popular Love*—competes with them, and he is not far behind. Daisy Bacon of *Love Story*, Amrita Fairgrieve of *All Story*, Jane Littell of *Love Book* and the bimonthly *Romance*, and Rose Wyn of *Love Fiction* and *Ten-Story Love*—these women know their jobs. Their magazines follow the ever-shifting editorial styles as deftly as their clothing changes with the tides of feminine fashion. They exhibit a feminine thriftiness, too, in getting stories at half the rates the men's pulps pay.

It is accepted by the editors of the confession magazines that the bed must precede the marriage, as if this were a natural rather than man-made law; and when this law is violated (in the confession story), the evil Fates always get wind of it, and there's hell to pay, including penance. In the breezy story the final marriage is happy just because the bed preceded the ceremony: the theme of the breezy story is the intensity of the heroine's passion. The Cinderella of the love pulps is good and therefore happy; the confession lady is bad and therefore unhappy; breezy's heroines are bad but happy. Most of us will agree, I think, that the breezy editors have got something.

Who are the three million people who read the love pulps? In general, they are women whose lives are cast into a mould of dull routine—factory girls, housewives, domestics, shop girls, office workers. In the love pulps these girls find "life as they'd like to live it."

These readers possess no fertile imaginations; their dreams must be written out for them. The dreams must not be too complex—motivation must be simplified to merely instinct responses. It is this inviolable rule of simplification which gives the pulp story its mark of triteness. The cliché and the familiar complication are necessities, not lapses. They are symbols which the reader can easily grasp; they enable the reader to understand a story without thinking it out.

Only a few years ago the romantic impulse in the young woman in all popular fiction was restricted to the maternal, leading to acts of tenderness and self-sacrifice. To-day the mating instinct is coming into its own. Since all women find it difficult to speak of sex for what it is, it follows that the love life of the Cinderella even of to-day is set forth most effectively in its simplest physical-psychic aspects, i.e., in terms of embraces, passionate kisses, and sensuous atmospheres.

The strongest trait of all in the sub-mass female reader, however, is not sex or even the maternal, but devotion to convention. What her neighbours, her girl friends, will say of her is still her most passionate concern. Tribal mores hold her in a grip firm beyond the comprehension of anyone capable of intelligent behaviour. Passionate princess and "thrilling" heroines who must be brought together without doing anything Grandma wouldn't do—this is the central problem which pulp editors and writers expend their ingenuity trying to solve.



Fiction Monthly, and a week later the book was headed for the presses.

In 1936 the love-pulp field hit a special little boom of its own. Popular Publications, another young house, under the editorial guidance of Harry Steeger, felt the call and hired Jane Littell, a successful love-pulp writer, to edit *Love Book Magazine*, which sold at once and is still selling. Meanwhile Munsey publications had turned their general pulp, *All Story Magazine*, into a love pulp with the same pioneering Amrita Fairgrieve as editor. (She had left *Love Story* in 1923 to edit *Cupid's Diary*, now *Sweetheart Stories*.) These four magazines, *Love Story*, *All Story*, *Love Book*, and *Love Fiction Monthly* are the leaders in the field to-day.

The exact circulation of these magazines cannot be learned because of the grouping of the circulations for advertising purposes. This bulking of circulation,

however, enables the publisher of a sudden success to keep it dark—until he has a jump in the field. So tight has been this censorship at times that even the editors of the magazines don't know their own sales figures. Daisy Bacon, editor of *Love Story*, at one time regularly learned her weekly circulation at a cocktail party attended by the representative of a distributing company. Another editor learns her circulation by figuring one thousand to every seven letters from readers. Roy Barnhill, manager of a New York agency for pulp advertising space, reports that even he cannot learn the circulations of the separate magazines. "The only way to get the figures for a magazine is to get a job on it and be put in charge of deliveries."

No enterprising pulp publisher, however, need be kept very long in the dark as to his rival's suc-

SOCIAL CLIMBERS

RAPIDLY being taken up are newcomers in the field of winter evening fashions. Being seen at the biggest and best parties of the season are inspirations totally without tawdriness. Last year who ever heard of net and chiffon and mousseline being worn in January. This year they are being shown in exquisitely gossamer and frothy frocks with full, billowing skirts and glittering bodices or with demure puffed sleeves and velvet trims. Rank-outsiders they may be, but, hope their charm and loveliness has won them a place with the blue-bloods.

Along with the swirling, ballerina skirt models, usually topped by short waisted, shining bodices of sequins or jewels, come the sleek empire type frocks with low necks, broad shoulders and pleated or flared skirts. Picture frocks of satin and moire are extremely important, too, and, of course, the velvets, brocades and taffetas fill a niche all their own.

But the formal fashions for which this party season of 1939 will be famous for will be the full skirted, spidery diaphanous creations or, their complete antithesis, the high necked, long sleeved dinner or theatre gowns. And they are new, which deserve special notice. In blacks and jewel crepes, contrasting again with the fragile pastels and muted tones of the forthright inspirations, these sophisticated dinner triumphs are superb. Usually with appliques of gold or collars of jewels, they combine glitter with grace, are svelte, slender of line and of crepe that is luxuriously clinging.

So if two is the number of evening fashions you need for the social whirl ahead consider, please, a sheer fabric gown with full skirt or pleated with empire silhouette or ballet dancer, and the worldly theatre dress for little dinners.

Symphony in black and white, this picture frock of black mousseline appliqued in white love birds typifies the new mood for fragile but dramatic loveliness in the evening.



Glittering white sequins form the close fitting bodice of this exquisite formal gown. The frothy gossamer skirt is of white net, altogether a social and fashion success.



Theatre or dinner sophistication is aptly expressed in this svelte gown of plum crepe deftly applied with scrolls of gold kid.

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Lying 5,000 feet above the sea level
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Average temperature: 62° Fahrenheit
Dry winter season, the coldest (end of November to March) 60°
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Some warm clothes necessary

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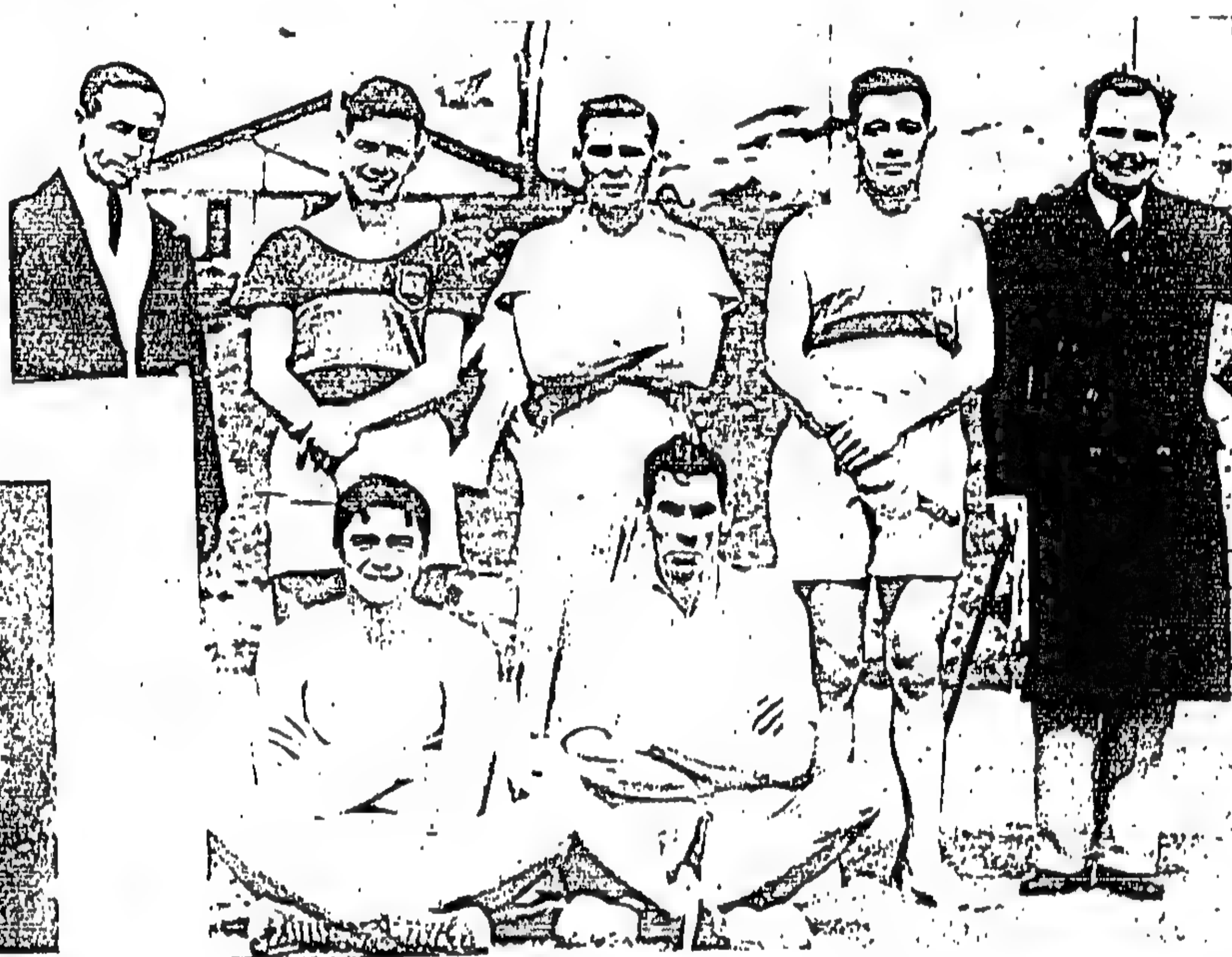


Alison Fisher, of the Pirates, being put out on the home base by the Panthers' catcher in the week-end Softball encounter.

(Below)—The winner, Signalman Truscott, leading in the Y.M.C.A. paper chase, followed by Johnny Greenberg.



G. K. Chadwick has just received the ball from H. D. Bidwell in the Club match last Saturday. Bidwell is being tackled by H. van Leeuwen.



Mr. Ferguson, the "hare", and Mr. W. H. Colledge, one of the umpires, with "hounds" who competed in the Y.M.C.A. paper chase. The winner, Signalman Truscott, is first from left in back row.



The 'Man with a LEICA' has become a familiar figure amongst amateur photographers, and is now frequently seen in everyday life.

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ATTENTION IS GIVEN.



This picture looks rather puzzling at first sight. It shows women being trained in guerilla warfare in Kwangtung.

No Fool's Paradise For Gen. Smuts

Denounces South African Talk Of Cutting Adrift From Empire

DANGER OF NATIVES BEING STIRRED UP

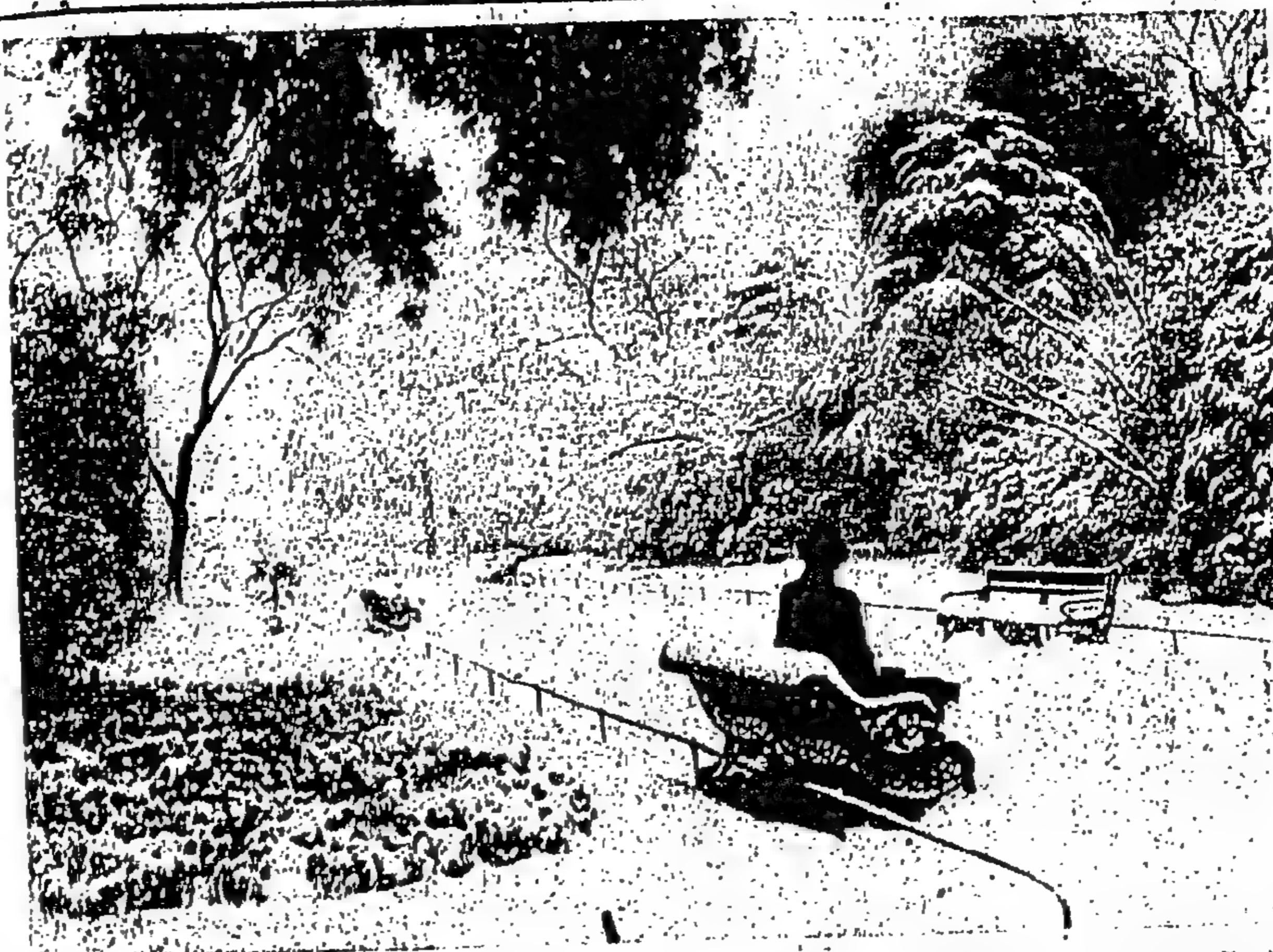
Capetown, Yesterday.

General Smuts, South African Minister of Justice and Deputy Premier, in a speech last night, denounced those who said that neutrality was no protection for South Africa, and who wanted them to cut adrift from the Empire.

If they did, they would be without the support of the British Navy.

People who suggested this were living in a fool's paradise.

However, if South Africans were not treated properly, there was danger of a foreign power setting the natives against the white population. — Reuter.



Hyde Park, London providing a beautiful scene during a Boxing Day snowstorm with a lone admirer who must have been very cold. (Air Mail).

Britons Inert, Apathetic and Insular

London, Yesterday.

The September crisis was not external, but internal, declared Brigadier General Sir Wyndham Deedes, a member of the National Fitness Council, in a speech at St. Paul's Girls' School, Hammersmith.

"It showed," he said, "that this nation and its people, owing to fifteen or twenty years of relative prosperity, were inert, apathetic, untrained, self-satisfied, self-sufficient, insular, and insensitive to the grave time in which they were living."

People in other countries form-

ed that opinion of us during that month. We were prone then to criticise others, the Prime Minister, the Government, and the dictators. But we should have criticised ourselves.

It was not rearmament that was wanted; it was the people who were untrained.

Speaking of the value of games for physical well-being, Sir Wyndham declared that it would be difficult to get the best from the Physical Fitness Act so long as housing conditions in some places remained as they were, and if young people were allowed to work scandalously long hours.

NAZI INVENTORY OF CATHOLIC OBJETS D'ART

Vienna, Yesterday.

The Governor, Herr Seyss-Inquart, according to authoritative quarters, has given orders to make an inventory of art objects in the possession of Austrian churches and convents.

The purpose is to prevent a transfer abroad since, in previous years, a considerable number of art objects from Austrian Convents have been sold abroad in order to cover a deficit or to obtain funds for building purposes. — Trans-Ocean.

MINISTER FORECASTS ELECTION

London, Yesterday.

A General Election this year was forecast by the Solicitor General, Sir Terence O'Connor, in a speech yesterday.

Sir Terence was addressing his constituents at Nottingham.

THE AIRGUN PELLET WHICH RAISED A NAZI PROTEST

THE HAGUE, YESTERDAY.

AN OFFICIAL STATEMENT HAS BEEN ISSUED HERE CONCERNING THE AFFAIR IN WHICH SHOTS WERE ALLEGED TO HAVE BEEN FIRED AT THE HOUSE OF AN OFFICIAL OF THE GERMAN CONSULATE AT AMSTERDAM AND THE GERMAN LEGATION IN THE HAGUE.

The statement says that the police have thoroughly investigated, and it appears that the incidents have been exaggerated.

It adds that the shot fired at the house in The Hague was fired into a house adjoining the German Legation, part of which had been taken over by the Legation. At the moment when the shot was fired nobody was in the room. The police afterwards extracted the bullet.

In Amsterdam, thorough investigation has revealed, the statement concludes, that the hole in the window of the German official's house was made by a pellet from a child's airgun. — Trans-Ocean.

LAUNCHING OF KING GEORGE V

London, Yesterday.

The King and Queen will tour North-East England after the launching of the new battleship H. M. S. George V.

The launching will take place at Wallsend, on the Tyne, on February 21.

OUT OF JAIL AND INTO DIRECTORY

Memel, Yesterday.

The Governor of Memel, M. Gailius, yesterday received the Deputy leader of the Memel German Party, Willy Bertuleit, and entrusted him with the formation of a new Directory.

Bertuleit accepted the offer but requested one week in order to confer with prominent Memel Germans, at the end of which he will present a list of members of the Directory to the Governor.

Bertuleit, who belongs to a peasant family which has long been settled in the Memel district, is 38 years old.

At the trial of various Memel Germans in 1935 by court martial in Kaunas, Bertuleit was among the accused and was sentenced to 12 years' hard labour for "subversive activities."

Another accused in that trial was the Sudeten German leader, Neumann. All were released from prison following the amnesty in February 1938. — Trans-Ocean.

Blank Drawn By Rublee In Berlin

Berlin, Yesterday.

The Director of the International Refugee Committee — the American, Mr. George Rublee — who has been in Berlin since Tuesday, had a second conversation with the Reichsbank President Dr. Schacht yesterday between 5 and 6 o'clock concerning the questions of Jewish emigration from Germany.

Dr. Blessing, a director of the Reichsbank, also took part in the deliberations. Nothing can be ascertained as to the state of the negotiations, both sides apparently by agreement, maintaining a strict silence.

At the first discussion that Mr. Rublee had with Dr. Schacht on Wednesday, Mr. Rublee is stated to have made certain counter-pro-

posals to those of Dr. Schacht concerning the financing of Jewish emigration.

The Reichsbank President has meanwhile submitted the counter-proposals to the Government but it has not been possible to ascertain what attitude Herr Hitler takes.

A discussion between Field-Marshal Goering and Mr. Rublee — which Mr. Rublee on his arrival in Berlin envisaged as a possibility — has not yet been arranged.

It may therefore be assumed that the conversations have not yet led to any practical results. — Trans-Ocean.

Dr. Schacht suggested an international loan of \$500,000,000. The interest would be paid out of Jewish property in Germany passing into the hands of the State. Foreign countries would be expected to buy German goods to the value of \$500,000,000 to pay off the capital.

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DON'T let Leg Troubles cripple you. Take Elasto, the Great New Biomedical Remedy that cures through the blood, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense. Leg aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, piles disappear, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical: it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablets with wonderful healing power.

Everybody is Asking—What is Elasto?

This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, see offer below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital colloid which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devalued fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, without which there can be no true healing! The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of Elasto Say:

"Varicose veins quickly cured after 10 years of useless bandaging!" "The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day!" "I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again!" "Elasto has quite cured my eczema!" "I cured my rheumatism and neuritis!" "My heart is quite sound again now!" "My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis!" "Completely cured my varicose ulcers!" "Now free from piles!"

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ELASTO CURES THROUGH THE BLOOD

ITALIAN possessions are shaded in this map of the latest danger area.



Mediterranean

Menace..

THE world by now is so accustomed to the thunderbolts of its dictators that the breath-taking suddenness of the Italian claim on parts of France, inseparably linked, it may be noted, with the Mediterranean situation, came on it with the force of a jolting astonishment, rather than of awe and stupefaction.

In any case, it was a badly-staged performance, for the presence of Herr Ribbentrop in Paris on a goodwill mission (and the prospective visit of Herr Chamberlain to Rome on a similar errand) lent an unreality to the proceedings which the subsequent organised demonstrations have not as yet effaced. Actually, it was a damp squib, set to synchronise with a general strike in France, which, in its turn, completely fizzled.

OUT OF STEP? It is curious how Il Duce and Der Fuehrer march out of step. Or is it that they are run away with dizzily by the circumstances which they put in train?

The Sudeten crisis, for instance, flared up to war when, militarily speaking, Mussolini was ill-prepared to fight. His Abyssinian and his Spanish flanks were both "en l'air", and bound, in either case, full time to bestir his country once to suffer a complete overthrow at again, and it cannot be denied that the outset of hostilities. He was on a speech-making progress in the north of Italy at the time, and any one who read his words closely, which, at the same time, if it might easily have detected, then should come off even in part, will

the line of moderation which he took. Franco's timely declaration of neutrality was nothing but an effort to secure from assault the bastion of rebel Spain, which, otherwise, must eventually have fallen to the allied arms.

Mussolini may have called the Munich Conference, but it was the Spanish situation which compelled that last minute course of action, and the real peace-saver was not the collective wisdom of the four in council, but the valorous army of Republican Spain, which refuses to be beaten.

And, now again, with the cries of the Signore Yesmen for Tunis, Nice, Corsica, Suez, and Djibouti, a time has been chosen for such demands which ill accords with the prevailing sentiment at the thither end of the axis, where a breathing space is required for digestive purposes consequent on a greedy meal of land.

It is not the least of the illogically of dictatorship that dictators must continually be creating nuisance values for themselves. Otherwise their peoples will have time to think, and to wonder what their sacrifice is for.

In the case of Mussolini, it was "fair", and bound, in either case, full time to bestir his country once to suffer a complete overthrow at again, and it cannot be denied that the outset of hostilities. He was on a speech-making progress in the north of Italy at the time, and any one who read his words closely, which, at the same time, if it might easily have detected, then should come off even in part, will

hold again" is a powerful inducement for the Italian people to follow blindly a leader, who has, already made of his country a first-class Power. They have tasted victory in Abyssinia, they have swallowed tales of heroism in Spain, and they have been told, besides, by that same leader, though heaven knows on what firm grounds, that they are once again invincible in arms.

Such a slogan is, indeed, skilfully contrived, for it turns the national eye outwards on to the Mediterranean scene, where every portent points to a coming struggle on the part of Italy for an assertion of predominance in that ancient stronghold of Roman power, with particular reference to the claims of modern strategy.

With regard to the cries for Djibouti and Suez, these may be readily understood as the sounds which an infant gives forth when it is not immediately granted what it craves for. Lack of unity among the tribes of Abyssinia facilitated the so-called conquest of the country, but it renders its pacification a process of much greater difficulty.

Apart from the garrison towns, fed and munitioned largely from the air, the sector of the Addis Ababa railways forms the limit of effective control, and it is an aggravation that its coastal terminal should be within a small French enclave, which has little economic importance and merely serves to break the solidity of the huge block of Italian East Africa.

The cry for Suez, on the other hand, is dictated by a desire for the lowering of the canal tolls, the financial burden of which, owing to increased traffic to and from the newly-won empire, falls heavily on an already overstrained exchequer.

But the surprising demand for Nice, Corsica, and Tunis is in another category. The restoration of Nice would advance the Italian frontier to the gorges of the Var and enormously strengthen its defences in that all-important region of the Alpes Maritimes.

Corsica, in prolongation of Sardinia, to the north, would, in Italian possession, for ever safeguard the west coast of Italy as a sea outpost of unassailable strength.



SPANISH of Tunisia, best-known of the Colonial units of the French Army.

enormously improve Italy's strategic position in what she calls her Inland Sea.

To shout the slogan of "that which Rome once held she shall

By
Air-Commodore
L. E. O. CHARLTON
"Sunday Herald's"
Military
Expert

Tunis, and particularly the harbour of Bizerta, would mean, at last, effective control over the Sicilian gate, which, at present, has only the hinge of Pantellaria to swing upon, instead of being firmly stapled at either end.

With the midway Mediterranean gate thus adjusted, traffic in both directions could be as securely controlled, or stopped, as if it were the sluice gate of a lock, and from that position of predominance Italy could commence fulfilment of her dream of power.

For that reason, though apparently we know it not in our high places, whatever danger threatens to France in view of the demand is no greater than that which threatens us. The Sicilian Narrows, though wider, is a strait no less than Gibraltar. With a penitence or air power on the spot, backed by a naval force as powerful for the purpose of fighting in such waters, it is calculated to prevent a passage except at serious loss.

Italy will allow the claims on Nice and Corsica to lapse, for it is patent that France would unite to fight rather than submit. They may be considered as bargaining counters.

MENACE TO US
Tunisia is a Protectorate. Italians balance the French in number among the white inhabitants. Geographically, it falls more naturally to Italy than to France. Italian colonists preceded the French to that part. And, lastly, France decidedly stole a march on an Italy too weak then to protest.

In the opinion of Italy, well or ill-founded, France has rapidly become effete, and now, in the same Italian judgment, the day of reckoning is at hand.

If the claim is pressed unduly, the result will be war, and the opinion is held in certain quarters that such a conflict could be localised. There is small hope of that when a French defeat would jeopardise our sea power almost as much as if Gibraltar were locked and barred against us.

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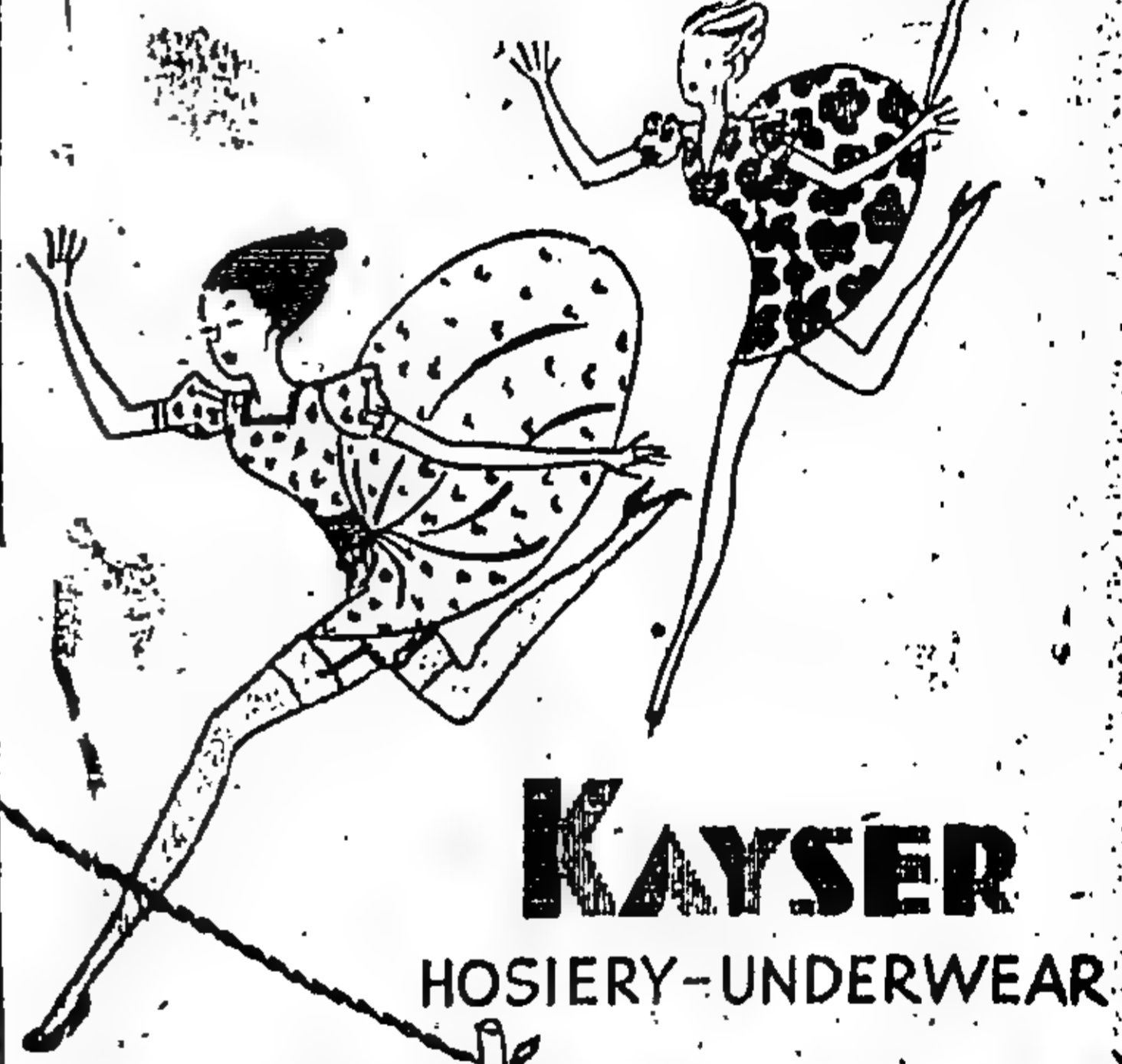
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Premier Plumbs The Depths

WHILE reading over the dull platitudes of Mr. Neville Chamberlain's speech to the Foreign Press Association, I recalled a vivid, if indelible phrase that his father once used. Whatever Joseph Chamberlain may have been, he was never dull.

It was during one of the frequent misunderstandings between the British and the Tzarist Governments, and he feared that Downing Street was going too far on the road to "appeasement."

Holding up a warning finger, he rapped out: "He who saps with the Devil must have a long spoon." This was not polite to the Tzar, but I could sometimes wish that the ghost of the Prime Minister's father, adorned with shadowy orchid and monocle, would repeat that word of caution to his son.

The peculiar danger of our situation is that this headstrong and autocratic man has acquired, late in life, the conviction that he can, without study or experience, or perceptible familiarity with history, manage, single-handed, the diplomatic business of this country at a moment of peculiar complexity and peril.

VICTORY FOR FORCE
The trouble is that this complacent Premier has an infinite capacity for self-deception. He plumes himself that he and his colleagues and predecessors have been engaged in revising the Peace Treaties.

Every step in that revision, whether over armaments, the Rhineland or Austria, was taken by the one-sided action of the German Reich. Hitler snatched what he wanted; the former victors, after futile verbal protests, acquiesced.

This question was settled without bloodshed, if that is what we see as a whole the complicated Mr. Chamberlain means. Every question between nations can be working out on the power-map of Europe without the spilling of blood, if one side yields without qualification what the other demands.

That is what happened in this mightiest structure obedient to a case; and, in fact, Germany took, single will that the Old World has and allowed Hungary and Poland known since Napoleon.

to take, a great deal more than she had demanded at Godesberg. "Without force?" Was the German general mobilisation an appeal to reason? Did the Czechs, who from beginning to end were never consulted, give way of their free will because logic had overwhelmed them?

By H.N. Brailsford
Conquest, moreover, means to-day what it has rarely meant in the history of civilised peoples. It means the complete subordination of the entire policy of the vanquished State to the will of the victor. So much its new Premier, Dr. Beran, has confessed in plain words.

UKRAINE NEXT
In this vassal dependency the Germans are preparing, without concealment, their next advance. They are marshalling their syllogisms and their persuasions in what is left of Ruthenia.

These arguments wear a blue uniform; and march to their conclusions under German officers. Students of logic call them "voluntaries."

This science, as the erudite reader will perceive, has progressed since Aristotle's day. By way of demonstrating the majesty of reason, German cantrips have been ordered to stand at the ready in February.

It may be well that we should without bloodshed, if that is what we see as a whole the complicated Mr. Chamberlain means. Every question between nations can be working out on the power-map of Europe without the spilling of blood, if one side yields without qualification what the other demands.

Hitler is consolidating the new German Empire, which promises, while it holds together, to be the mightiest structure obedient to a case; and, in fact, Germany took, single will that the Old World has and allowed Hungary and Poland known since Napoleon.

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Three Seers (always Right) predict NO WAR IN 1939

THERE will be another big World War scare this year — BUT NO WAR. That is the unanimous prediction of three famous French women seers: Mme. Luce Vidi, Mme. Detey, and Mlle. Josepha Maria, all of whom made predictions which were fulfilled in 1938.

Mme. Vidi, who predicted the crisis last September and the great Marcellin fire, says that the critical period will be July and August, when the menace of war, at least as great as that of last September, will overshadow Europe. This crisis will be preceded by internal unrest in France, but once more

war will be averted at the last moment. The French people will consolidate their national union and forget political differences. M. Daladier, born under Sirius, most brilliant star in the firmament and under the influence of Jupiter, has a fortunate destiny strongly contrasting with that of Adolf Hitler, whose fate is dominated by the Marsian star Arcturus rising in dangerous proximity to the overdynamic Uranus. It will not be a good year for the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis, although it may have some minor successes. Mussolini will press territorial demands at the beginning of the year; Hitler will stage a violent diplomatic offensive in summer.

But the stars are not favourable to Berlin, and Rome will finally turn to France for friendship. Poland's destiny is to live surrounded by foes and to be the future battleground of Europe. Two European States, at least, will be vanquished by their powerful neighbours. Rumania's oilfields are destined to play an important part in the redistribution of the world's raw materials. Spain will remain divided and two attempts to mediate in the Civil War will be frustrated through mutual suspicion. ENGLAND WILL PLAY A VITAL ROLE IN PRESERVING THE PEACE OF THE WORLD, ALTHOUGH MR. CHAMBERLAIN WILL CALL FOR THE ASSISTANCE OF OTHER

STATESMEN LESS FAVOURABLE TO GERMANY AND ITALY TO HELP HIM.

Mme. Detey also declares that there will be no general war. France, she says, will become reconciled with Germany despite the partnership with Mussolini. Mussolini will make a big mistake in March.

An unsuccessful attempt to assassinate Stalin will be followed by serious unrest in Russia. Mlle. Josepha Maria also says that the Franco-German entente will become closer and the decline of Mussolini's power will begin. A Liberal Monarchy will be re-established in Spain, she adds, and the Chinese war will terminate in the complete exhaustion of Japan.



Madame Medjide saw prosperity ahead.



Madame Medjide predicted the fall of Daladier, a death at the Belgian court and a maritime disaster. She was almost the only bird of bad omen.



Leon Laffon (above) predicted the death of Mussolini.

WE KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO DIE

New York, Yesterday.

Nineteen of twenty men trapped 170ft. underground in a blazing coal mine near Clinton, Indiana, described twelve hours of living death after being saved "by a miracle."

One man, Jesse Hayes, was unable to stand the ordeal of waiting for what seemed certain death and went mad. When he was rescued and partly revived he broke away, dashed through the winding smoke-filled tunnels of the mine and perished.

One of the rescued men, Clinton Cron, said: "Now we all know what it means to die."

REICH TO BUILD SUPER LINER

London, Yesterday.

Hitler is jealous. He wants a German ship to hold the Blue Riband for the fastest crossing of the Atlantic, now held by the Queen Mary.

During the past year he has told his industrial advisers that Nazi prestige demands that the Atlantic record should be held by a German ship.

The Bremen and Europa, built before Hitler seized power, can never challenge the Queen Mary or the French liner Normandie.

FASTEST YET

So Hitler has insisted that, early this year, work shall begin on a new German ship larger and faster than either the Queen Mary, the Normandie, or Britain's new liner, the Queen Elizabeth, now being built.

The Queen Mary is 1,018 feet long over all, the Normandie 1,027 feet.

Hitler's ship will be over 1,035 feet in length, slightly longer than the Queen Elizabeth, whose overall length will be 1,031 feet.

The German dictator plans to make his liner the most luxurious ship afloat.

Swastikas will decorate the state-rooms. Pictures of Nazi leaders will hang in the library.

Volunteer Suggests H.K. Take Warning

Sir.—In the November, 1938, issue of "Defence," the Territorial Magazine published in England, the following article appeared and, in view of recent comments on the local volunteers and of the present situation in the Far East, may be of interest to your readers:—

OUR LAST CHANCE

"Good words and good intentions are poor equipment with which to face loaded pistols."

Sir Walter Kirke, Director General of the Territorial Army with that trenchant phrase in a post-crisis speech, crystallises the real lesson of the past month. But has that lesson been understood and learned by those at the head of national affairs, by all in any form of national service, and finally, by every man and woman enjoying British freedom and citizenship? Be frank about this. Britain, which means all of us, has had a fearful shock. We have been within hours of ruthless attack, and in spite of the national strength and unity which rose up to meet this threat, we have to face one stark truth. Calm courage, readiness for sacrifice, splendid improvisation—these great British qualities were not enough. We were just not equipped to defend ourselves.

Take the Territorial Army's experience as but one example. How many of them, keen, well trained, and magnificently spirited, are wondering whether their patriotism is to be wasted? Inadequate guns, equipment, which would not work, shortage of transport, missing supplies—these things are common knowledge now.

It is obvious now to the most purblind pacifist that without adequate arms this country is impotent, first to stand for justice abroad and second to guarantee its own security at home. A tremendous national effort is imperative. The people of this country are ready to make it. The Government is given a final mandate to prepare our people, to close the appalling gaps in our defences, and to equip our forces with the best war material that British brains and industry can produce.

We have the men and we have the money. This is our chance—our last chance. Guns, ships, aeroplanes, let us have them in plenty, and quickly. If British statesmanship is to steer us safely through the perilous seas ahead, it must be at the helm of a ship of state fully armoured against any attack with which it can be threatened.

NULLI IN PARTE
ORIENTE.

HITLER CALLS IN THE POLICE

London, Yesterday. HITLER, distrusting all other Nazi chiefs, is to give even greater powers to Himmler, dreaded head of the German secret police.

This news came out of Berlin last night as reports were current that there were nine dismissals of Nazi leaders and executions of State officials.

The Goebbels affair—he was beaten up by friends of the husband of a film star to whom he had made love—has revived old feuds among Hitler's inner circle.

Marshal Goering accuses Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop as being responsible for the anti-Jewish pogroms and the bad feeling between Germany and the U.S.A.

Goebbels' recall from the Ministry of Propaganda is assured in the spring.

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GIRL-WIFE FIGHTS LEPER FEARS

Happiness has come to the young wife of the superintendent of a Penang leper colony who, fearing the prospect of a life among the lepers, tried to remain in England, but failed to enforce a maintenance order because a home awaited her at Penang.

She has fought back that fear and is now settled down with her husband in the colony.

She is Mrs. Martha Rhona Southern.

She came secretly to join her husband at the leper colony eight months ago.

Even passengers on board the liner did not know Mrs. Southern's identity when she made the journey to Penang.

In twelve months' time her husband, Mr. Robert Southern, will have his long leave, and they are planning to go to Blackpool.

In May, 1937, Blackpool magistrates granted a maintenance order to Mrs. Southern against her husband.

The Penang Court, however, refused to endorse this, stating that the husband had offered her a

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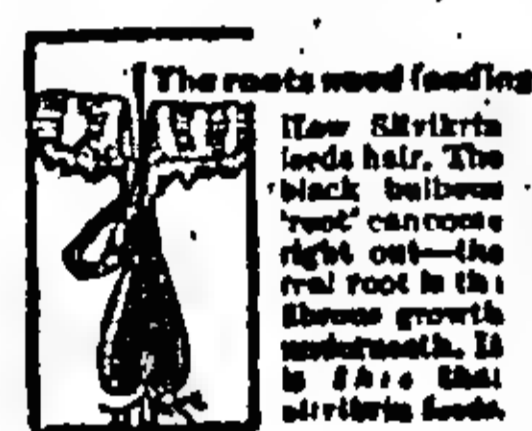
Watch your comb! If there's hair on it after you use it—then your hair is being starved of its natural food. Dandruff and falling hair are the sure signs of hair starvation, which sooner or later leads straight to baldness. Be warned in time! Give your hair its natural food. Give it Silvikrin.



Read Mr. Jackson's case in the letter below and look what a fine head of hair he has now, as his photograph shows.

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(Signed) G. H. Jackson.

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A REAL PEACE POLICY

Path Of Safety In The Mediterranean

THERE seem to be a number of people who believe that the way to peace is through what is euphemistically called appeasement. In practice it means that a short breathing space is gained by conceding to the demands of the dictator something which belongs to somebody else. The demand is backed by the threat of force and is generally stated to be the one thing necessary to restore peace by satisfying what are described as the just demands of one or other of the totalitarian States. It was by this process that the Rhineland was re-occupied, the Anschluss with Austria effected and the Czechoslovakian State destroyed. A similar method is employed by Signor Mussolini. After Abyssinia, Spain, after Spain, Tunis, Nice and Corsica. Each new step forward is preceded by some form of agreement, treaty or settlement with one or other of the Entente Powers. It is, therefore, quite in accord with precedent that the Italian Press should now be vociferously asserting the claims of Italy to various French territories just after the signature of the Anglo-Italian Treaty. The two ends of the axis work reciprocally. We can expect that after the demands on France by Italy have been satisfied the claims on Britain for colonial territories will be proceeded with. It must be conceded that the cuts are coming rather near to the bone. It

is possible that the two Governments of the Western democracies are now beginning to appreciate that the sacrifice of other people's possessions to the totalitarians has not satiated them but only whetted their appetite.

Law of The Jungle

Seven years ago the demands now made would have been unthinkable. The process of imperialist expansion had not begun again. The League of Nations was still strong and its principles were accepted throughout the world. The law of the jungle was in abeyance. Even in the anarchy of the

tion the vast majority of which is neither French nor Italian.

Ethical Principles

The Corsicans have never willingly submitted to Italian rule and have a very distinct national outlook of their own. The same applies to the Nizzards. None of the three offers scope for the absorption of that surplus Italian population which Signor Mussolini does all he can to increase.

When one reviews the general position in the Mediterranean one must recognise that ethical principles have played very little part in the allocation of the islands and

in Libya. I have yet to learn that there is anyone in Nice or Corsica who wishes to have the privilege of dying in Abyssinia or Spain for the greater glory of Signor Mussolini.

Real Interest Of Il Duce

One is driven to wonder whether these claims are put forward with any serious intent now. It may well be that they are only propounded in order that they may be dropped or at least relegated to some more distant time. The real interest of Signor Mussolini is to bring to an end his Spanish campaign by securing to General Franco belligerent rights so that he may defeat the Spanish Government by starving the families of the men whom Signor Mussolini's legions despite every advantage of munitions cannot defeat in the field. If such be the design the Governments of France and Britain had better beware. There is among the workers of both countries, a very keen realisation that the Spanish workers are fighting the battle of freedom and democracy. If the bourgeois Governments consummate the betrayal of them now, they will find that they have destroyed any hope

of national unity in their own countries. It may be also that those who have some knowledge of strategy will point out to these Governments that when Spain has been brought into the Rome-Berlin axis, the demand for Tunis, Corsica and Nice will be revived and that it will then be far more difficult to refuse.

Facade Of Totalitarianism

Finally it is worth while looking behind the imposing facade of totalitarianism. I doubt whether the mass of the workers of Italy are really enthusiastic for the far flung designs of the Duce. There must be many widows and orphans resulting from the Abyssinian and Spanish adventures. It is clear also that the German people as a whole realise what war means and are not desirous of seeing the world plunged into the abyss. Perhaps the Governments of the Western democracies will realise that all the cards are not in the hands of their opponents and that a real peace policy instead of unilateral appeasement may after all be the path of safety. World copyright, 1939, (Reproduction even in part, strictly forbidden).

By Major C. R. ATTLEE

Leader of the Opposition In The House of Commons

pre-war world such demands as Italy is now making would have been regarded as something quite out of the ordinary. In the full tide of imperialism it was generally the practice to annex only the territories of small, backward and weak peoples, although occasionally one predatory power had to yield up part of its spoil by way of compensation. Usually such compensations consisted only of portions of recently annexed territory. It was also generally thought right to put forward some kind of claim either of racial affinity or of historical connection or failing that a plea for the fulfilment of the Great Power's civilising mission was thought desirable.

It is possible to consider the claims purely on the grounds that Signor Mussolini desires more territory and thinks that he can take it. This is of course to assume that France is now one of the weak nations and exposed according to the law of the jungle to be a prey to the stronger. It is again possible to consider these claims in the light of pre-war international morality as indicated above. In this light the claim on Nice has a certain validity. It was taken by the Emperor Napoleon 3rd as a slight compensation for his services in promoting the cause of Italian unity. Tunis has been a protectorate since 1881. France went there on the invitation of Prince Bismarck who had other fish to fry. Italy at the time was not strong enough to put in her claims which from the imperialist point of view were equally valid or equally invalid. The claim to Corsica seems to rest on nothing but propinquity and very musty history. The ethnographical claims are not strong in any of these cases. Tunis has a mixed popula-

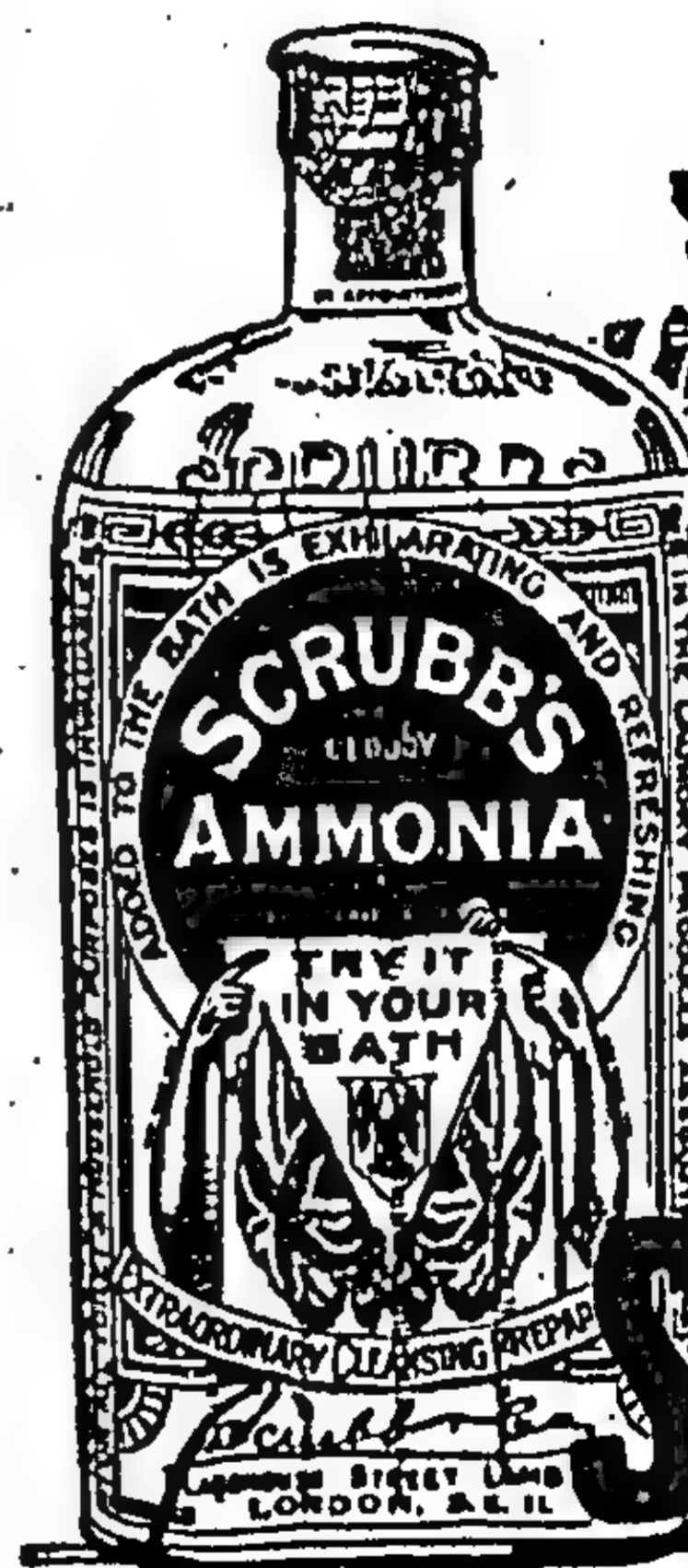
smaller territories about the shores of that sea. There is no highly moral reason why France should possess Tunis, Algiers and Corsica or Italy the Dodecanese, and Tripoli. All these political groupings are only the results of power politics.

Historically these territories have changed hands from time to time as the balance of power in the Mediterranean has altered. It is not possible, therefore, for those who indulge in the game of power politics to take a high moral line. At its highest they can only base their claims on sacred egoism.

People Paramount

Socialists, however, approach these things from a different angle. They think primarily of the desires and happiness of the inhabitants of Tunis, Algiers and Nice. Just as the case of the British and other colonial possessions they think that the interests of the people should be paramount, so they do here. They are not interested in claims based on ancient history or modern prestige. I can find no evidence at all that any of these peoples wish to exchange French for Italian rule. No doubt there are some Italians in Tunis who have imbibed the virus of nationalism. No doubt there are many others as there are in many other parts of the world who are only too glad to be free of the weight of the Fascist regime. The French in Tunis clearly desire no change while the Moslems despite the pose of the Duce as the protector of Islam are pretty well aware of the doings of the Italians

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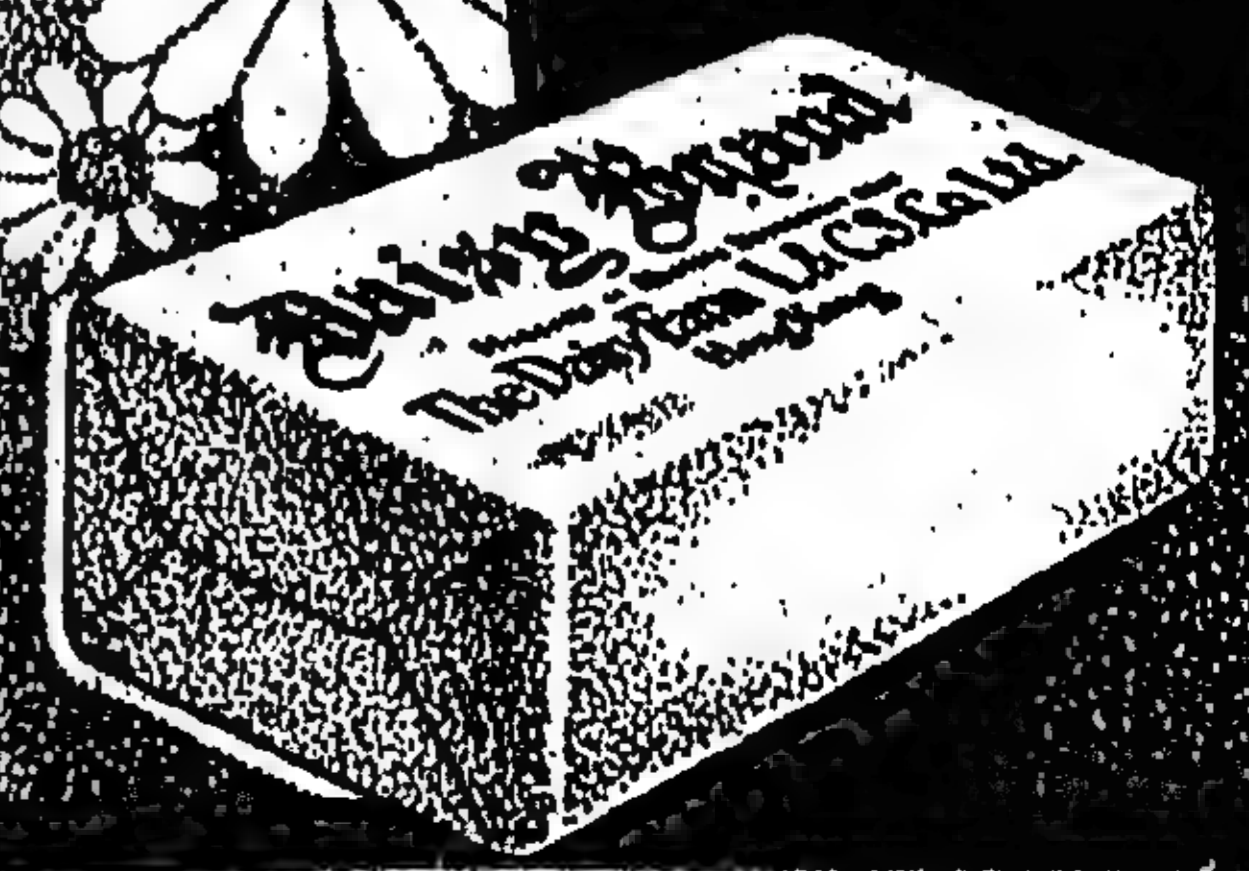
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"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE"

ON THE AIR TO-NIGHT

Dvorak-Symphony No. 5: "The New World"

10-11 a.m.—Relay of Morning Service from St. Joseph's Church.

11 a.m.-12.15 p.m.—Relay of Morning Service from St. Paul's Church (Chinese).

12.15 p.m.—Compositions of Richard Strauss including his "Burleske". A. Kippis (Soprano) and E. Ruzicka (Mezzo-Soprano) and Berlin State Opera Orchestra cond. by Dr. W. Van Hoogstraaten.

"Der Rosenkavalier"—Herr. Kavalier (Letter Scene and Waltz)... A. Kippis (Soprano) and E. Ruzicka (Mezzo-Soprano) and Berlin State Opera Orchestra cond. by Dr. W. Van Hoogstraaten.

"Der Rosenkavalier"—Herr. Kavalier (Letter Scene and Waltz)... A. Kippis (Soprano) and E. Ruzicka (Mezzo-Soprano) and Berlin State Opera Orchestra cond. by Dr. W. Van Hoogstraaten.

Salome's Dance (from "Salome")... The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra cond. by Richard Strauss.

12.45 p.m.—Cortège at the Piano. "The Children's Corner" Suite (Debussy).

1 p.m.—Local Time Signal and Weather Report.

1.03 p.m.—Peter Dawson (Bass-Baritone) and the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra.

1.10 p.m.—Overture (von Plotow)—Stradella (Balfour)... Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra cond. by Sir Dan Godfrey.

1.17 p.m.—I See A Tree (Hodges); There'll Be No South (Scherzinger)... Peter Dawson (Bass-Baritone) with Orchestra.

1.24 p.m.—Dancer of Seville (Grunow); The Two Imps (K. J. Alfred)... Sir Dan Godfrey conducting the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra.

1.31 p.m.—The Shepherd Boy's Song (Popper); A Song For You And Me (Rizzi)... Peter Dawson (Bass-Baritone) with Orchestra.

1.38 p.m.—Router and Rugby Press. Weather Forecast and Announcements.

1.45 p.m.—Dvorak—Symphony No. 5 in E Minor, Op. 95 "The New World". The Royal Albert Hall Orchestra conducted by Sir Landon Ronald.

2.18 p.m.—Songs by Elisabeth Schumann (Soprano). Ever softer grows my slumber (Brahms); Lullaby, Op. 49, No. 4 (Brahms)... with Orchestra.

2.30 p.m.—Close down.

7 p.m.—New Light Symphony Orchestra.

Melody In F, Op. 3, No. 1 (Rubinstein); Romance In E Flat, Op. 44, No. 1 (Rubinstein); Spanish Dance, No. 1 (Moszkowsky); Spanish Serenade (Bizet); The Mill In The Forest (Ellenberg); Monastery Bells (Wolff).

7.20 p.m.—London Relay—Detectives In Fiction—6. The sixth of a series of programmes dealing with detectives in fiction whose exploits have made them famous. Max Carrados and "The Poisoned Dish" of "Mushrooms". Adapted for broadcasting by Ursula Branton. From the short story by Ernest Bramah. Production by Leslie Stokes.

8 a.m.—Local Time Signal and Weather Report.

8.03 p.m.—Hubert Elsdell (Tenor) in a Concert of Eric Coates Compositions.

The Jester At The Wedding (at March); (b) Valse... Eric Coates and Symphony Orchestra.

24.30 p.m.—Ways Sailer (March). No. 1—Northwards (Valse). No. 2—Southwards (Valse). No. 3—Eastwards (Elastic Dance). No. 4—Westwards (Rhythm).

Bird Songs At Eventide... Albert Sandler & His Orch. Because I Miss You So... Hubert Elsdell (Tenor) with Piano.

9.40 p.m.—Excerpts from Mozart's "Don Giovanni". Glyndebourne Festival Opera Company cond. by Fritz Busch.

Introduction Act 1—Notte E Giorno. Fatima... Baccaloni & Glyndebourne Festival Opera Company cond. by Fritz Busch.

Recitativo Act 1—Don Giovanni! Sei Qui? Aria Act 1—Madam!... Helletagrubler, Baccaloni and Brownlee.

Aria Act 1—Ho Capito! Recitativo Act 1—Alfin Stan Liberati... Henderson, Brownlee and Mildmay.

Fermati, Scellerato! Mi Par Ch'Orgogli... Helletagrubler, Mildmay, Brownlee, Pataky and Souez.

9 p.m.—Mozart—Symphony No. 29 In A Major. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra.

9.30 p.m.—Router and Rugby Press. Weather Forecast and Announcements.

9.40 p.m.—Mozart—Quartet In F Major, K. 580. The Budapest String Quartet.

10.07 p.m.—Cesar Franck—Chorale No. 3 In A Minor. Guy Weitz, Hon. Organist to His Eminence, Cardinal Bourne, playing on the Organ of Westminster Cathedral, London.

10.20 p.m.—Studio—Sunday Evening Epilogue.

10.30 p.m.—Close down.

BRIDGE NOTES

BY ELY CULBERTSON

Point-Counterpoint.

SOME defensive plays are so beautifully simple that, like the over-obvious letter in Poe's immortal story, they escape the eye. Consider East's absurdly simple, yet highly effective method of defeating the slam in the following hand:

North, dealer.

NORTH
S—9 3 2
H—A K 6 4
D—A K 5 4
C—9 9

WEST
S—7
H—8 5 3
D—J 8 2
C—Q J 10 6 4 2 C—8

EAST
S—8 6 5 4
H—Q J 10 2
D—Q 10 7 3
C—8

SOUTH
S—A K Q J 10
H—9 7
D—9 6
C—A K 7 5

The bidding:
North East South West
1 heart Pass 2 spades Pass
3 diamonds Pass 4 no trump Pass
5 a trump Pass 6 spades Pass
Pass Pass

B.F.R.D.C. SUBSCRIPTIONS

Following is a further list of subscriptions received for credit of the British Fund for Relief of Distress in China, Hong Kong and South China Branch:

Previously acknowledged \$400,200.51
Proceeds of Cinema shows held under the joint auspices of China Entertainment and Land Investment Co., Ltd. and Rotary Club of H.K. 2,002.95

The British-American Tobacco Co. (China) Ltd. and its associated companies 5,000.00

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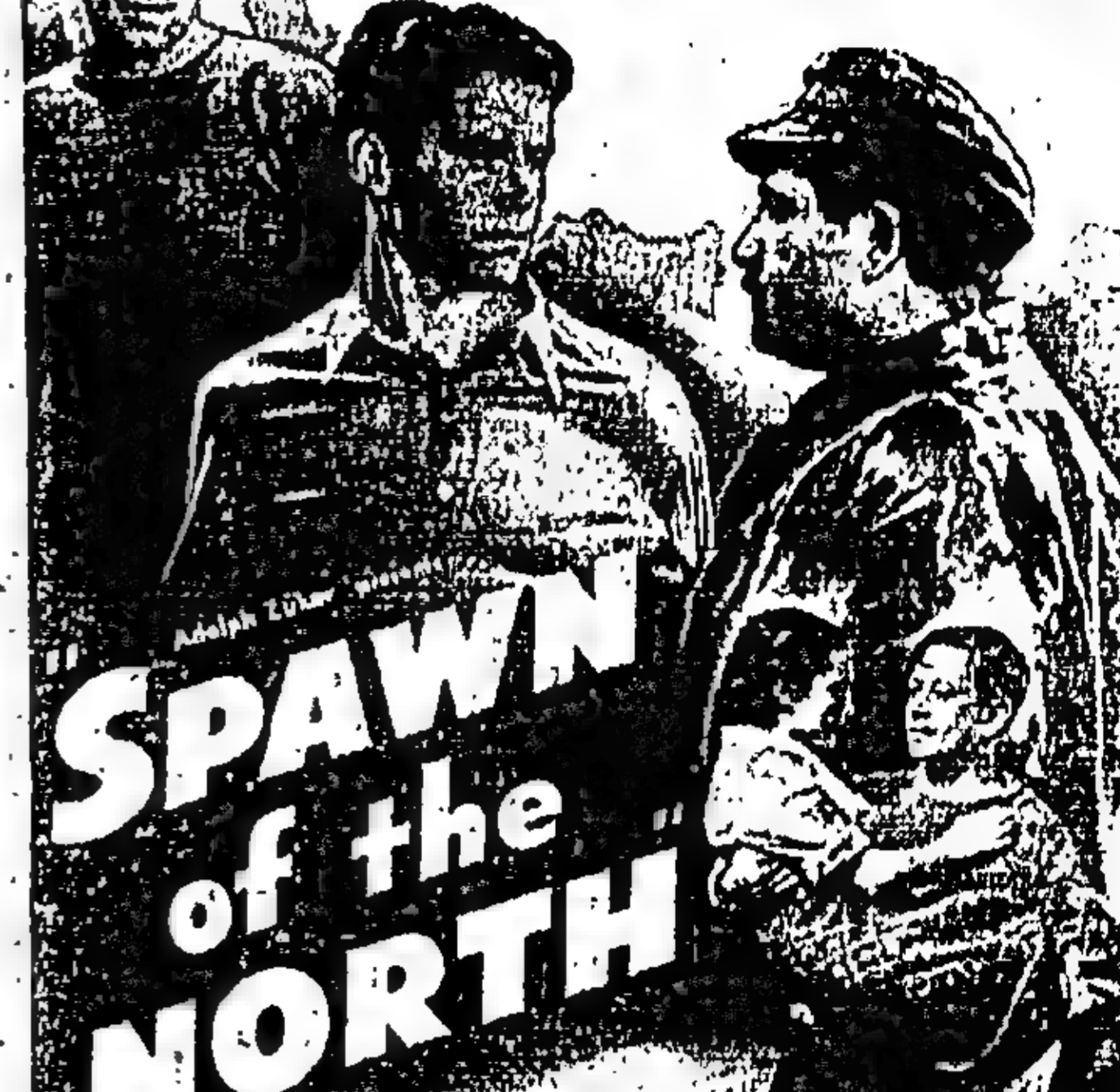
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SEE a Fight for Life in the River of White Crocodiles!
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SEE Secret Rituals of Native Dancing Girls!
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FROM OPERA — Mefistofele (Sotto)—Marriage of Figaro (Mozart)—La Boheme (Puccini).

BARBARA GILMAR

EUROPEAN — Filles de Cadiz (Delibes)—Morgan (Strauss)—Homesickness (Aavik)—Iche Liebe Dich (Grieg).

FRIML OPERETTA—Ay Ay Ay (Spanish)—Troika (Russian)—Songs from "Maid of Mountains," "Rose Marie," "Das Hof Koncert," "Crest of the Wave," etc.

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FOTHERINGHAM SINGS

Third of a series of **SHORT STORIES** by JOHN HEYGATE, about a butler whose perfect manner did not always conceal the strangely likeable man he really was

LET me tell you, all you who haven't yet got one of your own, that the great advantage of a butler is you can borrow things from him.

Umbrellas. Five bob. A bowler hat if necessary. It's part of his job. A good butler has all these things ready. He's only too glad to lend them—at least, that's what I found with Fotheringham.

Of course, it began quite by chance. I remembered just as I was leaving for the Southern Electric one morning that I had nothing to mop my cold with. Quick as a flash Fotheringham extended a clean white folded pocket handkerchief.

After that I got into the habit of accepting things from him. On the rare occasions that I went to town, with the exception of my shoes and underwear, I was Fotheringham. We were almost the same height and shape. Save for the fact that Fotheringham's clothes were better cut and fitted me a good deal better than mine did, you couldn't have told us apart.

All this, however, is by the way. What I was going to tell you about was the Tuko's Hill Choral and Orchestral Society.

THE Tuko's Hill Choral and Orchestral Society—I leave the rest to your imagination. Well, I suppose there's no objection to young men and women getting together of an evening over a top note; it passes time. But when Beattie suggested how nice it would be for me to pass my time as aforementioned; at the same moment producing a ticket from her pocket, I said with great emphasis, "No, no, no."

"Now, George! You know quite well you've got a very good voice, only you never got a chance to exercise it. This would be a splendid opportunity. It will be a kind of general practice, and I promised Mr. Morton Clarke you'd come. Think, if you were to become a member of the society and have a place upon the platform!"

I thought, I thought quite a lot about it. "Beattie, old girl, I'm not going."

"Seven o'clock to-morrow in the Memorial Hall. I have to go out to bridge myself. Don't be late. Oh, George, I shall be so proud of you!"

MOST of the next morning and afternoon I brooded. It was a wet day; the rain fell in a straight and steady downpour, which gave me all the more opportunity to brood. You see, what complicated the situation was that I had as a boy had a voice of sorts and I still enjoyed singing hymns when the congregation was a large one.

If any one suggested I sing out of tune, I became very angry. After all, I was in the school choir. But when Beattie used to tell her friends in my presence what a nice voice I had, I became angrier. I denied hotly I could sing—except at an honest-to-goodness smoker after the beer had been round a few times.

What's more, I saw very well what my old girl had in mind in encouraging my little hobby, as she put it. It was a good way of getting to know the neighbourhood, having a husband up there on the platform. Thank you, very much. Very clever of her.

Six o'clock came and I could still see no way out of it. I was just about to go upstairs to change into my dark grey lounge when the rain fell in a final shower and ceased. The sun did not come out; but the air was fresh and appetizing. If fish did not bite on an evening like this I was prepared to swallow my own hook. I rang the bell. Fotheringham appeared.

"You rang, sir?"

I did. I glanced at Fotheringham. I must confess it looked most improbable. However, "Fo-

theringham, you don't happen to sing by any chance?"

"Sing, sir?"

"Yes. Tra la la. Doh, ray, me, fah—you know."

"I have sung, sir."

"I've promised the Choral Society that I'll turn up at one of their public 'doh's' in the Hall, and the truth is, I don't feel myself in voice to-night, Fotheringham."

"No, sir? The weather's been very poorly."

"The weather? What's wrong with the weather? It couldn't be better!" I exclaimed indignantly. "If they don't take this evening"

The long and the short of it was that Fotheringham agreed to turn up at the hall on my ticket. He was to keep well in the back-ground and... well, I more or less left it to him. Having provided a substitute I cared no more about the Tuko's Hill Choral and Orchestral Society. Perch and pike and maybe an old carp enjoying its second childhood were my objectives.

I was not disappointed. The very first worm I threw into the lake produced a scuffle in the muddy waters and down went my green and scarlet float out of sight. At the end of an hour I had as nice a basket of fish as any one could want. As I rebaited



"A dapper little gent set off with rapid little steps in our direction."

friend hook I wondered how Fotheringham was getting on at the Choral and Orchestral. I hoped his voice was not too painful, just in case any one noticed him.

THE next problem was to get rid of the fish before Beattie came home. It was no joke. You'd never believe how many people there are who look a gift fish in the mouth. By the time I finally got to me I could hear snatches of Fotheringham from the pantry. Working it off, I presumed.

"How did you get on, Fotheringham?" I asked him at dinner.

"I sung, sir."

"What were they doing?"

"We took the first part of Handel's Messiah, sir."

"Did we, by jove? I mean, did you?"

"Tenors and sopranos only. We shall be taking the full chorus on Friday sir."

"Will you? Here, put the bottle where I can get to it. Will you, now? Hm."

Strange to say, hateful as the proceedings within the Memorial Hall sounded, and much as I had enjoyed my evening's fishing, I felt a sudden twinge of jealousy. Memories of my own days in the choir welled up in me. I was a choir myself. "Tra la la. Tra la la. Tra la la!" I sang. "For those in pe-ri-ol on the sea."

"Did you call, sir?" said Fotheringham, returning.

"No, no. Nothing."

That only served to confirm my worst suspicions. If the fellow mistook my top notes for a summons... I hoped no one had seen him.

I was weeding Beattie's rosebed under the lounge windows next



"We took the first part of Handel's 'Messiah,' sir—tenors and sopranos only."

afternoon when I saw the gate open of the house at the end of the avenue, and a dapper little gent draw on his gloves, call to his mongrel, and set off with rapid little steps in our direction.

I knew who this gent was well enough, though he did not know me. I found a lot of things that needed doing to the roses while Fotheringham introduced him in to the house. From my stance under the lounge windows I was well placed for sudden retreat or active interference, should it be necessary.

"Mr. Morton Clarke! How delightful!" said Beattie, advancing with right hand extended.

The little dandy arrested her with a gesture. "Where is he?"

"Who?" said Beattie.

"Our tenor. The Tuko's Hill Choral and Orchestral Society's first tenor. Let me congratulate you on bearing the name and sharing the fortunes of the strongest and purest voice it has ever been my privilege to hear outside Covent Garden. Will you inform our virtuoso that we shall be taking his solo parts to-morrow at the same time. After that, every night at seven and nine until the performance."

With a little bow and a call to his mongrel the man was gone.

"GEORGE! George!"

"All right, George heard. George is coming," I muttered, planting my hoe. "Now, Beattie, began, 'don't let there be any mistake...'"

"Oh, darling," said Beattie, throwing her arms round me, "what did I tell you? Oh, darling, I'm so proud of you!"

"Every night at seven and nine!"

"Every night till the performance. Never a dull moment. Oh George!"

Over Beattie's shoulder I caught sight of Fotheringham bringing in the tea. He seemed highly pleased with himself. He was not far from grinning at me. Without freeing myself from Beattie's hold I made a face at Fotheringham, which included such unspoken thoughts as "You fool!" Now you've done it" and "What are you going to do now?"

The look told. Fotheringham's features, never very gay, relapsed into bewilderment, disappointment and utter misery. I almost felt sorry for the bloke—until I remembered.

That night I was so dejected that I went to bed as soon as dinner was done. I wouldn't speak to Beattie; I wouldn't speak to Fotheringham. Not one word. I got under the bed-clothes and tried not to think.

EVERY evening at seven—just when they were open. And by the time we came out, after the nine o'clock performance, they would be closed. As I lay in bed I could practically hear them closing down at the bottom of the road.

Singing. That was the time, that was the way to sing. None of your pure tenors and contraltos. Just a good beery bawl—there was one coming up the road at the moment. It did my heart good to hear him.

The old drunk had stopped just about opposite Mr. Morton Clarke and was giving him a pretty painful rendering of Italian opera. I smiled. Nothing so good had happened under the lounge windows next

(Continued on Page 23)



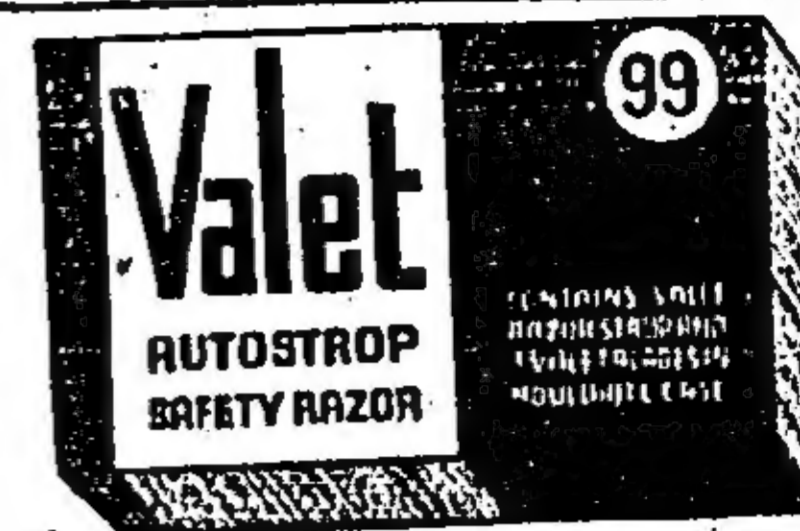
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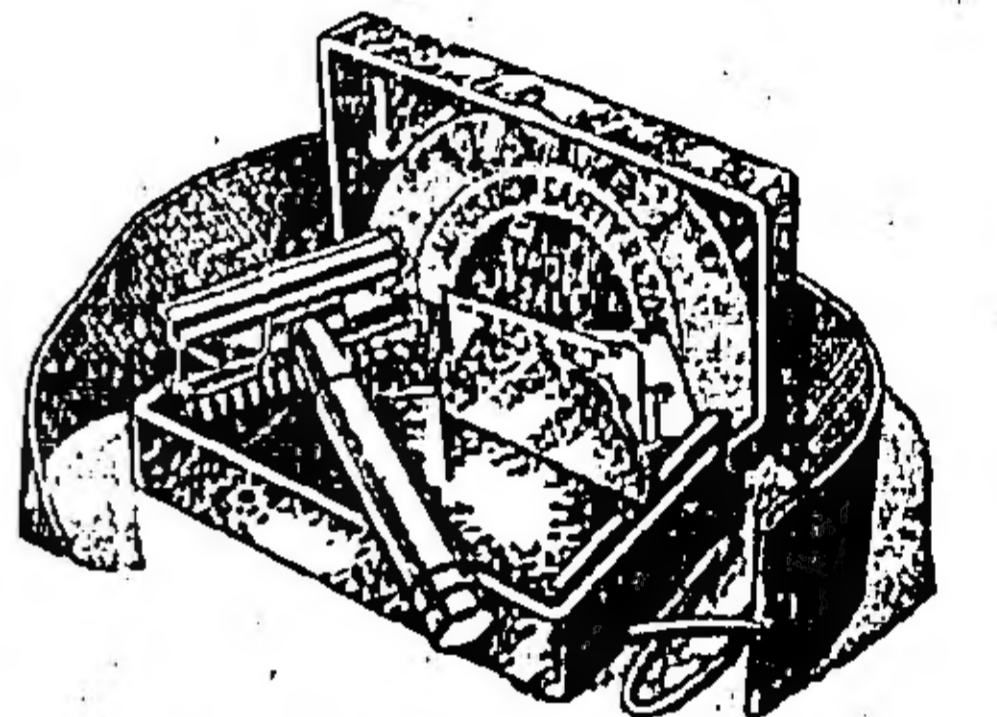
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What Is This Right Of Belligerence?

THE question of this right of belligerence, to be conferred or not upon General Franco, has been discussed by Press, Parliament and Governments for about a year. It is, it seems, very important. But I can well imagine the reflections of my readers, when I inform them that these rights, of which everyone speaks as if they knew what they were, purely and simply do not exist, since no one is capable of defining them.

The case is so peculiar that it is well worth examining. Nothing proves more clearly the decline of our European civilisation. For the purposes of discussion, it is necessary to go back to history.

For reasons which would be too long to explain, naval war escaped up to the second half of the nineteenth century the regulations which, from the beginning of the eighteenth century until the world war, were applied to war on land in order to render it more humane. It was only in 1856 that the Powers signatory to the famous treaty of Paris undertook to observe in naval warfare three principles:

1. Properly embarked under a neutral flag must be respected, except in the case of contraband of war;

2. Neutral merchandise under an enemy flag cannot be confiscated;

3. A blockade is compulsory for the adversary and the neutrals only when it is effective. The fictitious blockade, of which such abuse was made in the wars of the Revolution and of the Empire, is no longer admissible.

Since that date, it was an understood thing that all civilised States would maintain these three principles in a naval war. But many points remained ill-defined and undecided; and the Powers were not agreed what was meant by contraband of war. In 1909, the great European sea-Powers, Japan, the United States, Spain and the Netherlands met in conference and drafted the famous London Declaration—a veritable code of naval warfare, conceived and worded in an admirable spirit of

humanity, in order to reduce the destruction caused by naval warfare to a minimum and to safeguard neutrals and civilian populations against abuses of might.

The principle that a blockade is only compulsory if effective was reincorporated in the 1909 Declaration as a matter of course; and its observance was assured by detailed, clear and precise rules. The Declaration finally solved all questions relating to contraband, by establishing lists of wares to be considered as free and therefore not liable to confiscation, and lists of those regarded as relative contraband and therefore only liable to confiscation when destined for the adverse army or Government. All destruction of merchant vessels and any attempt upon the lives of the crews were

Professor Ferrero of the University of Geneva Says Franco's Is A Fictitious Blockade

formally prohibited by the Declaration.

A singularly humane and wise conclusion—the creation of a great civilisation which believed itself immortal, but was in reality approaching its end. This work was completely destroyed by the world war. All these humane and wise rules were broken by both parties, to advantage of neither. All the blockades of the world war were fictitious and therefore illegal. The Allies like their adversaries considered all wares as absolute contraband and confiscated all merchandise of which they wished to deprive the enemy without any reference to the lists annexed to the Declaration. Germany finally claimed the right to sink all enemy and neutral vessels and to massacre both passengers and crews.

To this pass has Europe come. What then is meant by these rights of belligerence which it is proposed to confer upon Franco? The rights vested in Powers engaged in naval war under the London Declaration? But the London De-

claration prohibited a hunger war, in as much as it stated that food for the civilian population was not liable to confiscation. If Franco were to be granted the rights implicit in the London Declaration, he would have immediately to give up hunting vessels transporting food to Republican Spain. But it appears that the contrary is the case; Franco and his friends claim the so-called rights of belligerence in order to intensify the hunger war against the civilian population—this hunger war which Spain, like all civilised peoples, had banned as criminal under the Declaration of 1909.

Is it then proposed to allow General Franco, to conduct his naval campaign according to his own lights—to grant him that total freedom used and misused by both camps during the world war? But here there is no longer a question of right, but of might; and, if this is what is meant by these rights of belligerence, there is no need for Great Britain, France or the Plymouth Committee to confer them upon the rebel generals. The latter have assumed these rights and have been exercising them for a long time.

When discussing this question, it should not be forgotten that, for more than a year, with the tacit consent of the Powers, Franco has imported pirate law into a considerable part of the Mediterranean, hunting down the neutral vessels carrying supplies to Republican Spain and, when possible, destroying them and massacring the crews. But these neutral vessels are doing a legitimate trade, founded on indisputable rights; the violence of which they are victims is nothing but piracy—a crime punished with death when Europe was a civilised continent. Where is the British fleet? Mr. Chamberlain himself has stated in the House of Commons that British vessels trading with Spain for money must include in their risks the possibility of attacks by pirates!

What therefore are these "rights of belligerence?" If Franco has not yet succeeded in starving the entire civilian population controlled by the Republican Government, this is not because Great Britain, France or the Plymouth Committee have not admitted his right to blockade the Spanish coasts. It is because he has not sufficient cruisers, submarines and

aircraft to sink, bomb and fire all merchant vessels, Spanish and neutral, carrying food to Spain. Question of might, not of right.

The conclusion is obvious. Either the question of the rights of belligerence has no meaning whatever, or it is an intrigue, designed to facilitate an increase of the naval force in the service of the rebel generals for the purpose of the blockade—not an effective blockade in accordance with the tenets of what was known as the law of nations, but a fictitious blockade served by modern piratical methods. This implies the direct or indirect admission of the right of the fleets of the countries having supported Franco from the outset to intervene in the Spanish conflict.

Two hypotheses. If the second were true, it is needless to stress its gravity. I shall confine myself to observing that it would be a further demonstration of a tendency which has grown more and more marked since 1930. It consists in the increased utilisation of the law of nations that prevailed in Europe from the beginning of the eighteenth century up to 1914, not to restrict the abuse of might, but to invest it with a kind of legality, to mask it and to mitigate the horror it would arouse in the public conscience if presented in its real aspect of "frightfulness." The League of Nations failed, because it lent itself to this dangerous game; I fear that much else that should be maintained and safeguarded will be lost, if Europe continues to enlist right in the service of might.

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TO-DAY In Every City on THE GLOBE



Some are enjoying perfect health—others are in hospitals fighting for life. Millions start off in the morning feeling fit and bright but without the slightest warning there comes an attack of pain in the form of Headaches, Neuralgia, Nerviness, etc. Cold and 'Flu' infection is as sudden as an accident. For these ailments the popular world-wide medicine is 'ASPRO'. Its success is due to relief results that are quickly proved, and the fact that 'ASPRO' is safe, because it does not harm the heart or have any injurious after-effects. Always use 'ASPRO' according to the directions to relieve Pain and Headaches, Colds, 'Flu' and Rheumatism.

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FOTHERINGHAM SINGS

(Continued from Page 22)

pened in our avenue since we'd been there.

"It's disgraceful!" exclaimed Beattie, getting out of bed and going to the window. "I shall ring up the police. Why! Come here, George. It can't be."

It was. There could be no mistake.

He was in the coat and hat and even had the umbrella I usually borrowed. His voice was no mere drunk's. Drunks often sing very agreeably in a minor key. This was the voice of a man whom liquor has persuaded, wrongly, that he has talent.

"We shall have to get rid of him," said Beattie.

"What, just because he's had one over the eight?"

"I shall speak to him first thing to-morrow."

BUT after-breakfast passed and after-luncheon passed and still Fotheringham remained unspoken to. I must say he showed very few signs of his orgy the night before. He went about his business in a reserved and masterful way until I began to get back my old embarrassment of the bloke.

"Ring the bell," said Beattie, after tea.



"Without freeing myself from Beattie's hold I made a face at Fotheringham."

"All right, old girl. But I've got to go up and get ready for the Choral."

"I should like you to be present."

"So I rang. Enter Fotheringham, bland and interrogatory."

"Fotheringham," said Beattie, "George, will you speak to him?"

"Fotheringham!" I said sternly. "What's that?"

"A note, sir. It just came, sir."

I read it. "Much regret . . . No vacancy for tenor after all. . . . Regards, Morton Clarke."

"Will there be any reply, sir?"

I shook my head. Then I looked at the man.

"I put your fishing gear in the hall, sir," said Fotheringham.

"Wednesday's worms would appear to be still sufficiently frisky."

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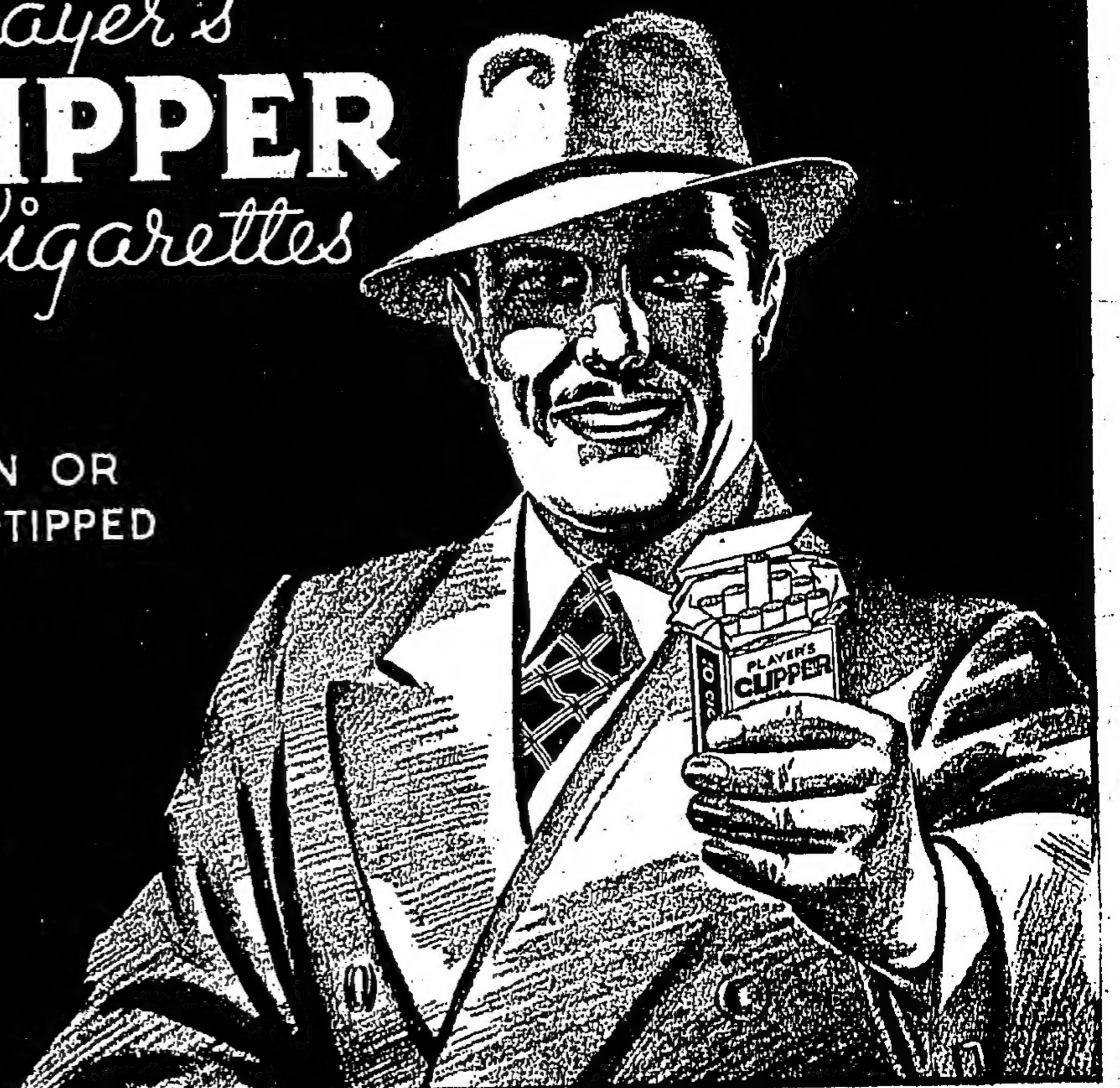
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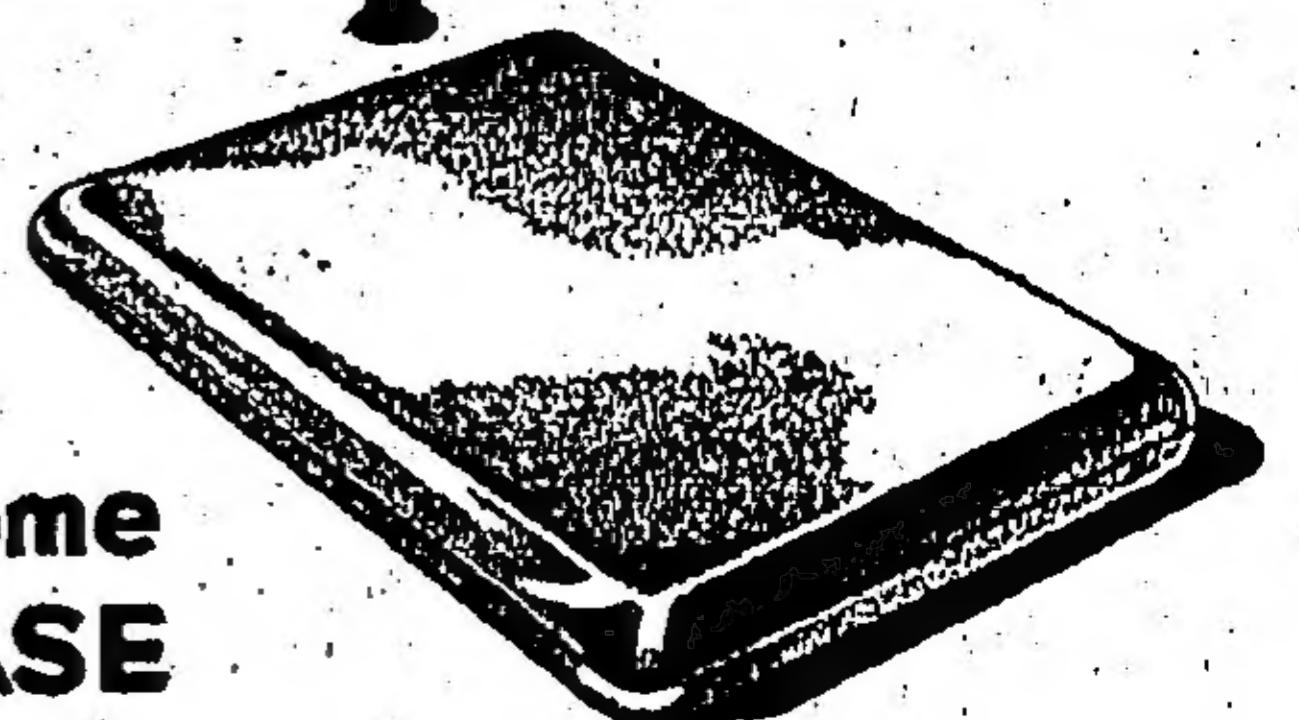
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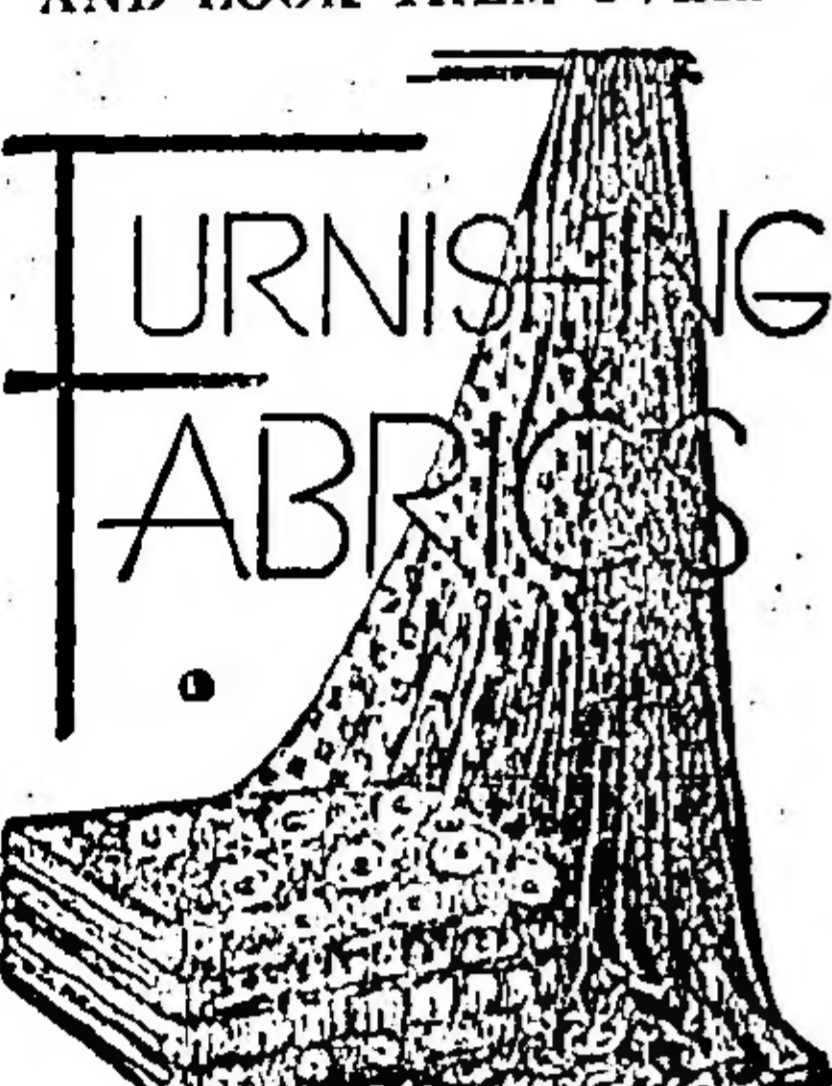
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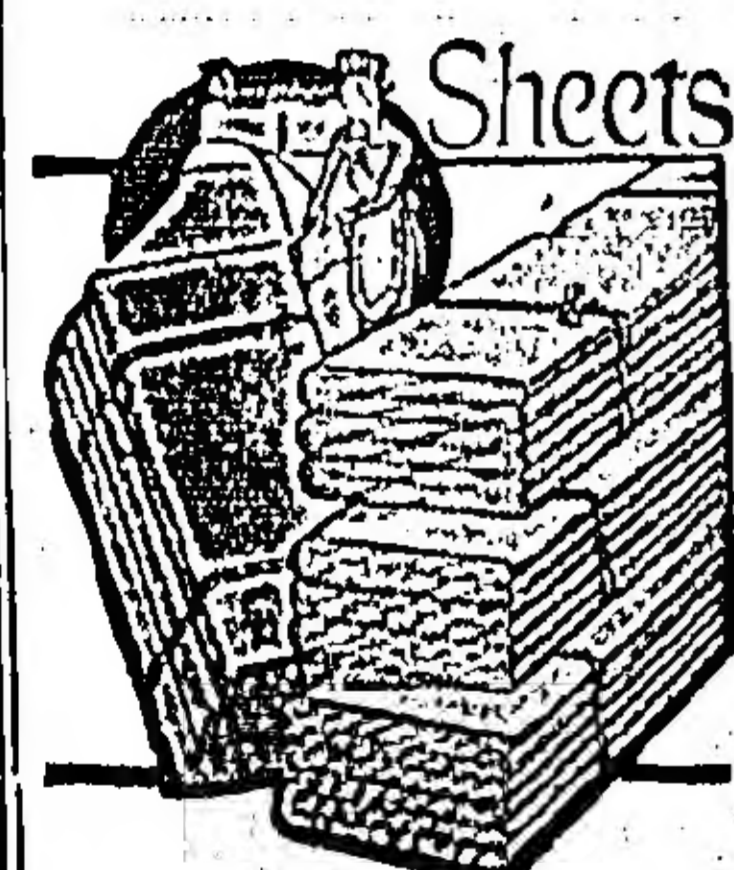
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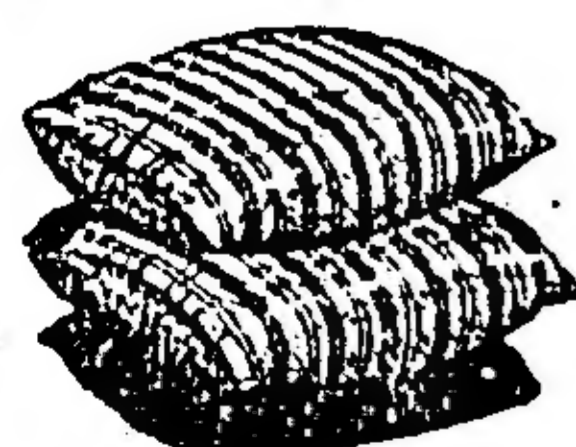
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CHINA AIR ACTIVITY IN SOUTH

CHUNGKING, YESTERDAY. AFTER A LONG PERIOD OF COMPARATIVE IDLENESS, THERE ARE SIGNS OF INCREASING ACTIVITY BY JAPANESE AND CHINESE FORCES ON ALL FRONTS.

In Shansi, the Chinese forces are following up recent successes with an attack on Lin-feng.

In the fighting round Hang-chow, the Chinese forces, who are attacking in vastly superior strength, are constantly tightening the cordon round the city, and the Japanese commander is reported to have sent an urgent demand for reinforcements.

In South China, an early resumption of activity on a large scale is predicted, with a drive towards Wuchow along the West River as the most likely Japanese move.

A heavy artillery concentration in this area is taken to fore-shadow operations from Samsui, while the increased activity of the Japanese air force is taken as an added indication.

Chinese troops moving in Kwangtung have been troubled a good deal by aircraft.

The Chinese air force is appearing ever more frequently in the sky and Japanese artillery positions were given a severe strafing in Kwangtung both on Friday and to-day. — Our Own Correspondent.

VIVIEN LEIGH TO PLAY 'GONE WITH THE WIND'

HOLLYWOOD, YESTERDAY.

AN ENGLISH ACTRESS, VIVIEN LEIGH, HAS BEEN CHOSEN TO PLAY THE PART OF SCARLETT O'HARA IN THE FILM VERSION OF "GONE WITH THE WIND," THE BEST-SELLING NOVEL BY MARGARET MITCHELL.

The other chief parts are: Rhett Butler—Clark Gable; Ashley Wilkes—Leslie Howard; Melanie—Olivia de Havilland.

The producer, David O. Selznick, said he had chosen an English girl for the part of the Southern belle because "it is easier for an English girl to speak with a Southern accent than it is for an ordinary Yankee." — Reuter.

BRAZILIAN AIR DISASTER

Rio de Janeiro, Yesterday. All five passengers and the crew of four were killed when a plane of the Brazilian Condor Syndicate Marimba, a Junker machine of type JU 54, caught fire while attempting to make an emergency landing near Rio Bonito, in the State Rio de Janeiro.

The plane was piloted by a Brazilian flyer and was on the way from Recife to Rio de Janeiro. — Trans-Ocean.

HERRIOT GIVES A HINT

Paris, Yesterday.

A hint that he would be prepared, in the event of an emergency, to again take the reins of government, was given by M. Herriot in a speech in the Chamber on his re-election as President of the Chamber of Deputies.

He declared emphatically that French territory, continental or colonial, could never become the subject of international barter. — Trans-Ocean.



Wing-Commander Steele-Perkins, the Colony's A.R.P. Officer, demonstrating methods of dealing with incendiary bombs for the benefit of lady volunteer workers.

HITLER'S HAND SEEN IN ROME TALK RESULTS

(Continued from Page 1)

statesmen that has now been established.

Peace Pledge

The British Prime Minister, it is declared, is entirely satisfied with his Rome visit, and several papers intimate that other results than those officially announced will become apparent in the near future.

The "Daily Mail" states that Mussolini assured Mr. Chamberlain that he did not intend to disturb the peace of Europe through undue insistence in the Franco-Italian controversy.

He maintained, however, that France was responsible for prolongation of the Spanish war.

The "Daily Express" brings up the question of Anglo-German exchange of opinions, begun and then discontinued, and asks whether the Duce will intercede in this question.

German Pressure

Mr. Chamberlain is said to have assured Mussolini that England would welcome resumption of the conversations should Germany exhibit willingness.

The Rome correspondent of the same paper expresses the belief that the Duce's promise to maintain peace in the Mediterranean was due to German pressure, because Hitler desires peace in the South so that he can pursue other plans.

Even the opposition papers express reserved satisfaction over the visit, the "Daily Herald" and "News Chronicle" stating that the situation in the Mediterranean will remain undisturbed at least for the time being, but both papers maintain that something more concrete than a mere promise is necessary before the world can be convinced of Italy's peaceable intentions.

Public Opinion

The "Daily Telegraph" remarks that in view of the necessarily conflicting obligations undertaken by both sides, more could not have been expected from the conference, and even though concrete results are lacking, grounds for any misunderstanding have been removed.

The visit, according to the paper, provides the world with another proof of Mr. Chamberlain's unrelenting efforts to maintain peace, and upon his return he will find that public opinion welcomes and endorses his attitude.

Prominently featured is also the visit to the Pope, the "Daily Mail" stressing in a leading article that in spite of all differences in fields of activity and ideology, Mr.

Chamberlain and Pope Pius are united by the bond of a common desire for peace, which both perceive as the only basis of human progress. — Trans-Ocean.

HALIFAX TO MEET BONNET

Rome, Yesterday.

Lord Halifax left Rome for Geneva at 7.40 this morning, travelling by the regular train to which a saloon car was attached.

The Italian Foreign Minister, Count Ciano, had come to the station to bid him farewell.

At Geneva Lord Halifax will meet the French Foreign Minister, M. Bonnet, who has already arrived at Geneva for the League Council meeting.

It is believed that Lord Halifax will stay at Geneva only for a relatively short time.

He plans to be in London on Wednesday when the Premier, Mr. Chamberlain, reports the results of his Rome visit to the Cabinet at the regular session.

Mr. Chamberlain this morning received representatives of the British press.

The British Premier will be escorted to the station by Mussolini at noon. Mr. Chamberlain is leaving Rome at 12.05 for London via Paris by special train with other members of the British delegation. — Trans-Ocean.

PRINCE VALDEMAR OF DENMARK PASSES

COPENHAGEN, YESTERDAY.

PRINCE VALDEMAR OF DENMARK DIED IN COPENHAGEN THIS MORNING AT THE AGE OF 80.

Prince Valdemar was the uncle of King Christian of Denmark and great uncle of King George the Sixth.

At one time, in 1913, he was the uncle of five reigning European Sovereigns—the Kings of England, Denmark, Norway and Greece and the Tsar of Russia. — Reuter.

Trans-Ocean adds that his four sons and only daughter were at the death bed of the Prince, who was the eldest member of the Danish Royal Family. Prince Valdemar died from influenza.

CURFEW PROCLAIMED IN JERUSALEM

Jerusalem, Yesterday.

A twenty-four hour curfew in the Old City of Jerusalem, excluding the Jewish quarter, began this morning.

This is the military commander's reply to the Arab declaration of a strike in protest against the number of executions following military court sentences. — Reuter.

POLISH VIEW OF BUDAPEST DECISION

Warsaw, Yesterday.

The news that Hungary has joined the anti-Comintern Pact is published in the Polish press with very little comment.

Only the "Ilustrowany Kuryer Godzienny" emphasises that Hungary now has given proof that on the one hand she has definitely given up the idea of a common frontier with Poland, and on the other wants to protect herself against the possibility of revision of the Vienna arbitration award on the Czecho-Slovak-Hungarian frontier.

This, according to the paper, means a big success for Germany in East Europe. It will become much bigger still if German diplomacy should succeed in making Czecho-Slovakia join the Anti-Comintern Pact.

The paper believes that a final decision in this respect will be made when the Czecho-Slovak Foreign Minister, Dr. Chvalkovsky, visits Berlin in the near future. — Trans-Ocean.

500 MILES IN 153 MINUTES

London, Yesterday.

Making a test flight preparatory to inauguration of a regular high speed service, Imperial Airways' liner Fortuna to-day flew the 500 miles from Croydon to Zurich, Switzerland, in 153 minutes.

Average speed was 200 miles an hour. — Reuter.

HULL'S ELEVEN GOALS

London, Yesterday. The following are the results of League Football matches played to-day:—

| FIRST DIVISION | | |
|----------------|---|-----------------|
| Aston Villa | 3 | Blackpool 1 |
| Bolton | 2 | Leeds 2 |
| Charlton | 1 | Liverpool 3 |
| Chelsea | 4 | Middlesbrough 2 |
| Everton | 2 | Arsenal 0 |
| Huddersfield | 3 | Portsmouth 0 |
| Manchester U. | 3 | Grimsby 1 |
| Preston | 2 | Leicester 1 |
| Stoke | 6 | Birmingham 3 |
| Sunderland | 1 | Derby 0 |
| Wolves | 5 | Brentford 2 |

| SECOND DIVISION | | |
|-----------------|---|-----------------|
| Bradford | 1 | Millwall 0 |
| Burnley | 2 | Newcastle 0 |
| Chesterfield | 1 | Fulham 0 |
| Luton | 3 | Manchester C. 0 |
| Plymouth | 1 | Norwich 0 |
| Sheffield U. | 1 | West Brom. 1 |
| Southampton | 0 | Coventry 2 |
| Swansea | 2 | Blackburn 1 |
| Tottenham | 4 | Notts F. 1 |
| Tranmere | 1 | Wednesday 4 |
| West Ham | 0 | Bury 0 |

* Postponed, ground unfit.
† When abandoned after 65 minutes.

| THIRD DIVISION (SOUTH) | | |
|------------------------|---|---------------|
| Aldershot | 1 | Torquay 1 |
| Bristol C. | 1 | Swindon 1 |
| Cardiff | 2 | Ipswich 1 |
| Crystal Palace | 1 | Port Vale 0 |
| Exeter | 3 | Reading 2 |
| Manfield | 2 | Bournemouth 0 |
| Northampton | 1 | Newport 0 |
| Notts C. | 1 | Clapton 0 |
| Queen's P.R. | 1 | Brighton 2 |
| Southend | 3 | Bristol R. 2 |
| Walsall | 2 | Watford 0 |

| THIRD DIVISION (NORTH) | | |
|------------------------|---|---------------|
| Accrington | 0 | Barrow 2 |
| Barnsley | 1 | N. Brighton 1 |
| Darlington | 1 | Crewe 0 |
| Gateshead | 2 | Doncaster 0 |
| Hartlepool | 0 | Southport 2 |
| Hull | 1 | Carlisle 1 |
| Lincoln | 4 | Bradford C. 0 |
| Oldham | 1 | Halifax 0 |
| Stockport | 0 | Chester 0 |
| Wrexham | 2 | Rotherham 0 |
| York | 0 | Rochdale 7 |

| SCOTTISH LEAGUE | | |
|-----------------|---|----------------|
| FIRST DIVISION | | |
| Arbroath | 3 | Clyde 0 |
| Ayr | 1 | Queen's Park 1 |
| Celtic | 1 | Aberdeen 3 |
| Falkirk | 1 | Rangers 1 |
| Hibernian | 1 | Kilmarnock 4 |
| Motherwell | 2 | Raith 0 |
| *Partick | 1 | Kilmarnock 2 |
| St. Johnstone | 0 | Hamilton 2 |
| *St. Mirren | 0 | Hearts 1 |
| Third Lanark | 0 | Queen O'S. 1 |

* Postponed.
[No correction had been received up to 3.30 a.m.—Ed.]

YARDLEY HITS CENTURY

East London, Yesterday.

M.C.C. are in a favourable position in their match against Border Province, who in their second innings, are 155 behind the M.C.C. first innings total.

Border Province were out for 121, Wright taking 4 for 32 and Wilkinson 3 for 15, and, in their second knock, have lost three wickets for only 44 runs.

M.C.C. scored 320, Norman Yardley, the Yorkshire amateur, scoring 120 and Wright 61. — Reuter.

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